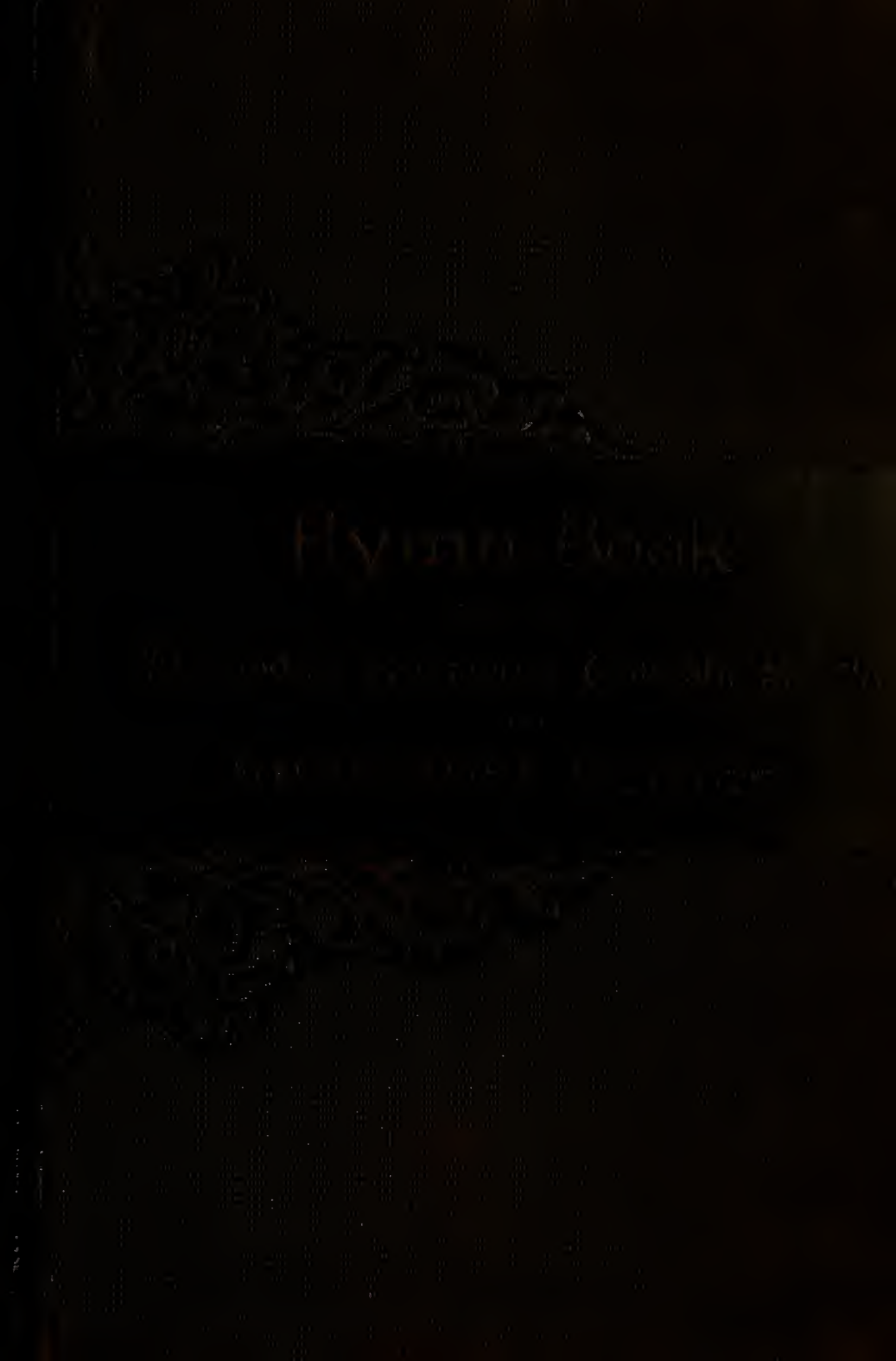

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OUR HYMNS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

AN ANNOTATED EDITION

OF THE

HYMN BOOK

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

BY

REV. WILBUR F. TILLETT, D.D.,
Professor of Systematic Theology in Vanderbilt University.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.
BARBEE & SMITH, AGENTS.
1892.

Dedicated to my Father,

REV. JOHN TILLETT,

Of the North Carolina Conference,

WHO, HAVING PREACHED THE GOSPEL FOR FIFTY YEARS, IS NOW, "IN AGE AND FEEBLENESS EXTREME," SUFFERING THE WILL OF GOD AND AWAITING THE MASTER'S SUMMONS.

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Nashville, Tenn.

INTRODUCTION.

The design of the author in preparing this annotated edition of the Hymn Book has been to furnish the Church with all desirable and helpful information concerning *Our Hymns and Their Authors.* To those who have an intelligent appreciation of the songs of Zion and who desire to sing "with the spirit *and with the understanding also*" such a volume will be recognized as meeting a long-felt want in the literature of the Church. All available sources of information have been sought and all accessible volumes in the literature of hymnology have been carefully examined in the preparation of the historical notes and biographical sketches contained in this volume.

Under each hymn will be found a note containing the following facts so far as they could be obtained:—(1) The original title given by the author to the hymn; (2) The name and date of the book, magazine, or periodical in which it was first published; (3) Any experience of the author, or other circumstance, which led to the writing of the hymn; (4) The passage of Scripture, if any, upon which it is based; (5) The changes made in the original *text* of the hymn; (6) All omitted stanzas, unless too numerous; (7) Any incident or illustration, or any use of the hymn in Christian experience, such as may add interest to the singing of it or give value to the use of it in social and revival meetings. While these notes are made as brief as possible, no known fact of value or interest concerning any hymn has been omitted. Hymn "myths" as a rule have been excluded, or if named, it is only that they might be duly discredited.

The Biographical Index of Authors which follows the hymns will be found to contain in alphabetical order brief historical sketches of all the hymn-writers whose productions find a place in the Hymn Book. This Index is easy of reference, and contains a simple statement of the leading facts in each author's life such as will give interest to the reading and singing of his hymns. And as it adds interest often to a hymn to know what other familiar hymns were composed by the same author, we have given under each author's name the first line and the number of each hymn by him found in the Hymn Book. This will be found especially serviceable where it is desired to make a special study of the various hymn writers and their hymns—and without such a study there can

be no real appreciation of our singers and their songs. Concerning the authors of some of the more modern hymns found in the *Supplement* we have been able to secure only the most meager information, and in some instances none at all.

Few who use a Hymn Book appreciate its true value. The hymns found in the modern hymnals of the Christian Church are culled from the sacred poetry of all ages; and so rich and abundant is the material that only the best lyrics of the best poets can find a permanent place in them. Few volumes are equal to a modern hymnal as a book of devotion for the closet and for hours of religious meditation. There is no phase of Christian experience that does not find most faithful and helpful expression therein. Nearly every real hymn has been born in the heart of some child of God, wrung out, it may be, by experiences that broke up the very fountains of the soul; and these are the hymns that find a home in the hearts of others. The "hymns of the ages" were not written by the poets for pastime; but as a rule were born of experiences, the deepest that human hearts are ever called to pass through. They have an origin, a history, to know which only increases their value and our appreciation of them as aids to private devotion or public worship.

Nor is the *doctrinal* value of a Hymn Book least among those qualities which make it one of the most powerful agencies in the hands of the Christian Church for the dissemination of truth among men. The theology of our hymns is scarcely less important than the theology of our creeds and confessions. The value of a hymnal as a book of Christian doctrine cannot be overestimated. It is a question whether there be not more in this day who get their theology from the hymns they sing than from their Church creeds. How important is it, therefore, that our hymns should have in them a sound, Scriptural theology! Second only to preaching the gospel is the service of Christian song as a divinely appointed mode of indoctrinating men in Christian truth. Great as John Wesley was as a preacher of righteousness and an organizer of men, Methodism would never have accomplished half its work in "spreading scriptural holiness over these lands" had not our evangelical doctrines of sin and salvation, of free grace and an unlimited atonement, of heart holiness and Christian love been embodied in the matchless hymns of the sweet and saintly singer of our Methodism.

The author in preparing this volume has had access to the original works of nearly all the poets whose hymns find a place in this collection; and for information he has gone directly to these original sources. But he has not failed

to appreciate and to use the many excellent works in hymnology without which the preparation of such a volume as this would have been impossible. While he feels indebted to all these works, the following have been especially useful in the preparation of the historical notes: *Hymn Studies*, by C. S. Nutter; *The Methodist Hymn Book*, by Geo. John Stevenson; *English Hymns*, by Samuel W. Duffield.

If the publication of this volume shall lead even a portion of the ministry and membership of the Church to a higher appreciation of our excellent Hymn Book and to a more intelligent and spiritual use of the hymns found therein, the author's object in preparing it will have been accomplished.

WILBUR F. TILLETT.

Vanderbilt University, March 4, 1889.

PREFACE TO THE HYMN BOOK.

The General Conference of 1886, believing that the Hymn Book might be made more acceptable to our people by reducing its size and introducing new material, appointed a committee for its revision.

The labor of the committee was carefully performed, and has produced a book of doctrinal soundness and poetic merit, strictly maintaining, as in all previous editions of Methodist psalmody, the Wesleyan character of the collection.

We cannot urge too strongly the vital importance of diffusing in the homes of our beloved Methodism the unwasting fragrance of these hymns as a daily tribute to Him, all whose "garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Let our congregations hold the theology which has brought life to myriads, as it is embalmed in these measures. Let our children in the Sabbath-school be trained to lisp in advance the melody of the skies. Let us render to our Methodism the glory of having furnished from its own resources a psalmody unequaled in its rich statement of Christian experience through all stages of nascent and perfected life, which has become the inspiration of youth and the treasure of age with God's people of our own and other Churches; and let us exclude from pulpit and prayer-room every utterance in song that would displace the doctrines and hymns of our Zion.

The choice hymns of Montgomery, Newton, Cowper, and other ancient and modern poets will be found to have contributed to the classic and spiritual value of the book; but to the gifted muse of Charles Wesley, the sweet singer of Methodism, is this volume mainly indebted for its excellence.

It has been truly said that "every phase of Christian experience—its gloom, its struggle, its victory, its peace, its joy—finds in a Wesleyan hymn some true Castalian, almost seraphic, utterance. He wrote his poems in a style so immediately available that they rose upon the air

while the ink was hardly dry; and now, after a century and a half, they are sung in every land and in most of the languages of the world. They hold the essence of sermons, and serve as the liturgy of our Churches. Christian hearts can never let them die."

May they continue to minister to the comfort and salvation of countless thousands, and secure a large revenue of praise to the Triune God!

HOLLAND N. MCTYEIRE,
JOHN C. KEENER,
ALPHEUS W. WILSON,
JOHN C. GRANBERY,
ROBERT K. HARGROVE,
WILLIAM W. DUNCAN,
CHARLES B. GALLOWAY,
EUGENE R. HENDRIX,
JOSEPH S. KEY.

January 1, 1889.

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HYMNS.

PART I.

FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

SECTION I.

BEING AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

1 6s, 4s.

COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One and Three
Eternal praises be
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore!

Charles Wesley.

The second stanza of the original hymn, omitted above, is:

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall:
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defense be made,
Our souls on thee be staid:
Lord, hear our call!

No finer hymn could be found among the Christian lyrics of our language with which to open a volume of sacred song or to begin divine worship than this. It invokes the presence and aid of each of the Persons of the Godhead in order, and then ascribes divine praise to the Triune Being with a dignity of language and a spirit of devotion that justly give it a foremost place among the hymns of all ages.

Although this hymn is generally accredited to Charles Wesley, it is by no means certain that he wrote it. The ground of its being accredited to him is found in the fact that it is one of three anonymous hymns contained in a half-penny leaflet printed in 1757; and, as Wesley is known to be the author of the other two, it is therefore concluded that he wrote this also. But he is never known to have claimed its authorship, and it is not found among his published hymns and sacred poems. It appeared in Madan's Collection published in 1763, and this led to its being erroneously attributed to Martin Madan.

The hymn is evidently written in imitation of England's national hymn, "God save the King," as will be seen at a glance by comparing the omitted stanza quoted above with the second below:

"God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King!

"O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
Confound their politics;
On him our hearts we fix:
God save the King!

"Thy richest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!"

This national anthem (which in Victoria's reign, of course, has "Queen" substituted for "King") was first published in 1745 in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and called "A Song for Two Voices," the tune to which it is adapted having appeared three years previously. Our own national hymn, "My country, 'tis of thee," is written in the same meter and sung to the same tune, called with us "America." (See No. 728).

The above hymn, "Come, thou almighty King," was thus the first of all our religious songs composed in this meter. But quite a number of our most valuable hymns and tunes are now in this meter.

During the Revolutionary War, while the British had possession of Long Island, a body of British troops invaded a place of worship one Sunday morning, and demanded that the congregation should sing "God save the King." They did sing it—that is, the tune—but the words were about *another* King:

Come, thou *Almighty* King,
Help us *Thy* name to sing,
Help us to praise!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

---

2 C. M.

A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite,
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright;

2 To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above;
And one thrice holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

3 Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky;

4 Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

5 By faith the upper choir we meet,
And challenge them to sing
Jehovah, on his shining seat,
Our Maker and our King.

6 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
And asks our nobler strain:
The Father of celestial powers,
The Friend of earth-born man.

Charles Wesley.

This was the opening hymn in the former edition of the Hymn Book, but being simply didactic, *about* God, it has very properly given place to a hymn of invocation and praise addressed *to* God. It is one of the one hundred and eighty-two hymns found in the author's *Hymns on the Trinity* published in 1767. In verse five, line four, the author wrote "Our Maker, *God*, and King." It was originally published in four double stanzas, the last being omitted above:

Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
With rapturous amaze
On us, poor ransomed worms, look down,
For heaven's superior praise!
The King, whose glorious face ye see,
For us his crown resigned:
That Fullness of the Deity,
He died for all mankind!

---

3 C. M.

HAIL, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom one in three we know;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess;
Thee, holy Son, adore;
Spirit of truth and holiness,
We praise thee evermore.

4 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord
(Our heavenly song shall be),
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Hymns on the Trinity*, 1767. It is based on Isaiah vi. 3: "And one cried unto another and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory." Also Revelation iv. 8: "And they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." The fourth and fifth stanzas of the original, omitted above, are:

4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God, receive!
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied, give.

5 Three persons, equally divine,
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs erelong shall join
To sing thy praise above.

---

4 11, 12, 10.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessèd Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessèd Trinity!

Reginald Heber.

This hymn for "*Trinity Sunday*" was first published in 1827, the year after the author's death, in *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*. It is one of the noblest and most majestic odes ever addressed to the Divine Being, and is in every way worthy of the author of the most popular missionary hymn ever written, "From Greenland's icy mountains." The tune to which it is commonly sung, and which is so well adapted to the words, is very appropriately named *Nicæa*, after the first great ecumenical council of the Christian Church, at which the Bible doctrine of the Trinity was formulated. Tune and words unite to fill the soul of the devout worshiper with feelings of awe and a sense of the Divine presence. It is based on Revelation iv. 8: "And they rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."

---

5 7s.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
God the Father, and the Word,
God the Comforter, receive
Blessings more than we can give.

2 One, inexplicably three,
One in simplest unity:
God, incline thy gracious ear,
Us thy lisping creatures hear.

3 Thee while man, the earth-born, sings,
Angels shrink within their wings;
Prostrate seraphim above
Breathe unutterable love.

4 Happy they who never rest,
With thy heavenly presence blest!
They the heights of glory see,
Sound the depths of Deity!

5 Fain with them our souls would vie;
Sink as low, and mount as high;
Fall, o'erwhelmed with love, or soar;
Shout, or silently adore!

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Hymns on the Trinity*, 1767. The second stanza has been omitted:

2 Mixed with those beyond the sky,
Chanters to the Lord most high,
We our hearts and voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.

---

6 S. M.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul;
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He who redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'rers rest;
The Lord hath judgment for the proud,
And justice for th' oppressed.

Isaac Watts.

This hymn of "*Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies*" is from the author's metrical version of the *Psalms of David*, 1719, and is based on the first part of Psalm ciii.: "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." The sixth stanza has been omitted:

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

---

7 S. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his work, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts.

The original of this "*Psalm before Sermon*" has six stanzas. It is based on parts of Psalm xcv.: "O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also. The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land. O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker." The omitted stanzas are:

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

6 The Lord in vengeance dressed
Will lift his head and swear,
You that despise my promised rest
Shall have no portion there.

From the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719.

---

8 S. M.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.

5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

6 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery.

From the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825, where it bears the title: "*Exhortation to Praise and Thanksgiving.*" It is based on Nehemiah ix. 5: "Stand up and bless the Lord your God forever and ever, and blessed be thy glorious name, which is exalted above all blessing and praise."

---

9 S. M.

MY soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

Isaac Watts.

This is one-half of a hymn on the "*Abounding Compassion of God; or, Mercy in the Midst of Judgment;*" the other half being the hymn beginning, "The pity of the Lord" (No. 28). It is based on Psalms ciii. 8-12: "The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." From the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719.

---

10 L. M.

O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
We now with all thy saints agree,
And bow our inmost souls before
Thy glorious, awful majesty.

2 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
And for thy loving-kindness wait;
And O how dreadful is this place!
'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate!

3 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh,
To thee our trembling hearts aspire;
And lo! we see descend from high
The pillar and the flame of fire.

4 Still let it on th' assembly stay,
And all the house with glory fill;
To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
And lead us to thy holy hill.

5 There let us all with Jesus stand,
And join the general Church above,
And take our seat at thy right hand,
And sing thine everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, by J. and C. Wesley, 1742. The second and seventh stanzas are omitted above:

2 Thee, King of nations, we proclaim;
Who would not our great Sovereign fear?
We long to experience all thy name,
And now we come to meet thee here.

7 Come, Lord, our souls are on the wing;
Now on thy great white throne appear,
And let my eyes behold my King,
And let me see my Saviour there.

---

11 L. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Lord;
We praise thy name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high;
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of Hosts, they ever sing.

3 Th' apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell th' immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore.

John Gambold.

From the *Moravian Collection*, 1754. Abridged and altered by Rev. Thomas Cotterill. The fifth stanza omitted:

5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day:
Have mercy, Lord, we trust in thee;
O let us ne'er confounded be.

12 L. M.

COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But O, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

Thomas Blacklock.

This hymn was probably inspired by the one hundred and fourth Psalm. It is the only one found in American hymn-books by this author, but it has found its way into nearly all of them. "It is one of the grandest hymns of praise," says Long, "that has ever ascended to the skies, and though it is now over a century old, it will doubtless find a place in the hymnology of the Church until the last trump shall sound the end of time." The fact that the author was blind from early childhood gives peculiar interest to the hymn, and especially to the second stanza. It was written in 1754.

13 L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn;
He clothes the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
He looks, and loves his image there.

Isaac Watts.

It is based on Psalms cxlvii. 1-11: "Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant, and praise is comely. He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names. Great is our Lord, and of great power; his understanding is infinite: Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains. He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry. He delighteth not in the strength of the horse, he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy." The fifth stanza is omitted:

5 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

14 L. P. M.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts.

This hymn was first published in 1719. John Wesley changed it somewhat for his *Psalms and Hymns*, 1741. Watts wrote: "I'll praise my Maker *with my* breath," and in the first line of the third verse:

"The Lord *hath eyes to give* the blind,
The Lord supports the *sinking* mind."

Wesley's improvement was perhaps suggested by a line in Pope's "Messiah:"

"All ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeballs pour the day."

This was a favorite hymn with John Wesley. The day before he died, though emaciated and scarcely able to speak, he astonished his attendants by breaking out and singing the first stanza through; and all through his last night he seemed trying to repeat it, but could only say, "I'll praise—I'll praise," and soon his "voice was lost in death." The second and third stanzas of the original are omitted above:

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp and power
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 He loves his saints; he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

---

15 L. M.

OUR God ascends his lofty throne,
Arrayed in majesty unknown;
His luster all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills.

2 The holy, holy, holy Lord
Is by the seraphim adored;
And, while they stand beneath his seat,
They veil their faces and their feet.

3 And can a sinful worm endure
The presence of a God so pure?
Or these polluted lips proclaim
The honors of so grand a name?

4 O for thine altar's glowing coal
To touch my lips, to fire my soul,
To purge the sordid dross away,
And into crystal turn my clay!

Philip Doddridge.

This hymn is found in no other Church collection. It is from the author's *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755, and is based on Isaiah vi. 1-7: "I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphim: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly. And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory. And the posts of the door moved at the voice of him that cried, and the house was filled with smoke. Then said I, Woe is me! for I am undone: because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts. Then flew one of the seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar: And he laid it upon my mouth, and said, Lo this hath touched thy lips; and thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged." Two omitted stanzas are based on verse eight ("Here am I; send me"), and give the title to the original hymn: "*Isaiah's Obedience to the Heavenly Vision.*"

---

16 C. M.

MY God, how wonderful thou art!
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

3 O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

4 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like thee;
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

6 My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thou everlasting Friend;
On thee I stay my trusting heart,
Till faith in vision end.

Frederick William Faber.

Author's title: "*Our Heavenly Father.*" The original contains nine stanzas. The sixth stanza above is not found in the original as given in Faber's *Hymns*, published in 1861. The omitted stanzas are:

3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

6 O then this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love thee, for thyself
And for thy glory's sake.

8 Only to sit and think of God,
O what a joy it is!
To think the thought, to breathe the name,
Earth has no higher bliss!

9 Father of Jesus, love's Reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on thee!

---

17 6s, 8s, 4s.

THE God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,—
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed:
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
Forever blest.

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command,
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood!

4 He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

Thomas Olivers.

See note under next hymn for historical facts and critical estimate of this magnificent lyric.

The late Rev. T. M. Eddy, D.D., passing on one occasion through the streets of Baltimore, saw an aged and feeble colored man sawing some hard wood by the side of the road. Feeling that the colored man's lot was a hard one, as he contrasted his age and feebleness with the hardness of the work to be done, he turned and began to approach him, intending to speak a few kind and encouraging words of sympathy and of admonition concerning the state of his, perhaps, benighted soul. But drawing near, unobserved, he heard the old man singing softly, but feelingly:

"The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood!"

The Doctor passed on without interrupting him, saying: "He is rich; he is safe; he has a better friend than I could be. He needs not my comfort. I am the one that has received the needed encouragement."

On his death-bed Richard Watson repeated over and over again the last four lines of this hymn:

"I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore."

---

18 6s, 8s, 4s.

THE God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was and is the same,
And evermore shall be:
Jehovah, Father, great I AM,
We worship thee."

2 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow:
O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,
Forever new:
He shows his prints of love—
They kindle to a flame!
And sound through all the worlds above,
The slaughtered Lamb.

3 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abrah'm's God, and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays,)
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers.

We have in this and the preceding hymn parts one and three of Thomas Olivers' magnificent "*Hymn to the God of Abraham.*" The second part, containing five stanzas, is here omitted. Perhaps no hymn ever written has received higher praise from poets and scholars than this. "There is not in our language," says James Montgomery, the poet, "a lyric of more majestic style, more elevated thought, or more glorious imagery. Its structure, indeed, is unattractive on account of the short lines, but like a stately pile of architecture, severe and simple in design, it strikes less on the first view than after deliberate examination." "This is probably," says Nutter, "the finest ode in the English language; the theme is the grandest possible, and the execution in keeping with it." The hymn was written while the author (who was one of Mr. Wesley's preachers) was on a visit to John Bakewell, author of "Hail, thou once despised Jesus." At a service in the Jewish Synagogue at Westminster, London, he had heard Signor Leoni sing an old Hebrew melody, and was so delighted with it that he determined to write a *Christian* hymn that should be adapted to the tune. Upon returning to the house of his friend he immediately wrote out this magnificent hymn of twelve stanzas. It was first published in tract form in 1772, and attained immediate and wide-spread popularity. The following five stanzas are *part second* of the original hymn:

1 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command.
The wat'ry deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life forever grow,
With mercy crowned.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And, glorious with his saints in light,
Forever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise
He still supplies.

5 Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The list'ning spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

19

5s, 6s.

O WORSHIP the King,
All-glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and his love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor,
And girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space:
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills
In the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail:

Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend

Robert Grant.

This hymn is based on Ps. civ. It was published in 1829 (the year after the author died), along with eleven others. It has been much admired. The third and sixth stanzas of the original are omitted:

3 The earth, with its stores
Of wonders untold,
Almighty! thy power
Hath founded of old:
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

6 O measureless might,
Ineffable love:
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration,
Shall lisp to thy praise.

20

5s, 6s.

YE servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh;
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus, our King.

3 Then let us adore,
And give him his right,
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing
For infinite love.

Charles Wesley.

This hymn, "*To be Sung in a Tumult*," first appeared in 1744, in a pamphlet containing thirty-three pieces, entitled *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution*. It was a year of great commotion in England. Efforts were being made to dethrone George II. and to place the exiled Pretender of the House of Stuart, a Roman Catholic, upon the throne. The Methodists were accused of being papists and favoring the Pretender's claims, and so suffered great persecutions at the hands of disorderly mobs, and otherwise. This hymn was born of these experiences. The second, third, and fifth stanzas are omitted:

2 The waves of the sea
Have lift up their voice,
Sore troubled that we
In Jesus rejoice;
The floods they are roaring,
But Jesus is here,
While we are adoring
He always is near.

3 When devils engage,
The billows arise,
And horribly rage,
And threaten the skies:
Their fury shall never
Our steadfastness shock;
The weakest believer
Is built on a rock.

5 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

21

7s.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Let us, therefore, warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton.

The paraphrase of Ps. cxxxvi. in twenty-four stanzas, from which this hymn is taken, was written when the author was only fifteen years old. It evinces both genius and immaturity. These are the first, second, twenty-second, and twenty-third stanzas of the original. The third and fourth stanzas have been slightly altered to make the lines uniformly of seven syllables. The author wrote:

All living *creatures* he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.

Let us therefore warble forth
His *mighty* majesty and worth.

22

6s, 8s.

YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name!
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone
All excellences meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall forever sit:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs;
Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs,
Of all in earth and heaven:
Him Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Hymns for Children*, 1763. Based on Ps. cxlviii. 12, 13: "Young men, and maidens; old men, and children: let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven."

23

8s.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

Joseph Hart.

From the author's *Hymns Composed on Various Occasions*, 1759. This is the last of seven double stanzas found in the original, the first line of which is:

"No prophet or dreamer of dreams."

24

8s, 7s.

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord! for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord! for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

John Kempthorne.

It is not certain who is the author of this hymn. It first appeared in *Psalms, Hymns, and Anthems for the Foundling Chapel*, London, 1796. The evidence on the ground of which it is attributed to Rev. John Kempthorne (1775–1838) is indirect and unsatisfactory. It is found in a volume of hymns which he compiled and published in 1809, and which contains some of his own hymns, but he does not, there or elsewhere, claim its authorship. It is based on Ps. cxlviii. 1–3: "Praise ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights. Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise ye him, all ye stars of light."

25 8s, 7s.

LORD, thy glory fills the heaven;
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord.

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing;
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, Lord God most high."

3 With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore him:
Bid we thus our anthems flow:

4 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven:
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord."

Richard Mant.

From the author's *Original Hymns added to Ancient Hymns from the Roman Breviary*, 1837, where it bears the title "*Hymn Commemorative of the Thrice Holy.*" The original has eight stanzas. The first, second, fifth, and eighth are omitted here. The author wrote "conspire" instead of "unite" in verse 3. In some collections it begins: "Round the Lord in glory seated." It is based on Isaiah's vision, chapter sixth.

---

26 8s, 7s.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens:
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring.

From the author's *Hymns*, London, 1825, where it bears the title "*God is Love*," and repeats the first stanza in closing.

27 8s, 7s.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner;
There are blessings for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our faith were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick William Faber.

From a poem of thirteen stanzas on "*Come to Jesus*" in the author's *Hymns*, London, 1862 (New York, 1884). We have here the fourth, sixth, eighth, and thirteenth stanzas of the original. In verse two the author wrote "*And more graces* for the good," and in verse four "If our *love* were but more simple."

---

28 S. M.

THE pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath:
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*Abounding Compassion of God; or, Mercy in the Midst of Judgment.*" Based on Ps. ciii. 13–18: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust. As

for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children: to such as keep his covenant, and to those who remember his commandments to do them." (See No. 9.)

---

29 S. M.

FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.

2 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render, in thanks, their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

3 The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry, "Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!"

4 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.

5 Eternal, Triune Lord,
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men, record
And dwell upon thy love.

6 When heaven and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing, all the saints thy love hath made,
Thine everlasting praise!

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*, London, 1747, where it bears the title, "*To the Trinity.*" The second and sixth stanzas of the original are omitted:

2 Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

6 Not angel tongues can tell
Thy love's ecstatic height,
The glorious joy unspeakable,
The beatific sight!

30 S. M.

I HEAR thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Lord, send thy Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray!

2 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold, presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

3 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

4 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

Isaac Watts.

Based on parts of Ps. xix. Title: "*God's Word Most Excellent; or, Sincerity and Watchfulness.*" From the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719.

---

31 L. M.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God:
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshiping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too!
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short, our tunes; our words, be few!
A solemn rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Isaac Watts.

From *Horae Lyricae*, 1709, where its title is: "*The Conclusion—God Exalted Above All Praise.*" The second stanza of the original has been omitted:

2 The lowest step beneath thy feet,
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wondering eyes.

In the first line of the second stanza above the author wrote: "*Thy dazzling beauties while he sings.*"

---

32 L. M.

O GOD, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! What words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?

2 Unfathomable depths thou art!
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea!
Void of true wisdom is my heart:
With love embrace and cover me!

3 While thee, all infinite, I set,
By faith, before my ravished eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight:
O'erpowered, I sink, I faint, I die.

4 Greatness unspeakable is thine,
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine
When earth and heaven are fled away.

5 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word:
It lives, and moves, and is from thee!

Ernest Lange. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

This and hymn No. 57 ("Parent of good," etc.) are taken from a hymn of eight twelve-line stanzas on "*God's Greatness*," which first appeared in John Wesley's *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, published at Charleston, S. C., 1737. The German original is found in the *Herrnhut Collection*. In the former edition of our *Hymn Book* the whole of the original translation will be found, being Nos. 15, 16, 17, and 18.

---

33 C. M.

LORD, all I am is known to thee:
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge! deep and high:
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*God is Everywhere.*" It is a part of his version of Ps. cxxxix., published in 1719. "O Lord, thou hast searched me, and knowest me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising; thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast set me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it." From the *Psalms of David*, 1719.

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34 C. M.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand;
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Isaac Watts.

The author's title is: "*The Morning of a Lord's Day.*" It is based on Ps. lxiii. 1–5: "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is: to see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary. Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee. Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name. My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness: and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips." From the *Psalms of David*, 1719.

35 C. M.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

Isaac Watts.

This is a paraphrase of Ps. cxlv. 14–21, and was first published in 1719, under the title: "*Mercy to Sufferers; or, God Hearing Prayer.*" Two verses of the original are omitted, and those here given have been slightly altered. From the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719.

36 C. M.

BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King!
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

2 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed,
Thy greatness to proclaim;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.

3 Thy glorious name, and nature's powers,
Thou dost to us make known;
And all the Deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. Based on 1 Chron. xxix. 10–13: "Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel our father, forever and ever. Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power and the glory. . . . Now therefore, our God, we thank thee and praise thy glorious name." The author has three hymns based on this passage from which the three stanzas above have been selected.

37 C. M.

SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man
Beyond archangels go,
The great almighty God explain,
Or to perfection know?
His attributes divinely soar
Above the creature's sight,
And prostrate seraphim adore
The glorious Infinite.

2 Jehovah's everlasting days,
They cannot numbered be;
Incomprehensible the space
Of thine immensity:
Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line
In vain we strive to sound,
Or stretch our lab'ring thought t' assign
Omnipotence a bound.

3 The brightness of thy glories leaves
Description far below;
Nor man, nor angel's heart conceives
How deep thy mercies flow:
Thy love is most unsearchable,
And dazzles all above;
They gaze, but cannot count or tell
The treasures of thy love!

Charles Wesley.

Based on Job xi. 7–9: "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea." This hymn is found in no other Church collection. It is from *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762.

38 L. M. D.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark, terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison.

This sublime composition is thought by many to be the best of Addison's hymns. It is the language of one who knows how to reason "from nature up to nature's God," and not only to reason, but to worship. It first appeared in 1712, at the end of an article in the *Spectator* on "*The Right Means to Strengthen Faith.*" It is based on Psalm xix. 1-6: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

39 8s.

INFINITE God, to thee we raise
Our hearts in solemn songs of praise;
By all thy works on earth adored,
We worship thee, the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow ourselves before thy throne.

2 Thee all the choir of angels sings,
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings;
Cherubs proclaim thy praise aloud,
And seraphs shout the Triune God;
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Thy glory fills both earth and sky!"

3 Father of endless majesty,
All might and love we render thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in dignity and power;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The saints' eternal Comforter.

Charles Wesley.

From *Redemption Hymns*, 1747. These are the first, second, and fifth of the original fourteen stanzas by the author on the *Te Deum Laudamus.*

40 L. M. 6 l.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison.

This hymn first appeared in 1712 in the *Spectator*, at the end of an article on "*Trust in the Supreme Being*," the closing sentence of which is: "David has very beautifully represented this steady reliance on God Almighty in Psalm xxiii., which is a kind of pastoral hymn, and filled with the allu-

sions which are usual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my readers with the following translation of it." And then follows the hymn, as here given, except that the third and fourth stanzas have been transposed, by which transposition much is gained in securing a climactic arrangement to the hymn, which is noticeably wanting in the original order of the stanzas.

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41 C. M.

O GOD, our strength, to thee our song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love and praise.

2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.

4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

Harriet Auber.

Unaltered and complete. Based on parts of Psalm lxxxi.: "Sing aloud unto God our strength: make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob. . . . Thou calledst in trouble, and I delivered thee. I answered thee in the secret place. . . . O Israel, if thou wilt hearken unto me; there shall no strange god be in thee; neither shalt thou worship any strange god. I am the Lord thy God, that brought thee out of the land of Egypt."

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42 C. M.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms,

5 Our thoughts are lost in reverent awe;
We love and we adore:
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

6 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brighter shone,
The justice or the grace.

Isaac Watts.

In the author's *Horæ Lyricæ* (1709) this hymn bears the title: "*God Glorious and Sinners Saved.*" The last three stanzas are omitted:

7 When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones:
Oh the dear mysteries of his cross,
The triumph of his groans!

8 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

9 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song:
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

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43 C. M.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

This is the last hymn written by Cowper for the *Olney Collection*, 1779, and bears the title: "*Light Shining out of Darkness.*" It is, as Montgomery has said, rendered "awfully interesting" by the circumstances under which it was written—in "the twilight of departing reason." It was after his second attack of insanity, in 1773, had begun to show signs of the coming night of mental darkness. Meditating suicide, he had engaged a coachman to take him to a certain place in the river Ouse, intending there to drown himself. But the coachman lost his way—shall we say accidentally or providentially?—and was so belated that the trip was abandoned. In the meantime the suicidal spell was broken, and the poet, instead of carrying out his original intention, returned home, and wrote this profound, beautiful, and tender lyric, the most popular ever written on the deep mysteries of providence. About this time Cowper wrote of himself: "I have never met, either in books or in conversation, with an experience at all similar to mine. More than a twelve-month has passed since I began to hope that having walked the whole breadth of the bottom of the Red Sea, I was beginning to climb the opposite shore, and I proposed to sing the Song of Moses. But I have been disappointed." Yet he can still add, speaking to the Saviour: "I love thee, even now, more than many who see thee daily." "It was such agonies as these," observes Duffield, "which have given Cowper's hymns their marvelous hold upon the heart." James T. Fields has said that to be the author of such a hymn as this is an achievement that angels themselves might envy. The criticisms of Richard Watson (*Life of Wesley*, p. 277) upon the rhyme and the figure contained in the fifth stanza are hypercritical. The rhyme is allowable, and the figure of the bitter-tasting bud and the sweet-smelling flower is not only true to nature, but admirably adapted to expressing, in fine poetic sentiment, the thought in the mind of the poet: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." A great artist said he never permitted "bairns and fools" to look at his paintings until finished; only artists or wise men might see them when only half finished. The wisest and best alone are capable of pronouncing judgment upon God's unfinished providences.

44 C. M.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
O who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways?

2 Good when he gives—supremely good—
Nor less when he denies:
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 Why should we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

James Hervey.

This hymn first appeared in the author's celebrated work titled *Meditations* (1741), where it is preceded by this sentence: "Be still, then, thou uneasy mortal: know that God is unerringly wise, and be assured that amidst the greatest multiplicity of beings he does not overlook thee." Verses two and three have been transposed. In verse one the author wrote "downward tracks" for "varying scenes," and "regulate" for "to appoint." In verse three he wrote:

"Since none can doubt his equal love,
Immeasurably kind."

A fourth stanza is found in many collections:

In thy fair book of life divine,
My God, inscribe my name;
There let it fill some humble place
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

45 C. M.

THY way, O Lord, is in the sea;
Thy paths we cannot trace,
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 As through a glass, we dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do we know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

3 'Tis but in part we know thy will;
We bless thee for the sight;
Soon will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light.

4 With rapture shall we then survey
Thy providence and grace,
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett.

From the author's *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, 1782. Based on Ps. lxxvii. 19: "Thy way is in the sea and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known." Also, 1 Cor. xii. 12: "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." The hymn has been changed from the first person singular to the first person plural. Three stanzas of the original are omitted.

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46 C. M.

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear,
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound:
A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. Based on Exodus xxxiv. 6: "The Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." In the last line the author wrote "The" instead of "His." The similarity of the sentiments of this hymn to Matthew Henry's comments on the same passage of Scripture corroborates what Charles Wesley says in the preface to the volume from which this hymn is taken: "Many of the thoughts are borrowed from Mr. Henry's Comments, Dr. Gill on the Pentateuch, and Bengelius on the New Testament."

47 L. M.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head!

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast?
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. The original has fifteen stanzas. The title is: "*At the Approach of Temptation.*" In verse two the author wrote "O help" for "Assist." Two of the omitted stanzas are worthy of a place in this note, as in them he sings of his deliverance from death by shipwreck and by fever; and they have often been quoted by others when contemplating similar experiences of providential preservation:

Oft hath the sea confessed thy power,
And gave me back to thy command:
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thy hand.

Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden I found thee near to save;
The fever owned thy touch and fled.

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48 L. M.

PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear;
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still:
Be calm, and sink into his will.

2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim:
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.

3 Without reserve give Christ your heart;
Let him his righteousness impart:
Then all things else he'll freely give;
With him you all things shall receive.

4 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest;
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity.

Samuel Ecking.

This hymn first appeared in a volume by the author, titled *Essays on Grace, Faith, and Repentance*, where it has seven stanzas, the third, fourth, and fifth being here omitted. The above stanzas are slightly altered from the original. The hymn is based on Matt. vi. 33: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

There is a touching incident connected with this hymn. In 1806 Rev. James Haxley was sent by a Methodist Conference to itinerate as a missionary in Louisiana, then inhabited chiefly by French Catholics—which fact, as well as many others, caused this to be a most difficult field for Protestant missionaries. He was one evening reduced to the very verge of starvation. He had spent the preceding night in a swamp and had taken no food for thirty-six hours, when he reached a plantation. He entered the house and asked for food and lodgings, saying that he had no money. It was a Roman Catholic family. The mistress of the house, a widow with several daughters, recognized him at once as an itinerant Protestant preacher and insultingly refused his request. He obtained permission, however, to warm himself a few minutes at the fire before leaving. He felt very keenly the demands of hunger and sleep, and looked forward to another night in the swamp as possibly his last on earth—for some of his companions had been found dead in the swamp. As he sat there musing before the fire, he began to think sweetly of the heavenly city, and his heart filled with a sense of peace and gladness as he began, almost unconsciously, to sing to himself his favorite hymn:

Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear;
Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last will feed thee still:
Be calm and sink into his will.

He sung the whole hymn through, and when he had finished he looked around and the mother and her daughters were all in tears. "Come," said the mother, calling to one of her daughters, "let's go and prepare the preacher a good supper." "Peter," said she, calling to her son, "have his horse put up and fed; he shall stay with us a whole week if he will." Thus hearts can oftentimes be moved by sweet and simple Christian song that could be reached in no other way.

49 L. M.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share:
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Perfections and Providence of God; or, General Providence and Special Grace*" is the author's title in his *Psalms of David*, 1719. It is based on Ps. xxxvi. 5-9: "Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are a great deep: O Lord, thou preservest man and beast. How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures. For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light." The fifth verse is omitted.

50 L. M.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Edward Cooper.

This hymn first appeared (so far as known) in an anonymous volume titled "*Portions of the Psalms, chiefly selected from the Versions of Merrick and Watts, with Occasional Hymns, Adapted to the Service of the Church, for every Sunday in the Year. Uttoxeter, 1808.*" It is there accredited to "Cooper." According to the *Free Church Hymn-Book* (1882) this hymn is attributed to Cooper, on the authority of an aged clergyman who knew him personally—Rev. John Wakefield, Rector of Hughley, Salop.

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51 C. M.

THE Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey his will:
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threat'ning aspect roar!
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night! your force combine!
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies:
He yokes the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in rev'rence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod;
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

Henry Kirke White.

This hymn first appeared in Collyer's *Hymns Partly Collected and Partly Original*, (London, 1812), under the title, "*The Eternal Monarch.*" In the first line the author wrote "full of" instead of "clothed with;" it is otherwise unchanged.

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52 C. M.

GREAT God! to me the sight afford
To him of old allowed;
And let my faith behold its Lord,
Descending in a cloud!

2 In that revealing Spirit come,
Thine attributes proclaim;
And to my inmost soul make known
The glories of thy name.

3 Jehovah, Christ, I thee adore,
Who gav'st my soul to be!
Fountain of being and of power,
And great in majesty.

4 The Lord, the mighty God, thou art;
But let me rather prove
That name inspoken to my heart,
That fav'rite name of Love.

5 Merciful God, thyself proclaim
In this polluted breast:
Mercy is thy distinguished name,
And suits the sinner best.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. Based on Ex. xxxiv. 5, 6: "And the Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and proclaimed the name of the Lord. And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Lord, The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." This is the first part of a hymn of twelve stanzas, the second part being hymn No. 46, beginning, "Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love." By omitting "down" from the end of the first line in the second stanza, the meter has been preserved at the expense of the rhyme—perhaps the lesser of the two evils—though "come" and "known" rhyme almost as well as do "down" and "known." The sixth stanza is omitted:

6 Our mis'ry doth for pity call,
Our sin implores thy grace;
And thou art merciful to all
Our lost, apostate race.

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53 L. M.

ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.
Harriet Auber.

A noble hymn, based on Ps. xc.: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God. . . . A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. They are as a sleep. They are like the grass which in the morning groweth up and flourisheth and which in the evening is cut down and withereth. We spend our years as a tale that is told. So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." From the author's *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829.

54 L. M.

HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all thy own:
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours—a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own
Holy and pure is God alone.

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored,
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty.
Charles Wesley.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures* (1762). Based on 1 Sam. ii. 2: "There is none holy as the Lord; for there is none besides thee: neither is there any rock like our God." The author wrote "Holy as *thee*" in verse one. The following stanza has been omitted:

4 Thy power unparalleled confess,
Established on the rock of peace;
The rock that never shall remove,
The rock of pure, almighty love.

55 L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.
Isaac Watts.

This hymn, which was first published in 1719, is based on the hundredth Psalm: "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting: and his truth endureth to all generations."

Instead of the first two lines above, Watts wrote:

"Nations attend before his throne
With solemn fear, with sacred joy."

They were changed into their present form by John Wesley, who published the hymn in his first *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, printed at Charleston, S. C. 1737. This change very much improved and popularized the hymn. The first and fourth stanzas of the original are omitted above:

1 Sing unto the Lord with joyful voice;
Let every land his name adore;
The British isles shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.

4 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name?

56 L. M.

ETERNAL depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, displayed,
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!

2 With whom dost thou delight to dwell?
Sinners, a vile and thankless race:
O God! what tongue aright can tell
How vast thy love, how great thy grace?

3 The dictates of thy sovereign will
With joy our grateful hearts receive:
All thy delight in us fulfil:
Lo! all we are to thee we give.

4 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign:
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal th' abode for ever thine!

5 O King of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far;
Yea, e'en our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than thy mercies are.

6 Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal:
So fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

Count Zinzendorf. Tr. *by John Wesley.*

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739, where it bears the title "*God with us.*" Two inferior stanzas are omitted.

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57 L. M.

PARENT of good! thy bounteous hand
Incessant benefits distills;
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.

2 Each evening shows thy tender love,
Each rising morn thy plenteous grace;
Thy wakened wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing mercy flies apace!

3 To thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath, we owe;
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Source of being, flow.

4 Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

Ernest Lange. Tr. *by John Wesley.*

This is part of a hymn of twenty-four stanzas beginning, "*O God, thou bottomless abyss.*" (See note under hymn No. 32.)

SECTION II.

MEDIATION OF CHRIST.

58 C. M.

HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield!

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Philip Doddridge.

Title: "*Christ's Message.*" This is generally regarded as Dr. Doddridge's masterpiece. It was written to be sung at the close of a Christmas sermon, preached December 28th, 1735. The text of the sermon, and of the hymn as well, is Luke iv. 18, 19: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." The original hymn has been much improved by the omission of the second and sixth stanzas. It from the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

59 C. M.

JOY to the world—the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

First published in 1719 under the title: "*The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.*" This is one of the finest Advent hymns ever written, as its widespread and unchanging popularity attests. It is one of those happy and joyful Christian lyrics in which Watts's hymns abound and which have placed him in the very front rank of the hymn-writers of all ages. Few hymns ever written have been sung to tunes so popular and so well adapted to the words as "Antioch" is to this admirable hymn. It is based on the latter part of Ps. xcviii.: "Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm. With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King. Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity."

60 C. M.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled:
The theme, the song, the joy was new;
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete:
Jesus was born to die."

6 Hail, Prince of Life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth and time and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

Samuel Medley.

This hymn first appeared in *Medley's Hymns*, new edition, 1839, where it bears the title, "*The Nativity of Christ.*" Three inferior stanzas have been omitted. In the fourth stanza, line one, the author wrote "to" instead of "through."

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61 C. M.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed;
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spoke the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God on high,
And thus addressed their song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

Nahum Tate.

This is an almost literal reading of Luke ii. 8–14: "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." It first appeared in 1703, in a supplement to Tate and Brady's *New Version of the Psalms*, which had been published in 1696.

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62 L. M.

SING, all in heaven, at Jesus' birth,
Glory to God, and peace on earth:
Incarnate love in Christ is seen,
Pure mercy and good-will to men.

2 Praise him, extolled above all height,
Who doth in worthless worms delight;
God reconciled in Christ confess,
Your present and eternal peace.

3 From Jesus, manifest below,
Rivers of pure salvation flow,
And pour on man's distinguished race
Their everlasting streams of grace.

4 Sing, every soul of Adam's line,
The fav'rite attribute divine,
Ascribing, with the hosts above,
All glory to the God of love.

Charles Wesley.

This hymn finds a place in no other Church collection. It is based on Luke ii. 14: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth," etc. It is from *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762.

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63 7s. D.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled:"
Joyful all ye nations rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb;
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

4 Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head;
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place:
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

Charles Wesley.

This "*Hymn for Christmas Day*" is taken from the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739, where it has ten stanzas. The first two lines have been changed. The author wrote:

"Hark! how all the welkin rings,
Glory to the King of kings!"

The change was made by Martin Madan about 1760, and afterward adopted by John Wesley—or, perhaps, made by John Wesley himself. This is the only hymn by Charles Wesley, says Duffield, which has been included in the Church of England's *Book of Common Prayer*. Its history is singular enough. No one can tell how it came into the Prayer-book unless in the same way as some of Doddridge's pieces. At the end of the "New Version" of the Psalms, which was introduced by order of William III. in 1696, occur several hymns, of which this is one, and Doddridge's "My God, and is thy table spread?" another. These seem to have been introduced about the year 1818 by a "dissenting University printer," who, having several blank pages in his "form," filled them up with six hymns, which were not objected to at the time by those having immediate supervision, and have never been canceled. The "University printer" who put this hymn by Wesley in certainly showed his good judgment in the selection. And the curious fact remains that, being once introduced, whether with or without authority, there has been no getting it out. As it could not be settled how it got in, so there is no possibility of breaking over that Anglicanism which reverences authority and precedent and hesitates to alter whatever *is*, even though it be uncertain by what authority it came to be. (See *English Hymns*.)

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64 C. M.

TO us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

John Morrison.

This is part of a paraphrase of Isaiah ix. 2-8, found in the *Paraphrases* appended to the Scotch version of the Psalms. It there has six stanzas, the first three of which are here omitted. The fourth stanza above is no part of the original, but has been made out of the first and second stanzas by some unknown editor. Date of hymn, 1770.

65 C. M.

SALVATION, O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears:
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Isaac Watts.

In the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, this bears the title: "*Salvation.*" A fourth stanza, beginning, "Salvation, O thou bleeding Lamb," is found in most of the Church collections, but it was not written by Watts. It is thought to have been added by Walter Shirley, as it first appeared in Lady Huntingdon's *Collection*, of which he was editor.

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66 S. M.

FATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And thank thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son.

2 The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live.

3 Jesus, the holy Child,
Doth by his birth declare
That God and man are reconciled,
And one in him we are.

4 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end:
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares himself our friend.

5 His kingdom from above
He doth to us impart,
And pure benevolence and love
O'erflow the faithful heart.

6 Changed in a moment, we
The sweet attraction find,
With open arms of charity
Embracing all mankind.

Charles Wesley.

This hymn finds a place in no other Church collection, not even in the Wesleyan. The following two stanzas were in the old edition of the Hymn Book:

7 O might they all receive
The new-born Prince of Peace!
And meekly in his spirit live,
And in his love increase!

8 Till he convey us home,
Cry every soul aloud,
Come, thou Desire of nations, come,
And take us up to God!

It is one of the author's eighteen *Hymns for the Nativity of our Lord*, 1744.

---

67 L. M.

TO us this day a Child is given,
To crown us with the joy of heaven:
Good news from heaven the angels bring,
Glad tidings to the earth they sing.

2 All praise to thee, eternal Lord,
Clothed in the garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a manger for thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone.

3 A little Child, thou art our guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

4 Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for thee.

5 Ah, blessèd Jesus, holy Child,
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for thee.

Martin Luther. Tr. by *A. T. Russell.* (*Alt.*)

The above simple but beautiful Christmas hymn is made out of two hymns, both written by Luther, but only one of which was translated by Dr. Russell. The first, fourth, and fifth stanzas belong to Dr. Russell's hymn, which usually begins with the third line, "Good news from heaven the angels bring." The second and third stanzas above are the first and third stanzas of a hymn that first appeared in its English form in the *Sabbath Hymn Book* (Andover, 1859). It is a translation, by an unknown author, of a hymn by Luther, which is itself a translation of a Latin hymn by Notker Balbulus, of St. Gall, beginning "*Grates nunc omnes reddamus.*"

68 8s, 7s.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!

3 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
'Glory be to God most high!'"

John Cawood.

This hymn was written "*For Christmas Day.*" In verse one the author wrote "warbling in" for "sounding through;" "Sure" for "Lo;" "loudest" for "heavenly;" and in verse four, "glory" for "praises," and "glad" for "O." Each stanza, as originally written, was followed by "Hallelujah." Its date is 1819. One stanza is omitted:

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it cover all the earth.

---

69 L. M.

WHEN marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It is my guide, my light, my all;
It bids my dark forebodings cease;
And through life's storm and danger's thrall,
It leads me to the port of peace.

4 Thus, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!

Henry Kirke White.

The third and fourth stanzas of the original are here omitted:

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

In the third stanza above, "was" has been changed to "is," "bade" to "bids," "the storm" to "life's storm," "led" to "leads;" and in verse four, "Now" to "Thus." Strangely enough, in the former edition of our Hymn Book this hymn was put under the head entitled: "*On a Voyage.*" In most collections it is placed among the Advent and Incarnation hymns, being published entire and unchanged. Both classifications seem equally inappropriate. The only way to adapt it to its present subject and surroundings is to do what has here been done—viz.: omit the third and fourth stanzas, and change the tense of the third stanza from the past to the present. By this means it is adjusted to the present subject. But, in truth, the author had neither a "voyage" nor the "Advent" in mind in writing this hymn. It was written to describe his religious experience and to commemorate his conversion, with special reference to the spiritual skepticism that had marked his unregenerate state and turned his life into a "raging sea," on which his foundering bark was tossed in the darkened night, threatening speedy destruction, when suddenly the "Star of Bethlehem" arose and guided him to the "port of peace."

Dr. Nettleton, compiler of the *Village Hymns*, was an eminently useful evangelist. During one of his tours, which were so remarkably blessed in the salvation of souls, he stopped at a house in the region of the Catskill Mountains. While conversing with the older members of the family, he heard two young, sweet, and clear voices in a room above warbling the exquisitely beautiful air of *Bonnie Doon*. "Ask them," said he to the parents, "to come down and sing it to me, for I am ardently devoted to music." The request was cheerfully complied with, and he listened with delighted attention till the close of the song, when, kindly turning to the young ladies, he said, "I think I can teach you some far better words to that tune," and then sang to them the above beautiful hymn. As he proceeded to sing it he called their attention so touchingly and tenderly to the beauty of its

sentiments that tears soon flowed from their eyes; and those two young ladies were among the first fruits of a gracious revival which attended his labors in that town.

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70 L. M.

TO us a Child of royal birth,
Heir of the promises, is given;
Th' Invisible appears on earth,
The Son of man, the God of heaven.

2 A Saviour born, in love supreme
He comes, our fallen souls to raise;
He comes, his people to redeem,
With all his plenitude of grace.

3 The Christ by raptured seers foretold,
Fill'd with th' eternal Spirit's power,
Prophet, and Priest, and King, behold,
And Lord of all the worlds adore.

4 The Lord of hosts, the God most high,
Who quits his throne on earth to live,
With joy we welcome from the sky,
With faith into our hearts receive.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. Based on Luke ii. 11: "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

---

71 C. M.

THE Lord will come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err;
Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

2 Mercy and Truth, that long were missed,
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.

3 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.

4 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

5 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God!
Thee honor and adore
With my whole heart; and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore!

John Milton.

This hymn is made up of parts of the author's paraphrase of Psalms lxxxv. and lxxxvi.

The five stanzas of the hymn were composed upon the following passages from the Psalms:

"Righteousness shall go before him; and shall set us in the way of his steps." (Ps. lxxxv. 13.)

"Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." (Ps. lxxxv. 10.)

"All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name." (Ps. lxxxvi. 9.)

"Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven." (Ps. lxxxv. 11.)

"I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore." (Ps. lxxxvi. 12.)

"David and Milton," observes Nutter, "the greatest of inspired, and the greatest of uninspired, poets, ought to be able to produce a valuable hymn." The only change of Milton's text is in the first stanza, which is differently arranged and slightly altered:

"Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger:
Then will he come, and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err."

---

72 11s, 10s.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall!
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. *Reginald Heber.*

This hymn on the "*Star of the East*" was first published in 1811 in the *Christian Observer*, and found a place, the year after the author's death, in *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service*, 1827.

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73 8s, 7s, 4s.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
You who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you, break your chains:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
James Montgomery.

From the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825. Original title: "*Good Tidings of great Joy to all People.*" "For comprehensiveness, appropriateness of expression, force and elevation of sentiment," says an intelligent and admiring critic, "this hymn may challenge comparison with any hymn that was ever written in any language or country."

---

74 L. M.

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gathered round,
And joy and gladness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his foll'wers' way:
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wand'rers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.
John Bowring.

Author's title: "*Jesus Teaching the People.*" It is based on Matt. xi. 28, 29.: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." From the author's *Matins and Vespers*, 1823. One stanza is omitted:

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

---

75 8s, 7s. D.

ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But the Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

2 When he lived on earth abasèd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.
O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above.
John Newton.

"*Closer than a Brother*" is the title of this hymn in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. It is based on Proverbs xviii. 24: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The hymn, as given above, is much altered from the original, which contains six stanzas of six lines each. The above two double stanzas are made from four single stanzas, omitting the last two lines of each. The omitted stanzas are:

3 Men, when raised to lofty stations,
Often know their friends no more;
Slight and scorn their poor relations,
Though they valued them before:
But our Saviour always owns
Those whom he redeemed with groans.

5 Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us, though we treat Him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still

76 L. M.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Life, that groaned and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.

3 Power and dominion are His due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charged with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustained amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore our sin, and curse, and pain;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen!

Isaac Watts.

The author prepared this hymn on "*Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation*" to be sung after a sermon on Rev. v. 12: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." From the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707.

77 L. M.

BEHOLD the blind their sight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless His name!

2 Thus does th' eternal Spirit own,
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies!—the heavens in mourning stood!
He rises—and appears a God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence, and forever, from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

Isaac Watts.

"*Miracles in the Life, Death and Resurrection of Christ*" is the title of this valuable hymn, which is based on Matt. xi. 2-6: "Now when John had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples, and said unto him, Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them. And blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me."

78 L. M.

NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See, where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace:
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'tis a sweet, a charming theme:
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

4 O may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

Isaac Watts.

This is truly a "noble song." "*Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ*," the subject of this song, was a theme that always set aglow the seraphic soul of Dr. Watts. The following stanzas, the third and fourth of the original, have been omitted:

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories, from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star:

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thy hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

---

79 L. M.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Example of Christ*" is the author's title to this hymn in his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It is one of the very few good hymns we have on the life and example of our Lord.

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80 7s. D.

HOLY Lamb, who thee confess,
Foll'wers of thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask, "What shall we do?"
Governed by thy only will,
All thy words we would fulfill,
Would in all thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walked below.

2 While thou didst on earth appear,
Servant to thy servants here,
Mindful of thy place above,
All thy life was prayer and love:
Such our whole employment be,
Works of faith and charity;
Works of love on man bestowed,
Secret intercourse with God.

3 Early in the temple meet,
Let us still our Saviour greet;
Nightly to the mount repair,
Join our praying Pattern there:
There by wrestling faith obtain
Power to work for God again;
Power his image to retrieve;
Power, like thee, our Lord, to live.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Family Hymns*, 1767. The fourth stanza is omitted:

4 Vessels, instruments of grace,
Pass we thus our happy days
'Twixt the mount and multitude,
Doing or receiving good;
Glad to pray and labor on,
Till our earthly course is run,
Till we, on the sacred tree,
Bow the head and die like thee.

---

81 C. M.

THOU art the way:—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth:—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life:—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

George W. Doane.

From the author's *Songs by the Way*, 1824. This hymn is based on John xiv. 6: "I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

---

82 L. M.

O LOVE divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earthborn care;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near!

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

This is titled a "*Hymn of Trust*" in the author's *Poems* (1862). It was written in 1848, and published in the *Professor at the Breakfast Table* (*Atlantic Monthly*, *November*, *1859*). Dr. Holmes has written one other hymn which is in nearly all the collections and which is even more admired than this. It is to be regretted that it has not found a place in this collection. The first stanza of this omitted hymn is:

"Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!"

---

83 C. M.

OUT of the depths to thee I cry,
Incarnate Son of God:
The paths of our humanity,
Thy fainting footsteps trod.

2 Thou Man of grief, who once apart
Didst all our sorrows bear,—
The trembling hand, the fainting heart,
The agony, and prayer!

3 Is this the consecrated dower,
Thy chosen ones obtain,
To know thy resurrection power
Through fellowship of pain?

4 Then, O my soul, in silence wait;
Faint not, O faltering feet;
Press onward to that blest estate,
In righteousness complete.

5 Let faith transcend the passing hour,
The transient pain and strife,
Upraised by an immortal power—
The power of endless life.

Elizabeth Eunice Marcy.

This valuable hymn was contributed by the author to the new *Hymnal* of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1877. As it appears there the first verse reads:

Out of the depths to thee I cry,
Whose fainting footsteps trod
The paths of our humanity,
Incarnate Son of God!

---

84 C. M.

DARK was the night, and cold the ground,
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down;
In agony he pray'd,—

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
Thy pleasure I fulfill."

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow;
The heavy load he bore for thee;
For thee he lies so low.

Thomas Haweis.

This hymn is based on the familiar Scripture scene of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane. From the author's *Carmina Christo; or, Hymns to the Saviour*, 1808.

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85 L. M. D.

O MASTER, it is good to be
High on the mountain here with thee,
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze
Those glorious saints of other days,
Who once received on Horeb's height
The eternal laws of truth and right,
Or caught the still small whisper, higher
Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire.

2 O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with thee;
And watch thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;

The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine;
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

3 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with thee:
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is my Son, O hear ye him."

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.

This hymn was written in 1872. In 1853 Dean Stanley visited the Holy Land. He, along with other modern authorities, located the Transfiguration scene on Mount Hermon. Two of the older hymns contained in this collection name *Tabor* as the probable scene of the event. The words of Peter uttered at the time, "Master, it is good for us to be here" (Mark ix. 5), seem to be the *text* of the hymn. The second stanza of the original is omitted:

2 O Master, it is good to be
With thee, and with thy faithful three:
Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the Son of Thunder learns
The thought that breathes, and word that burns;
Here, where on eagles' wings we move
With him whose last best creed is love.

---

86 L. M.

WHEN at this distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest!

2 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy;
Raptures divine my thoughts employ:
I see the King of glory shine;
And feel his love, and call him mine.

3 On Tabor thus his servants view'd
His lustre, when transformed he stood;
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,
Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleasant here to dwell!"

4 Yet still our elevated eyes
To nobler visions long to rise;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

Philip Doddridge.

This "*Transfiguration Hymn*" is based on Matt. xvii. 4: "Then answered Peter and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here." This hymn locates the transfiguration scene on Tabor. Dean Stanley, in the foregoing hymn, locates it on Hermon. The following stanzas, the second and the sixth of the original, have been omitted:

2 With thee, in the obscurest cell,
On some bleak mountain, would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And share their grandeur and their gold.

6 That mount, how bright! those forms, how fair!
'Tis good to dwell forever there!
Come, death, dear envoy of my God,
And bear me to that blest abode!

---

87 11s.

O GARDEN of Olivet, dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonder shall ne'er be forgot:
The theme most transporting to seraphs above;
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love!

2 Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
O give him the glory, the praise that is meet:
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

Maria De Fleury.

From the author's *Divine Poems and Essays on Various Subjects*, 1791. The original contains five stanzas. The first stanza begins: "Thou soft-flowing Kedron." It is not found in any modern Church collection.

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88 L. M.

HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richest blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's courts he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains!

6 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
And, "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

Isaac Watts.

Taken from *Horæ Lyricæ* (1709) where it bears the title: "*Christ, Dying, Rising, and Reigning.*" The first stanza has been materially altered and much improved. Watts wrote:

He dies! the Heav'nly Lover dies!
The Tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor Heartstrings: deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the Ground.

In the second line of the second stanza he also wrote: "On the dear Bosom of your God."

John Wesley is accredited with having made these improvements on the original.

89 L. M.

YE that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of griefs, condemned for you!
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue!

2 See there, his temples crowned with thorn,
His bleeding hands extended wide!
His streaming feet, transfixed and torn!
The fountain gushing from his side!

3 Where is the King of glory now?
The everlasting Son of God!
Th' Immortal hangs his languid brow:
Th' Almighty faints beneath his load!

4 The earth could to her center quake,
Convulsed while her Creator died:
O let my inmost nature shake,
And die with Jesus crucified!

5 At thy last gasp the graves displayed
Their horrors to the upper skies:
O that my soul might burst the shade,
And, quickened by thy death, arise!

6 The rocks could feel thy powerful death,
And tremble, and asunder part:
O rend with thine expiring breath
The harder marble of my heart!

Charles Wesley.

The original of this most remarkable hymn on the "*Crucifixion of Christ*" has twelve stanzas. It is one of the most vivid and life-like pictures of the crucifixion ever drawn with the pen. The second, third, fourth, fifth, eighth, and ninth stanzas are omitted:

2 See! how his back the scourges tear,
While to the bloody pillar bound!
The ploughers make long furrows there,
Till all his body is one wound.

3 Nor can he thus their hate assuage:
His innocence, to death pursued,
Must fully glut their utmost rage:
Hark! how they clamor for his blood!

4 "To us our own Barabbas give:
Away with him" (they loudly cry),
"Away with him, not fit to live,
The vile seducer crucify!"

5 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood!
His sacred limbs, exposed and bare,
Or only covered with his blood.

8 Beneath *my* load he faints and dies;
I filled his soul with pangs unknown;
I caused those mortal groans and cries:
I killed the Father's only Son!

9 O thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move!
Help me to catch thy precious blood!
Help me to taste thy dying love!

90 7s, 6s. D.

O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet, thou despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain:
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thy cross to me;
And, for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free:
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing
Dies safely, through thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by *J. W. Alexander.*

This is a translation of a translation. The original is Bernard's hymn beginning, "*Salve caput cruentatum.*" In 1656 Paul Gerhardt rendered it into German, beginning, "*O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden,*" and it has ever since been a great favorite in the Fatherland. In 1849 Rev. James Waddell Alexander made a translation of Gerhardt's German into English for Dr. Philip Schaff's *Deutsche Kirchenfreund*, and this is what is here given. It has five stanzas in the Latin, where it bears the title: "*Ad faciem Christi in cruce pendentis.*" The third stanza of Dr. Alexander's translation is omitted:

What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

Hard, indeed, must be that heart that is not warmed to devotion and brought into more loving contact with the Saviour of men by reading and singing the ardent and glowing love-hymns of Bernard, the pious monk of Clairvaux.

---

91 7s, 6s. D.

JESUS drinks the bitter cup,
The wine-press treads alone;
Tears the graves and mountains up
By his expiring groan:
Lo, the powers of heaven he shakes;
Nature in convulsion lies;
Earth's profoundest center quakes:
The King of glory dies!

2 O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart!
See him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners, ye may love him too:
Look on him, ye pierced, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

3 Weep o'er your desire and hope
With tears of humblest love;
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthroned above!
Lives our Head to die no more,
Power is all to Jesus given,
Worshiped as he was before,
Th' immortal King of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

The first three stanzas of this hymn on the "*Mystery of Love*" are omitted. The author wrote as the last line of the first verse above: "*The great Jehovah* dies."

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92 S. M.

OUR sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom-price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood.

2 To save a world, he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found;
He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to thee;
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

John Fawcett.

From the author's *Hymns*, 1782. The original contains seven stanzas. These are verses three, four, five, and seven, altered. Only three lines remain unchanged. The object was evidently to change the meter, which is *Long* in the original.

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93 7s. D.

BOUND upon th' accursèd tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,—
Son of man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

2 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shiv'ring rock, and rending veil,
Eden promised, ere he died,
To the felon at his side;
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow,—
Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

3 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry,
Ghost given up in agony,
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead,
Crucified! we know thee now,—
Son of man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

4 Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,—
Son of God, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

Henry Hart Milman.

This magnificent hymn of Dean Milman on the crucifixion rivals that of Charles Wesley (see No. 89) on the same subject in the vividness of the scene portrayed. Its date is 1827.

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94 C. M.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend!
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!
"Receive my soul!" he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

Samuel Wesley, Sen.

We are fortunate in having our Hymn Book to contain at least one hymn by the father of the gifted poet of Methodism. This hymn is eminently worthy of a place among the hymns of John and Charles, with both of whom it was a great favorite. John Wesley gave this hymn a place in his first collected volume of *Psalms and Hymns*, published in 1737, at Charleston, S. C., and the brothers continued to publish it in subsequent editions of their hymns. There is good reason for thinking that this hymn was written in 1709, just before—perhaps the very day before—the memorable fire that consumed the Epworth Rectory, and from which John, then a very small boy, was with such difficulty rescued,—one man standing on the shoulders of another and thus reaching up and lifting him out of the window of the burning building, in which he had been accidentally left. Immediately after the fire the manuscript of the hymn was found by the author in the garden, scorched and partly burned by the flames. The wind, it seems, blew it out of the window while the fire was raging. "The internal structure of the hymn," says Stevenson, "shows how fully the writer appeared to realize the infinite importance of the event he so touchingly and effectively describes." Two inferior stanzas have been omitted here, as they were also when published by John and Charles Wesley:

2 Though far unequal our low praise
To thy vast sufferings prove,
O Lamb of God, thus all our days,
Thus will we grieve and love.

6 Thy loss our ruins did repair;
Death by thy death is slain;
Thou wilt at length exalt us where
Thou dost in glory reign.

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95 L. M.

WHILE in the agonies of death,
The Saviour yields his latest breath,
We, too, will mount on Calv'ry's height,
And contemplate the wondrous sight.

2 O Lamb of God, by faith we see
How all our hopes are fixed on thee:
Thy cross we see ordained by heaven
For man to look, and be forgiven.

3 By this thy saints to glory come;
By this they brave the martyr's doom;
In this the surest proof we find
Of God's vast love to lost mankind.

4 O banner of the cross, unfurled
To shine with glory through the world,
O may we ever cleave to thee,
And thou shalt our salvation be!

From the Latin. Tr. by *John Chandler.*

This is from the translator's *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, a volume of translations which he published in 1837. The author of the original hymn is unknown to this writer. Two stanzas are omitted—the fourth and the fifth:

4 On this, O Lord, enthroned on high,
With more than royal majesty,
Thou spreadest forth thine arms abroad,
And callest all mankind to God.

5 O grant us then to find a place
Around the footstool of thy grace,
And there in humble faith to stay,
Till all our sins are wash'd away.

---

96 L. M. 6 l.

O LOVE divine! what hast thou done!
Th' immortal God hath died for me!
The Father's coeternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree!
Th' immortal God for me hath died:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified;—

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think or speak beside:
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. It is there titled: "*Desiring to Love.*" Dr. Thomas O. Summers has suggested that the refrain of this hymn, "My Lord, my Love, is crucified," was taken from Ignatius, the martyr.

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97 L. M. 6 l.

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die?
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?
What means that strange expiring cry?
(Sinners, he prays for you and me:)
"Forgive them, Father, O forgive,
They know not that by me they live!"

2 Jesus, descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve,
Great God of universal love,
If all the world through thee may live,
In us a quick'ning spirit be,
And witness thou hast died for me.

3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee—by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

4 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quick'ning sound,
Since I, e'en I, have mercy found.

5 O let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free;
That every fallen son of man
May taste the grace that found out me;
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741), where it has many stanzas and bears the title: "*Jesus Christ the Saviour of all Men.*" This is one of the many doctrinal hymns written by the Wesleys at the time of their fierce controversy with the Calvinists.

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98 8, 8, 7. D.

NEAR the cross was Mary weeping,
There her mournful station keeping,
Gazing on her dying Son:
There in speechless anguish groaning,
Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning,
Through her soul the sword had gone.

2 What he for his people suffered,
Stripes, and scoffs, and insults offered,
His fond mother saw the whole:
Never from the scene retiring,
Till he bowed his head expiring,
And to God breathed out his soul.

3 But we have no need to borrow
Motives from the mother's sorrow,
At our Saviour's cross to mourn:
'Twas our sins brought him from heaven;
These the cruel nails had driven:
All his griefs for us were borne.

4 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He his love and power displayed:
By his stripes he wrought our healing,
By his death, our life revealing,
He for us the ransom paid.

5 Jesus, may thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In thy griefs may deeply grieve:
Thee our best affections giving,
To thy glory ever living,
May we in thy glory live!

Jacopone da Todi.
Tr. by *James Waddell Alexander.*

This is a translation of the celebrated Latin hymn, the "*Stabat Mater*," of Jacopani, a Franciscan monk. It is, next to the "*Dies Iræ*" of Thomas of Celano, the most noted and historic of all the Latin hymns. The original has ten stanzas, many of which contain idolatrous allusions and addresses to the Virgin Mary, from all of which, however, the above hymn, taken from the translation of Dr. Alexander, is free. This hymn has been translated into nearly all the languages of modern Europe, and by many different persons into the English language. Many noted musicians have composed accompaniments for it. It is this hymn which has inspired the several famous paintings of the masters, titled *Mater Dolorosa*. We give here the first verse of the original:

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Qua pendebat filius;
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

The key-note of the hymn is struck in the two first lines, which are taken almost literally from the Gospel of John, Latin version: "*Stabat juxta crucem mater ejus.*" It was perhaps in the grief which the mother suffered while thus gazing upon her dying Son that were fulfilled the words of Simeon: "A sword shall pass through thine own soul also."

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99 8s, 8s, 7s. D.

FROM the cross the blood is falling,
And to us a voice is calling,
Like a trumpet silver clear:
'Tis the voice announcing pardon—
It is finished, is its burden,—
Pardon to the far and near.

2 Peace that glorious blood is sealing,
All our wounds forever healing,
And removing every load:
Words of peace that voice has spoken,
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between mankind and God.

Horatius Bonar.

This short but beautiful hymn is from the third series of the author's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, published in 1866. There are two additional stanzas.

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100 L. M.

MY Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.

2 Too much to thee I cannot give;
Too much I cannot do for thee:
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Grav'n on my heart forever be!

3 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from thee, my God;
And love, with softest pity joined,
For those that trample on thy blood!

4 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes and heave my breast;
Till loose from flesh and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

The original of this hymn was written in 1659. Wesley's translation first appeared in 1740, in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. It is based on Zech. xii. 10: "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced." The first five stanzas of the hymn have been omitted:

1 Extended on a cursed tree,
Besmeared with dust, and sweat, and blood,
See there, the King of glory see!
Sinks and expires the Son of God!

2 Who, who, my Saviour, this hath done?
Who could thy sacred body wound?
No guilt thy spotless heart hath known,
No guile hath in thy lips been found.

3 I—I alone have done the deed!
'Tis I thy sacred flesh have torn;
My sins have caused thee, Lord, to bleed,
Pointed the nail, and fixed the thorn.

4 For me, the burden, to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid:
To heal me, thou hast borne the pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

5 In the devouring lion's teeth,
Torn and forsook of all I lay;
Thou sprang'st into the jaws of death,
From death to save the helpless prey.

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101 8s, 7s.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

John Bowring.

Galatians vi. 14: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." It is strange that a hymn on the cross of Christ, so noble and evangelical in sentiment and spirit, should have been written by a Unitarian. But although Sir John Bowring was nominally and theoretically a Unitarian, "practically," says a Christian biographer, "he was a devoted and evangelical believer, and died in peace and hope." On the tombstone that marks his resting place is inscribed his favorite sentiment: "In the cross of Christ I glory."

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102 L. M.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

This is thought by many to be Dr. Watts's finest hymn. It is certainly one of the noblest hymns ever written on the crucifixion. It is based on Gal. vi. 14: "But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." It is taken from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, where it bears the title: "*Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ.*" The fourth stanza of the original is omitted:

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spread o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

---

103 L. M.

'TIS finished! The Messiah dies,
Cut off for sins, but not his own!
Accomplished is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.

2 'Tis finished! All the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made;
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

3 The veil is rent in Christ alone;
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.

4 The types and figures are fulfill'd;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are sealed;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.

5 Death, hell, and sin, are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And lo! I plead th' atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim thy heaven.

Charles Wesley.

This first appeared in *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. It is based on John xix. 30: "It is finished." In the last line of the second verse the author wrote "God" instead of "Christ." Three stanzas are omitted.

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104 7s.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious height I climb,
In the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

James Montgomery.

This hymn, on "*The Three Mountains*," first appeared in William B. Collyer's *Collection*, in 1812. Montgomery here, as does Doddridge in the hymn beginning "When at this distance, Lord, we trace," locates the transfiguration scene on Mount Tabor. Recent writers, however, locate it on Mount Hermon. See Dean Stanley's hymn beginning "O Master, it is good to be," (No. 85). The contrast between "the three mountains" and the religious emotions awakened by a contemplation of each is very finely drawn in the above hymn.

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105 7s.

SONS of God, triumphant rise,
Shout th' accomplished sacrifice!
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven!

2 Ye that round our altars throng,
List'ning angels, join the song;
Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,
Pardon, grace, and glory, ours!

3 Love's mysterious work is done;
Greet we now th' atoning Son;
Healed and quickened by his blood,
Joined to Christ, and one with God.

4 Him by faith we taste below,
Mightier joys ordained to know,
When his utmost grace we prove,
Rise to heaven by perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

This Wesleyan hymn is in no other Church collection. Its title in *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1739) is "*Hymn after the Sacrament.*" Four stanzas are omitted.

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106 7s.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Augustus Montague Toplady.

"*A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World*" is the author's title to this matchless hymn, which contends with Charles Wesley's "*Jesus, Lover of my Soul*," for being the most popular hymn in the English language. It first appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* for March, 1776, a periodical of which Toplady was then editor, in an article on "*The National Debt*," in which, along with other things, he discusses the "debt of sin" which Christ has canceled, and our consequent indebtedness to him for the manifold blessings of redemption, the article closing with this hymn. But neither in this article nor in Toplady's *Hymn Book* (published that same year) is this hymn distinctly accredited to him. In a letter in the *Wesleyan Magazine*, as late as 1832, Richard Watson erroneously attributes it to Charles Wesley. The early Methodists would have welcomed proof that Wesley was the author; for the most unpleasant personal controversy that John Wesley was ever drawn into was that which he had with the author of this hymn over doctrinal points, Toplady being a pronounced Calvinist.

There is a story sometimes published concerning the origin of this hymn and "*Jesus, Lover of my Soul.*" It is to the effect that Toplady and Wesley, after waging for some time their war over matters of doctrine, had a friendly conference, and in parting agreed that each should celebrate the meeting by writing a hymn, setting forth the one central and cardinal doctrine of his faith, and it might be found that each would agree to what the other wrote. Thereupon Toplady wrote "*Rock of Ages,*" and Wesley "*Jesus, Lover of my Soul.*" It is to be regretted that so beautiful a story has no foundation. Charles Wesley's hymn was written the year before Toplady was born!

The original of this hymn has four stanzas, which were altered and abridged into three stanzas by Montgomery and Cotterill for their *Sheffield Hymn Book* (1819), and since that time it has generally appeared in this abridged form, as above. The following is its original form, the parts changed being here italicized:

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From thy *riven* side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 *Not the labors of my hands*
Can fulfill thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 *Nothing in my hand I bring;*
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my *eye-strings break* in death,
When I soar *through tracts unknown,*
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Toplady died only two years after writing this hymn, being in his thirty-eighth year. His death more than realized "the living and dying prayer" expressed in the last stanza. He called himself "the happiest man in the world," and said on his death-bed: "I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant he leaves me nothing to pray for; my prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. No mortal can live after having seen the glories which God has manifested to my soul." And with this triumphant testimony his "eyes closed in death," and he "rose to worlds unknown."

Hon. William E. Gladstone has made translations of this hymn into both Latin and Greek, which are much admired.

The late Prince Consort, "Albert the Good," quoted this hymn just before his serene and happy death in Windsor Castle. But in cottage no less than palace has it given comfort in trouble, in life, and in death. It is perhaps more on the lips of dying believers than any hymn in the language. It is a sweet and simple expression of faith in Christ that cannot fail to find a response in every truly believing heart. It is inwrought into the holiest religious experience of the Anglo-Saxon race, and is venerated as few things are outside of the inspired Word of God.

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107 C. M.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper.

This hymn on "*Praise for the Fountain Opened*" is based on Zechariah xiii. 1: "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." It was written in 1779 for John Newton's cottage prayer-meeting, and is found in the *Olney Hymns* (1779). It is the most popular and widely sung of Cowper's hymns. The two last stanzas of the original are omitted here:

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung, and tuned, for endless years,
And formed by power divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

The only lines changed are in the second stanza, where the original is:

And there *have* I, though *as* vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

"This hymn," says Ray Palmer, "has been pronounced, by some, gross and repulsive in its conception and language, or, to say the very least, highly objectionable in point of taste. Such criticism seems to us superficial. It takes the words as if they were intended to be a literal prosaic statement. It forgets that what they express is not only poetry, but the poetry of intense and impassioned feeling, which naturally embodies itself in the boldest metaphors. The inner sense of the soul, when its deepest affections are moved, infallibly takes these metaphors in their true significance, while a cold critic of the letter misses that significance entirely. He merely demonstrates his own lack of the spiritual sympathies of which, for fervent Christian hearts, the hymn referred to is an admirable expression."

James Montgomery found fault with the first stanza and offered a substitute. "I entirely rewrote," he says, "the first verse of that favorite hymn, commencing,

"'There is a fountain filled with blood.'

The words are objectionable as representing a fountain being *filled*, instead of *springing up;* I think my version is unexceptionable:

"'From Calvary's cross a fountain flows,
Of water and of blood;
More healing than Bethesda's pool,
Or famed Siloam's flood.'"

But Montgomery's improvement has never found favor with the Christian worshipers. It has been pronounced "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null."

This hymn is connected with as many experiences of repentance, saving faith, and pardon as any hymn, perhaps, ever written. It is one of the classic hymns of the English language; not of the highest order of sacred poetry, it is true, but it is a hymn that takes hold of the hearts and the devotion of the people. Its history would be a history of multitudes of the saved, some of whom are now living and some of whom are singing the "nobler, sweeter song" above. If the number of those with whose salvation and Christian experience this hymn has been intimately associated could be counted, it would be *legion*. The singing of this hymn has often proved more effectual than even the preaching of the word in bringing souls to Christ. Poor Cowper, who was doomed to sing so many of his sweet songs in darkness of mind and sadness of heart and anguish of soul while here in the flesh, will have—has in part already had—a right royal greeting in the better land from that blood-washed throng who shall have been helped on their way to heaven by singing his fervent, spiritual songs. Little did he imagine,—says one in commenting on this hymn—when he first heard Newton announce, and that small praying band unite in singing,

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

that there was starting a song in the earth that would afterward be caught up by unnumbered millions, and which a century later, while his

"—poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,"

would still be repeated from the rising to the setting of the sun and continue to echo around the globe,

"Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more."

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108 S. M.

CALLED from above, I rise,
And wash away my sin;
The stream to which my spirit flies
Can make the foulest clean.

2 It runs divinely clear,
A fountain deep and wide;
'Twas opened by the soldier's spear
In my Redeemer's side!

Charles Wesley.

Not found in any other Church collection. It is from *Short Scripture Hymns* (1762), and based on Acts xxii. 16: "Arise, . . . and wash away thy sins."

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109 S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

Isaac Watts.

"*Faith in Christ our Sacrifice*" is the author's title to this hymn in his *Hymns and Spiritual*

Songs, 1707. It is based on Heb. x. 4: "For it is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins." Two stanzas are omitted:

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

There are several instances on record of the value of this particular hymn. One of the Bible Society's colporteurs was one day offering Bibles for sale in the Jews' quarter, at the East End of London, when a Jewess informed him, if any of their people bought a Bible, read it, and became converts to Christianity, they would certainly return to their former belief, and die in the faith of Abraham. The Bible-man replied that when he was a city missionary he had been induced to call upon a dying Jewess. "She had been brought from affluence to abject poverty for the faith of Christ; at one time she had kept her own carriage. One day her eye rested on the leaf of a hymn-book, which had come into the house covering some butter, and she read upon it these words:

"'Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.'

The verse haunted her; she could not dismiss it or forget it. After a time she went to a box where she remembered she had a copy of the Bible, and induced by that verse, she began to read it, and she read on till she found Jesus Christ, 'the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world.' She became openly a convert to Christianity. This caused her Jewish husband to divorce her. He went to India, where he married again, and died. She lived in much poverty with two of her nation, Jewish sisters, who had also become Christians." "All this," said the Bible-man, "I knew; and as I stood by her bedside, she did not renounce her faith in her crucified Lord, but died triumphing in him as her rock, her shield, and her exceeding great reward."

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110 L. M.

'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William Bingham Tappan.

This first appeared in the author's *Poems*, 1822, under the title "*Gethsemane*." In the second stanza he wrote "Immanuel" instead of "the Saviour," and "E'en *the* disciple *that* he loved." In the fourth stanza he wrote "*the heavenly* plains" instead of "ether-plains."

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111 L. M.

BY faith I to the fountain fly,
Opened for all mankind and me,
To purge my sins of deepest dye,
My life and heart's impurity.

2 From Christ, the smitten rock, it flows:
The purple and the crystal stream
Pardon and holiness bestows;
And both I gain through faith in him.

Charles Wesley.

This short hymn is found in no other collection. It is from *Short Scripture Hymns* (1762), and is based on Zech. xiii. 1: "In that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness."

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112 L. M.

O THOU whose off'ring on the tree
The legal off'rings all foreshowed,
Borrowed their whole effect from thee,
And drew their virtue from thy blood:

2 The blood of goats and bullocks slain
Could never for one sin atone;
To purge the guilty off'rer's stain,
Thine was the work, and thine alone.

3 Vain in themselves their duties were,
Their services could never please,
Till joined with thine, and made to share
The merits of thy righteousness.

4 Forward they cast a faithful look
On thy approaching sacrifice;
And thence their pleasing savor took,
And rose accepted in the skies.

5 Those feeble types and shadows old
Are all in thee, the Truth, fulfilled:
We in thy sacrifice behold
The substance of those rites revealed.

6 Thy meritorious suff'rings past.
We see, by faith, to us brought back;
And on thy grand oblation cast,
Its saving benefits partake.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of Charles Wesley's *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745, and bears the title: "*The Holy Eucharist as it implies a Sacrifice.*" The last stanza of the original is omitted.

113 8s, 7s, 4s.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky:
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Jonathan Evans.

"*Finished Redemption*" is the title of this beautiful hymn which first appeared in *Rippon's Selection*, 1787, where it was marked F——. Some collections ascribed it to Francis. It is claimed, however, that F. meant Foleshill, where Evans was pastor. It has not been altered; but two stanzas, the third and fourth, of the original have been omitted:

3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished, all that God has promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe;
It is finished!
Saints from hence your comforts draw.

4 Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food!
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant,
As the Saviour's flesh and blood,
It is finished!
Christ has borne the heavy load.

114 C. M.

YE humble souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with pleasure down to see
The place where Jesus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do:
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.

3 But raise your eyes, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqu'ror could detain.

4 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

5 With joy like his shall every saint
His empty tomb survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
Through all his shining way.

Philip Doddridge.

On the "*Resurrection of Christ*," a jubilant hymn, based on Matt. xxviii. 5, 6: "And the angel answered and said unto the women: Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

115 C. M.

THE Sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more:
Adore the Scatt'rer of your fears,
Your rising Sun adore.

2 The saints, when he resigned his breath,
Unclosed their sleeping eyes:
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.

3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod:
He dies and suffers as a man,
He rises as a God.

4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

"*A Hymn on Easter Day*" is the title this hymn bears in the author's volume of *Poems*.

116 S. M.

"THE Lord is risen indeed;"
He lives to die no more;
He lives the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him has risen the ransomed seed,
To reign in endless day.

3 "The Lord is risen indeed;"
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

4 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join, all ye bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Thomas Kelly.

From *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1804. The original contains eight stanzas.

117 8s, 7s, 4s.

COME, ye saints, look here and wonder;
See the place where Jesus lay:
He has burst his bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away:
Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day.

2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By his death he overcame:
Thus the Lord his glory raises,
Thus he fills his foes with shame:
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name.

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessèd regions,
They shall join his praise to sing:
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

Thomas Kelly.

Based on Mark xvi. 6: "Behold the place where they laid him." From the author's *Hymns*, 1809.

118 L. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

Samuel Medley.

From *Medley's Hymns*, 1839. Based on Job xix. 25: "*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*" The original contains nine stanzas. These are verses one, three, eight, and nine. Four lines have been changed. Verse one, lines two and four:

"*What comfort this sweet passage* gives."
"He lives, my *ever-living* Head!"

Verse four, lines two and three:

"He lives, my *Jesus*, still the same:
O the sweet joy this sentence gives!"

119 L. M.

YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare.

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven;
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting pomp, to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your native place;
And emulate the angel-choir,
And only live to love and praise.

5 For who by faith your Lord receive,
Ye nothing seek or want beside;
Dead to the world and sin ye live;
Your creature-love is crucified.

6 Your real life, with Christ concealed,
Deep in the Father's bosom lies;
And, glorious as your Head revealed,
Ye soon shall meet him in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. This was written on Col. iii. 1-4: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."

120 L. M.

LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky:
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there:
While he pronounced his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captives made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

Isaac Watts.

Based on Psalm lxviii. 17, 18: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place. Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive: thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them." Date, 1719.

121 L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high!
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene:
He claims these mansions as his right—
Receive the King of glory in!"

4 "Who is the King of glory? Who?"
"The Lord, that all our foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqu'ror's name."

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

6 "Who is the King of glory? Who?"
"The Lord, of glorious power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blessed."

Charles Wesley.

From *Psalms and Hymns*, 1743. Based on Psalm xxiv. 7-10: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory."

122 C. M.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above;
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathetic love.

2 Though raised to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honors crowned,

3 The names of all his saints he bears,
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.

4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are moldered down to dust.

5 So, gracious Saviour, on my heart
May thy dear name be worn,
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne.

Philip Doddridge.

Title: "*Christ's Intercession Typified by Aaron's Breastplate.*" Based on Exodus xxviii. 29: "And Aaron shall bear the names of the children of Israel in the breastplate of judgment upon his heart, when he goeth in unto the holy place, for a memorial before the Lord continually."

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123 C. M.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruisèd reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*Christ's Compassion to the Weak and Tempted.*" From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, book i., 1707. The hymn has three texts: "For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." (Heb. iv. 15, 16.) "Who in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared." (Heb. v. 7.) "A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory." (Matt. xii. 20.) "Strong" has been substituted for "his" in the third stanza. One verse, the third, is omitted:

> 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
> The great Redeemer stood,
> While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
> And did resist to blood.

Rev. John Fletcher, during a visit he paid to Switzerland in 1781, before his marriage, had as a companion Mr. William Perronet, who, writing of Mr. Fletcher in a letter to a friend, says: "Every night, after praying with me, he sings this verse at parting:

> "'Then let our humble faith address
> His mercy and his power;
> We shall obtain delivering grace
> In the distressing hour.'"

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124 L. M. 61.

O THOU eternal Victim, slain,
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An off'ring in the sinner's stead:
Our everlasting Priest art thou,
And plead'st thy death for sinners now:

2 Thy off'ring still continues new;
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue;
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughtered Lamb;
Thy priesthood still remains the same:
Thy years, O God, can never fail;
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love:
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me!

Charles Wesley.

Taken from *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745. Its full title is: "*The Lord's Supper as it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death of Christ.*" "The sacramental hymns of Charles Wesley are to a large extent based on the sentiments recorded by Dr. Brevint in his treatise on the *Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice*, which is usually prefixed to the hymns. A thoughtful reader of both will readily discover the sentiments both of Dr. Brevint and Thomas à Kempis, but these are embellished by Charles Wesley with all the charm of sacred poetry." (Stevenson.)

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125 L. M. 61.

BEFORE the throne my Saviour stands,
My Friend and Advocate appears:
My name is graven on his hands,
And him the Father always hears:

While low at Jesus' cross I bow,
He hears the blood of sprinkling now.

2 This instant now I may receive
The answer of his powerful prayer;
This instant now by him I live,
His prevalence with God declare;
And soon my spirit, in his hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner stands.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Scripture Hymns.* Title: "*Priesthood of Christ.*" Based on Heb. ix. 24: "For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." The first stanza is omitted:

1 Entered the holy place above,
Covered with meritorious scars,
The tokens of his dying love
Our great High Priest in glory bears:
He pleads his passion on the tree,
He shows himself to God for me.

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126 7s.

HAIL, the day that sees Him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Reascends his native heaven.

2 There the pompous triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of glory in!"

3 Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord and ours,
Conqu'ror over death and sin—
Take the King of glory in!

4 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

5 See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below!

Charles Wesley.

The first five of ten stanzas in the author's "*Hymn for Ascension Day*," first published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739.

127 7s.

"CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens! thou earth, reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save,
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head:
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

Charles Wesley.

These are the first five of eleven stanzas belonging to the author's "*Hymn for Easter Day*" published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. The original of the last two lines of the fourth verse is:

"Dying once he all doth save:
Where thy victory, O grave?"

(Compare the third stanza with the fourth stanza of No. 115.)

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128 7s.

EARTH, rejoice, our Lord is King!
Sons of men, his praises sing;
Sing ye in triumphant strains,
Jesus our Messiah reigns!

2 Angels and archangels join,
All triumphantly combine;
All in Jesus' praise agree,
Carrying on his victory.

3 Though the sons of night blaspheme,
More there are with us than them:
God with us, we cannot fear;
Fear, ye fiends, for Christ is here!

4 Lo! to faith's enlightened sight
All the mountain flames with light:
Hell is nigh, but God is nigher,
Circling us with hosts of fire.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. Title: "*To be Sung in a Tumult.*" The original has fourteen stanzas.

129

8s, 7s. D.

HAIL, thou once despisèd Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid;
By Almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood:
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide!
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give:
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell.

This hymn appeared in 1757 in a collection of *Hymns addressed to the Holy, Holy, Holy Triune God, in the person of Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Advocate.* It is also found in Martin Madan's *Collection*, 1760, and in Toplady's *Psalms and Hymns*, 1776. It appeared in the Methodist collection in 1797, but was omitted from the same when revised in 1808, for reasons not now known. (The author was then living, and *felt* the omission.) It was restored to the Wesleyan collection in 1830. Madan's version differs somewhat from that of Toplady, and both from the original. As here found it bears the marks of both Madan's and Toplady's alterations. A fifth stanza is given in the *Epworth Singers:*

5 Soon we shall with those in glory
His transcendent grace relate;
Gladly sing the amazing story
Of his dying love so great;
In that blessèd contemplation
We forevermore shall dwell,
Crowned with bliss and consolation
Such as none below can tell.

An incident related in connection with this hymn is worthy of mention: A devoted Christian woman, as she lay upon her invalid couch, softly chanted the words of this hymn:

"Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide."

She paused, and asked of a companion sitting by, who was the author of this beautiful hymn, which had been a source of consolation to her through many weary days and nights. On being told the author, she replied, "Bakewell! Bakewell! Surely it may be the same that wrote a letter which I have read in an old number of the *Methodist Magazine*, about Christian brotherly love. Take it down from the shelf yonder and read it."

The letter (dated 1816) was produced and read. It was a treatise on brotherly love not unworthy even of "that disciple whom Jesus loved." It closed with the prayer: "May God of His infinite goodness grant that we and all serious Christians of every denomination may labor for a perfect union of love, and to have our hearts knit together with the bond of peace; that following after those essential truths in which we all agree, we may all have the same scriptural experience and hereafter attain one and the same kingdom of glory." "O how that seems to agree with the feeling which his hymn gives me!" said the invalid. It was almost the dying prayer of this venerable "father in Israel," who was now ninety-two years of age. Only two years later, crowned with the benediction of a long and useful life, he fell on sleep and went to

"Hail the Lord, enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide."

130

C. M.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murm'ring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with thyself, may every eye
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

Edward Denny.

"*The Forgiving One*" is the author's title for this hymn, which is based on Ps. xlv. 2: "Grace is poured into thy lips." It first appeared in the author's *Miscellaneous Hymns*, 1839.

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131 C. M.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his by sovereign right;
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright;

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name—
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

6 To them the cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly.

This hymn is based on Heb. ii. 10: "Perfect through suffering." It was first published in the author's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1820. Instead of the second line of the second stanza above the author wrote "Is his, *is his by* right," and instead of the fourth line of the same stanza "And heaven's eternal light." In the first line of the sixth stanza he wrote "The cross he bore is life and health."

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132 C. M.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet.

This hymn, which has been called "the most inspiring and triumphant in the English language," was written in 1779, and published anonymously in the *Gospel Magazine* the following year. It appeared also in a volume published in 1785, titled *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred, Published for the Instruction and Amusement of the Candidly Serious and Religious*, which, though anonymous, was known to be by Perronet. This is the only hymn by the author contained in the Hymn Book; but one needs to write only one such hymn as this to gain an enviable immortality in the Christian Church. The author in writing this hymn "builded wiser than he knew." The won-

derful popularity of this hymn is doubtless attributable in part to the beauty and power of the tune, "Coronation," which, indeed, is inseparable from the hymn. The last stanza given above was not written by Perronet, but was added by some unknown hand; it has, however, been a part of the hymn as used in the Church for nearly a hundred years. The original hymn contained eight stanzas, and has suffered so many changes that we present it here as originally written:

All hail the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown him Lord of all!

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before his face who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of all!

Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all!

Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all!

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all!

Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, man divine,
And crown him Lord of all!

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
The crowned Lord of all.

Some of the alterations found in the hymn as now sung are improvements, and some are not.

An incident in the experience of Rev. E. P. Scott, a missionary in India, illustrates the power of this hymn and tune over even the worst and most dangerous of heathen tribes. He had gone, against the remonstrances of his friends, to take the gospel to one of the inland tribes noted for their murderous proclivities. He had no sooner arrived than he was met by a dozen pointed spears, and instant death seemed inevitable. While they paused a moment he drew out his violin (with which he always accompanied his sacred songs), and, closing his eyes, began playing and singing this hymn. When he had finished he opened his eyes to witness, as he thought, his own death at the point of their spears; but to his joy he found that the spears had fallen and the murderers were all in tears. This song had saved him from death, and opened an effectual door for preaching the gospel to them. He remained with them many years, doing a great work for them and other surrounding tribes, and finally died among them, beloved and venerated of the whole tribe. He often related this incident.

Some fifty years ago a Wesleyan local preacher, named William Dawson, was preaching on one occasion in London, on the Kingship of Christ. Though an eccentric and unlettered man, he had a vivid imagination and great power to sway an audience. On this occasion, in setting forth the Kingly office of Christ, he undertook to draw a picture of his coronation among the saints and angels in heaven. The great procession of patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs, saints and angels had been made to move grandly on and gather into the heavenly temple to witness the magnificent spectacle. Just at the point of intensest interest and excitement the preacher suddenly paused and began singing with startling effect:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!"

The effect, it is said, was overwhelming beyond description. The audience sprang to their feet and sang the hymn with a feeling and power which seemed to swell higher and higher with every verse. Coronation seemed never to have been sung with such volume and such feeling before.

A pious man was dying. Just before he sank away he turned to his daughter, who was bending most lovingly over his bed, and said, "Bring—." More he could not say, for the power of utterance failed him. His child looked with earnest gaze in his face and said: "What shall I bring, my father?" "Bring—," he gasped, and again his voice failed him. His child was in an agony of desire to know her dying father's last request, and she said: "Dear, precious father, do try to tell me what you want. I will do any thing you wish me to do." The dying man rallied all his strength and finally murmured:

"Bring—forth—the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

And with these words he fell back and spoke no more.

The dying words of Perronet were worthy of the author of this matchless hymn:

"Glory to God in the height of His divinity!
Glory to God in the depth of His humanity!
Glory to God in his all-sufficiency!
Into His hands I commend my spirit!"

133 C. M.

HOW great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
The heavenly host with joy confess
The work is all divine.

2 Before his feet they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave;
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.

3 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The suff'rings which he bore,
How low he stooped, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

4 O let them still their voices raise,
And still their songs renew;
Salvation well deserves the praise
Of men and angels too!

Benjamin Beddome.

This magnificent hymn on the "*Wonders of Redemption*" is perhaps the finest of Beddome's hymns. It is based on Heb. i. 6: "Again when he bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, he saith, And let all the angels of God worship him." The author wrote in verse one "*Angels and men* with joy confess;" in verse two, "*Beneath* his feet."

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134 H. M.

REJOICE! the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

Charles Wesley.

First published in *Moral and Sacred Poems*, 1744, and was revised and reprinted in *Resurrection Hymns*, 1746. It is based on Phil. iv. 4: "Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice." In the refrain (fifth line) the author wrote "heart" instead of "hearts."

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135 P. M.

ZION, the marvelous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
His people with joy everlasting are crowned!

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

Chorus.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

William Augustus Muhlenberg.

The first appearance of this hymn in any Church collection was in 1826, when it was admitted into an appendix to the American Episcopal *Prayer Book*, by the hymn committee of five, of which the author was one.

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136 8s, 7s, 4.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious:
See the Man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him, crown him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelly.

Taken from third edition of the author's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1809. It is based on Rev. xi. 15: "And he shall reign forever and ever."

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137 8s, 7s. D.

HARK, ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

3 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Amen.

Thomas Kelly.

This first appeared in the second edition of the author's *Hymns*, 1806.

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138 L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, O how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, O how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, O how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood:
His loving-kindness, O how good!

Samuel Medley.

This hymn was probably written about 1787. In a copy before us there are nine stanzas, and these do not include the fourth of the above stanzas. In verse one the author wrote "*in* joyful lays," and instead of "O how free," "great," etc., in the fourth lines he wrote "*is so* free," "great," etc. In verse two he wrote "*in* the fall" and "*And* saved me," etc. In verse three the original is:

"*Through mighty* hosts of *cruel* foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose."

This is a deservedly popular hymn. The tune called "Loving-Kindness" is especially adapted to the words.

139 C. P. M.

O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

This hymn first appeared in 1789, in the third edition of the author's *Hymns*. The original bears the title "*Christ Our King*," and has eight stanzas —the above being the second, fifth, sixth, and eighth. It was never very much sung until Dr. Hastings wrote the tune "Ariel," when it took new life, and is now perhaps the most popular of all Medley's hymns—especially in America. In verse four, line two, the author wrote "When *He*, dear Lord," etc., and in line four "there" instead of "then."

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140 8s, 7s. D.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme.
Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation,
Be thy just and lawful praise.

2 For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought—
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For thy providence that governs
Through thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,—
Blessèd be thy gentle reign.

3 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along!
Thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who dare sing that awful song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives—
Flow, my praise, forever flow!

Robert Robinson.

This hymn is by the same author, and in the same meter, as "*Come, thou Fount of every blessing.*" Either one would justly entitle the author to immortality as a hymn-writer; they have no superiors in the Hymn Book. This hymn is full of beauty, majesty, and grandeur. It is titled a "*Christmas Hymn*," and is said to have been written for a little boy named Benjamin Williams, who sat on the author's knee while he wrote it off rapidly, giving it to him as soon as it was finished. The author wrote the second line: "May an *infant* lisp thy name?" Williams afterwards became a deacon in the Baptist Church. The original has nine single stanzas, all ending with a Hallelujah chorus. The last stanza is omitted above:

Go, return, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign forever;
Be the Kingdom all thine own.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Amen!

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141 H. M.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me

The Saviour of mankind;
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus! transporting sound!
The joy of earth and heaven:
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known
What thou for all mankind hast done?

4 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call!
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all my Saviour died.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of Charles Wesley's finest hymns. It is part of a poem of ten stanzas, from *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741. The hymn is made up of the first two, the seventh, and ninth stanzas. Charles Wesley, observes C. S. Nutter, was never weary of insisting upon the truth of the two last lines of this hymn. He had a most intense aversion to the opposite doctrine of unconditional election. In another hymn, published in the above book, he exclaims: "Take back my interest in Thy blood, unless it streamed for *all* the race." In holy audacity, this reminds us of the prayer of Moses for Israel: "Now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book." The author wrote "freely" instead of "swiftly" in verse three, line three.

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142 C. M.

BEHOLD where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine!
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
A friend and servant found:
He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
And healed each bleeding wound.

4 Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood:
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life:
He labored for their good.

5 In the last hours of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

6 Be Christ our Pattern and our Guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

William Enfield.

This hymn was written in 1771. The first line of the original is: "Behold, where, in *the Friend of man*." The fifth stanza of the original is omitted:

5 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursued;
With humble prayer, and holy faith,
His fainting strength renewed.

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143 C. M.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

"*Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the Creation*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It was written to be sung at the close of a sermon on Rev. v. 11-13: "And I beheld, and I heard the voice

of many angels about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

Watts wrote "lips" instead of "hearts" in the third line of the second stanza. The fourth stanza of the original has been omitted:

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

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144 C. M.

MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessèd Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers:
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Isaac Watts.

"*Christ, our Strength and Righteousness*," is the title of this magnificent hymn in the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719. It is based on Ps. lxxi. 14, 15: "But I will hope continually, and will yet praise thee more and more. My mouth shall show forth thy righteousness and salvation all the day: for I know not the numbers thereof."

Three stanzas of the original are here omitted. The last two lines of verse two were, as written by Watts:

"And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more."

In the last line of verse three he wrote "*my Father* God" instead of "*the Lord my* God."

145 C. M.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen
That radiant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between
Thy blessèd face and mine.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth has ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All-glorious as thou art.

Ray Palmer.

"*Unseen—Not Unknown*" is the title of this hymn as it first appeared in the *Sabbath Hymn Book*, 1858. It is based on 1 Pet. i. 8: "Whom having not seen, ye love."

During the last three or four days of his life Dr. Palmer lay most of the time apparently unconscious. When told by his son that the end was near, he answered "Thank God!" in a louder tone of voice than he had employed for some time. Occasionally he would be heard to repeat to himself a hymn of faith and praise, now one of Charles Wesley's, and now one of his own. The last words he was heard to utter were spoken not long before his death. His lips were seen to move, and listening ears caught a few syllables, inarticulately spoken, of the last verse of this hymn:

"When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All-glorious as thou art."

The words "The rending veil shall thee reveal" were distinctly made out. So he passed away with his own words of faith, written in life, now ratified and sealed in death.

This hymn is worthy of the author of "My faith looks up to thee." The few hymns by Ray Palmer which are found in the present collection are among the choicest of the new hymns added by the Committee of Revision.

146 C. M.

O JESUS, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire!

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, Saviour, hear the sighs
Which unto thee we send;
To thee our inmost spirit cries,
To thee our prayers ascend.

4 Abide with us, and let thy light
Shine, Lord, on every heart;
Dispel the darkness of our night,
And joy to all impart.

5 O Jesus, King of earth and heaven,
Our Life and Joy! to thee
Be honor, thanks, and blessing given
Through all eternity!

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by *Edward Caswall.*

This is a part of Caswall's translation, in fifty stanzas of Bernard's hymn beginning *Jesu dulcis memoria.* (See note under hymn No. 152). The ardor and tenderness of St. Bernard's passionate love for Christ has never been surpassed in religious poesy.

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147 C. M.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne!
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The Church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweetest sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid:
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

Isaac Watts.

This hymn is especially interesting as being the first Dr. Watts ever wrote. It was written when he was eighteen years of age. He was heard to complain of the want of taste in the hymns then generally used in the churches. He was requested to produce something better. He immediately wrote the above "song before unknown." The next Sabbath it was given out in the usual manner by the clerk in the Independent Church, at Southampton, where he was accustomed to worship, his father being a deacon in it. It greatly pleased the worshipers. Encouraged by its favorable reception, he proceeded to write other "songs before unknown," until he became by universal consent the first hymnologist of the Christian Church—a distinction which he retained until Charles Wesley came, and even then he did not so much lose it as share it with the author of "*Wrestling Jacob*" and "*Jesus, Lover of my Soul.*"

The above hymn is based on Rev. v. 6–10: "And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain, having seven horns and seven eyes, which are the seven Spirits of God sent forth into all the earth. And he came and took the book out of the right hand of him that sat upon the throne. And when he had taken the book, the four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of saints. And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests: and we shall reign on the earth."

[We give herewith, as a matter of curiosity, some specimens of the hymns sung before the days of Watts, and of which he so justly complained. They were "deaconed off and sung one line at a time:"

"'Tis like the precious ointment
Down Aaron's beard did go;
Down Aaron's beard it downward went,
His garment skirts unto."

In 1562 a version of the Psalms known as Sternhold and Hopkins', was issued, in which the 10th and 11th verses of the 74th Psalm are put into verse. The psalmist says: "O God, how long shall the adversary reproach? Why withdrawest thou thy hand, even thy right hand? pluck it out of thy bosom." The poet renders it for singing thus:

"Why dost withdraw thy hand aback,
And hide it in thy lappe?
O pluck it out, and be not slack,
To give thy foes a rappe."

The Scripture language, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," was thus arranged for singing, and, as one says, "It contains truth, whatever may be said of its poetry:"

"The race is not forever got
By him who fastest runs:
Nor the battle by those people
Who shoot the longest guns."

Of the following specimen, Dr. Belcher says: "Though our readers may smile at it, their fathers did not:"

"Ye monsters of the bubbling deep,
Your Maker's praises spout:
Up from the sands, ye codlings, peep,
And wag your tails about."]

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148 8, 7. D.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavor;
This dull soul to rapture raise;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my soul be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express;
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis Scott Key.

From the author's *Poems*, 1857. This beautiful hymn is by the author of "*The Star-Spangled Banner.*"

149 7s.

NOW begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Canceled by redeeming love.

3 Welcome all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

4 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

John Langford.

The glories of "*Redeeming Love*" are very beautifully sung in this short hymn, the only one in the Hymn Book by the author—and perhaps the only one ever written by him. If a poet is to sing but one song in the Church, what better theme for that song than "Redeeming Love." This hymn was attributed to David Denham in the former edition of the Hymn Book. It is sometimes accredited to Martin Madan; but the preponderance of evidence seems to be in favor of Langford. The second stanza is omitted:

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

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150 H. M.

SHALL hymns of grateful love
Through heaven's high arches ring,
And all the hosts above
Their songs of triumph sing;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

2 Shall they adore the Lord,
Who bought them with his blood,
And all the love record
That led them home to God;
And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?

3 O spread the joyful sound,
The Saviour's love proclaim,
And publish all around
Salvation through his name;
Till all the world take up the strain,
And send the echo back again.

James J. Cummins.

This hymn is taken from the author's *Hymns, Meditations, and other Poems*, 1849. It "takes up a strain" found in no other hymn, and hence fills a useful place.

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151 C. M.

MY God! I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must forever die;

2 Not for the sake of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward,
But as thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord.

3 Thou, O my Saviour, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace,
For me didst bear the nails and spear
And manifold disgrace,

4 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
E'en death itself—and all for me,
Who was thine enemy.

5 Then why, since thou first lovedst me,
Should I not love thee well,
E'en though I had not heaven to win
Or to escape from hell?

6 So will I love thee, dearest Lord,
And in thy praise will sing,
Because thou art my Saviour God,
And my eternal King.

Francis Xavier. Tr. by *Edward Caswall.*

This hymn fills a needed place in our Hymn Book. "*Loving Christ because he first loved us*" is its theme. The rewards of heaven and the fear of hell are both motives that may prompt men to seek the salvation of their souls. But to love Christ because he first loved us and because of his sufferings for us is a higher and nobler motive by which to be influenced than the hope of reward or the fear of punishment; and this hymn is well adapted to express the feelings of those who, in becoming Christians, are so strongly moved by the contemplation of Christ's love and sufferings for us that they are not conscious of being influenced at all by either of the other motives named. The first verse of the original is:

O Deus, ego amo Te,
Nec amo Te, ut salves me,
Aut quia non amantes Te,
Aeterno punis igne.

In the above hymn the translation of Dr. Caswall has been altered in several particulars, he being more faithful to the Latin original. In the first stanza, third and fourth lines, he wrote:

"Nor yet because who love thee not
Must die eternally."

The second stanza here is the fifth in his translation. "Jesus" is changed to "Saviour" in verse three. Verse five is much altered:

"Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell."

The third line of last stanza is also changed:

"Solely because thou art my God."

---

152 C. M.

JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by *Edward Caswall.*

This is a translation of a part of Bernard's hymn beginning "*Jesu dulcis memoria*," of which the title is, "*Thy Name is as Ointment Poured Forth.*" It has been pronounced an "almost unapproachably fine translation." Caswall's rendering first

appeared in the *Lyra Catholica*, in 1849, in fifty stanzas. "It is in this hymn," says Duffield, author of *English Hymns*, "that the great theologian and scholar, and preacher of crusades, has set the key for modern hymnology. No one can fail to recognize how its spirit has gone into the German and English lyrics." "Some hymns," says George John Stevenson, "have so much divine inspiration in them that the world will not let them die. This hymn has been like a charm in the Church for eight hundred years, and its music is as fresh as ever." In verse three the translator wrote "*fall*" instead of "ask," and in verse four, "*lovers*" instead of "loved ones." The ardent language of the fourth verse finds a parallel in the following remarkable lines, written in 1779, by a partially insane man living at Cirencester:

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were the whole earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
Were every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God alone,
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

---

153 C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

John Newton.

From the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. Title: "*The Name of Jesus.*" Based on Song of Solomon, i. 3: "Thy name is as ointment poured forth." One stanza, the fourth of the original, omitted:

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

---

154 C. M.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love Divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett.

From *Rippon's Selection*, 1787, where it is titled: "*Chief Among Ten Thousand; or, the Excellences of Christ.*" Based on Cant. v. 10–16. The following five omitted stanzas make an excellent hymn in themselves:

1 To Christ, the Lord, let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?

2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wonders of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

6 His hand a thousand blessings pours
Upon my guilty head;
His presence gilds my darkest hours,
And guards my sleeping bed.

7 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

155 C. M.

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told!

Isaac Watts.

"*Praise to the Redeemer*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, where it first appeared. "I hope," says the author, "the reader will forgive the neglect of rhymes in the first and third lines of the stanzas." "This hymn," observes a thoughtful critic, "is sufficient to prove that such rhyme is not necessary to the loftiest poetical composition. There are very few lines of sacred poetry so sublime as the last part of this hymn." Three stanzas are omitted above:

4 He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

5 In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursèd projects tries;
We that were doomed his endless slaves
Are raised above the skies.

7 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adorèd name!

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156 C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last, lab'ring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

Philip Doddridge.

This is based on 1 Pet. ii. 7, "Unto you therefore which believe he is precious," and was written in 1755 to be sung after a sermon on this text. Speaking of the above and other hymns by Dr. Doddridge, a writer in the *North British Review* says: "If amber is the gum of fossil trees, fetched up and floated off by the ocean, hymns like these are a spiritual amber. Most of the sermons to which they originally pertained have disappeared forever; but at once beautiful and buoyant, these sacred strains are destined to carry the devout emotions of Doddridge to every shore where his Master is loved and where his mother-tongue is spoken."

An old minister, quite feeble in mind from long illness, was quickly aroused when some assertions were made regarding the divinity of Christ and his inferiority to God. "Stuff! poison!" he exclaimed, "Oh, let it not come into your minds!" and quoted with vigor and emphasis this hymn of Dr. Doddridge. He dwelt especially upon the words,

"Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust,"

and then relapsed into that state of quiescent indifference from which nothing but the name and fame of Christ had power to awaken him.

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157 L. M.

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good;
To them that find thee, all in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain-Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by *Ray Palmer.*

This is a translation of selected stanzas of the same original as that of Nos. 146 and 152 ("*Jesu, dulcis memoria*"). It was first published in the *Sabbath Hymn-Book* in 1858, under the title, "*Delight in Christ.*" This happy rendering of the famous Latin hymn has justly attained great popularity, not only in America, but in England also. (See note to hymn No. 152.)

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158 L. M. 6 l.

THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if thou art mine;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

2 Thy mighty name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love:
To me, with thy great name, are given
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
My rest in toil; my ease in pain;
The med'cine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;—

4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death—my all in all.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. Title: "*Hymns for Believers. For the Morning.*" The real theme evidently is "Christ our All in all." The author wrote in the last line "My *heaven in hell*" instead of "my all in all." "The poet's idea in this hymn is to exalt Christ, and he selects various circumstances in life which he gives in striking antithesis to set this forth. Christ is the Christian's rest in toil, his ease in pain, his peace in war, his gain in loss, his liberty in bondage, and last of all comes this marvelous climax—his heaven in hell! This, of course, cannot be taken as it is literally expressed; it is a poet's license with language which requires to be received in a careful and modified symbolical sense." (Stevenson.) While the change made in the text removes an expression liable to be misunderstood, it destroys the climax of the hymn.

A gentleman of large wealth, who was noted for his spirituality, was asked by a friend how he was enabled to preserve such a frame of mind in the midst of great and multitudinous business transactions. He replied, "By making Christ my all in all." After a time he sustained heavy financial losses in a commercial crisis, when his friend again asked him how he was enabled to maintain not only his serenity of mind but even cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirit. He replied, "By finding my all in Christ."

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159 S. M.

REDEEMER of mankind,
Who on thy name rely,
A constant intercourse we find
Opened 'twixt earth and sky.

2 Mercy, and grace, and peace,
Descend through thee alone;
And thou dost all our services
Present before the throne.

3 On us thy Father's love
Is for thy sake bestowed:
Thou art our Advocate above,
Thou art our way to God:

4 Our way to God we trace,
And through thy name forgiven,
From step to step, from grace to grace,
On thee we climb to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

These are the last four of sixteen stanzas on "*Jacob's Ladder*," the first beginning, "What doth the ladder mean?" From *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762.

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160 S. M.

MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glories known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty, to spread
The conquests of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t' obey;
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.

5 Thy Father and thy God
Hath, without measure, shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.

Isaac Watts.

Based on Psalm xlv. 1-7: "My heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the King; my tongue is the pen of a ready writer. Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips: therefore God hath blessed thee for ever. Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most Mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty. And in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things. Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies; whereby the people fall under thee. Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre. Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." From the *Psalms of David*, 1719.

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161 S. M.

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to my ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge.

This hymn on "*Salvation by grace*" is from the author's *Hymns*, 1755, and is based on Ephesians ii. 5: "By grace ye are saved." It is perhaps the most familiar and popular that Doddridge ever wrote. [It is exceedingly difficult to read the third and fourth lines of the second stanza so as to bring out the meaning clearly. The Committee of Revision spent some time discussing an "improvement" for the two lines, but none could be agreed upon, and so they reluctantly left it as Doddridge wrote it.]

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162 S. M.

TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

3 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

4 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom with power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Isaac Watts.

Prepared for a sermon on Jude 24, 25: "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy. To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

The second stanza of the original is omitted:

2 'Tis his almighty love—
His counsel and his care—
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707.

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163 8s, 7s, 4s.

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train!
Hallelujah!
God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thy eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
Jah! Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down!

Charles Wesley.

Taken from *Hymns of Intercession*, 1758, where it bears the title, "*Thy Kingdom Come.*" This grand hymn has been called the English *Dies Iræ*. Its authorship has been ascribed to various men. *Lyra Catholica* gives it to Matthew Bridges, a Roman Catholic hymn-writer. McClintock and Strong credit it to John Cennick. But his hymn, "Lo he cometh, countless trumpets," (1762,) is very different from this. Thomas Jackson ascribes it to Thomas Olivers. The latter was the author of a long hymn in the same meter, and one of his stanzas began in the same way as the first line of this hymn. In some collections, a hymn is found made up partly of this hymn and partly of that of Olivers.

It is evidently founded on Revelation i. 7: "Behold he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen."

The third stanza of the original is here omitted:

3 The dear token of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshipers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on these glorious scars!

"No other writer has produced so many hymns as Charles Wesley. Their merit is as varied as possible; but it is now an undisputed fact that the award of the highest merit has recently been given to Charles Wesley, and in this way: A minister of the Established Church—the Rev. J. King, one of the lecturers for the Palestine Exploration Fund—selected fifty of the best known hymnals in use in the Church of England. He went through each book, and marked how often each hymn was used. It was a long process; but when completed he found that two hymns of Charles Wesley—'Jesus, Lover of my Soul' and 'Lo! He comes with clouds descending'—were found in more books than the hymns by any other author. This is the more remarkable as the books from which the selection was made did not include any Methodist collection, nor any collection in use by any congregation outside the Church of England. This is a test so fair and so entirely above suspicion that it must be accepted as quite indisputable." (Stevenson.)

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164 L. M.

NATURE with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

4 I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*Christ Crucified, the Wisdom and Power of God.*" From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. Two inferior stanzas are omitted:

3 Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor wisdom prove
Which of the letters best is writ,
The power, the wisdom, or the love.

4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchased pleasure mine.

165 L. M.

OF Him who did salvation bring
I could forever think and sing:
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love; for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

Bernard of Clairvaux. Tr. by *A. W. Boehm.*

This translation of the Latin of St. Bernard was long accredited to Charles Wesley, but it has been found in a book of *Translations* by Anthony Wilhelm Boehm, that was published before the time of the Wesleys. Nothing more is known of Boehm than that he was born in 1673, and died in 1722. Another stanza is found in *Madan's Collection*, 1760, which is too striking to omit:

Eternal Lord, almighty King,
All heaven doth with thy triumphs ring!
Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
Devils with force, and men with love.

---

166 L. M.

NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he who cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood:
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confessed—
Let every tongue his glory sing.

Isaac Watts.

This hymn was prepared to follow a sermon on "*Christ our High Priest and King*," based on Rev. i. 5, 6: "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." It is from *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. Two stanzas are omitted:

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move;
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Then he displays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

SECTION III.

OFFICES OF THE HOLY GHOST.

167 L. M. 6 l.

CREATOR, Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every waiting mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

2 O Source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy Fount, immortal Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing:

3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou Strength of His almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And stamp thine image on our hearts.

Rabanus Maurus. Tr. by *John Dryden.*

This hymn (*Veni, Creator Spiritus*) has been variously accredited to Charlemagne, to Ambrose of Milan, to Gregory the Great, and to Rabanus Maurus, Bishop of Mayence. The latter is probably the real author according to Dr. Duffield, the latest authority on the "*Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns.*" This hymn has found a place in the ritual of many churches, and is used at the coronation of kings and popes, and the ordination of bishops and elders. The translation used in our ordination service for elders and bishops is by Rev. John Cosin, D.D. (1594-1672), Bishop of Durham. Dryden's translation has thirty-nine lines. The following is the first verse of the original:

Veni, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia
Quae tu creati pectora.

168 L. M.

JESUS, we on the words depend,
Spoken by thee while present here:
"The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

2 That promise made to Adam's race,
Now, Lord, in us, e'en us fulfill;
And give the Spirit of thy grace
To teach us all thy perfect will.

3 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible, impart,
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.

4 That peace of God, that peace of thine,
O might he now to us bring in,
And fill our souls with power divine,
And make an end of fear and sin!

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns of Petition and Thanksgiving*, 1746. Based on John xiv. 26, 27: "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

The fourth and sixth verses are omitted:

4 He only can the words apply
Through which we endless life possess,
And deal to each his legacy,
His Lord's unutterable peace.

6 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The height and depth of Deity;
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change, and make us all like thee.

There are only seven hymns in this section by Charles Wesley. None of his hymns under this head are numbered among his best.

169 L. M.

LORD, we believe to us and ours
The apostolic promise given;
We wait the pentecostal powers,
The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

2 Ah! leave us not to mourn below,
Or long for thy return to pine;
Now, Lord, the Comforter bestow,
And fix in us the Guest divine.

3 Assembled here with one accord,
Calmly we wait the promised grace,
The purchase of our dying Lord:
Come, Holy Ghost, and fill the place.

Charles Wesley.

"*A Hymn for the Day of Pentecost*" is the title of this hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. It is based on the second chapter of Acts. The original has twelve stanzas, beginning, "Rejoice, rejoice, ye fallen race." The above are the fifth, sixth and seventh stanzas.

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170 8s, 6s.

LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again:
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love,
Our hearts and tongues inspire:
Be this our day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost!

Thomas Cotterill.

This hymn, celebrating the day of Pentecost, is marked by a cheerful vivacity found in so many of the Advent hymns and Incarnation odes. In some of the hymnals the last two lines of each stanza are omitted, thus making it a common meter hymn; but such emendations are made at the expense of the real force and beauty of the hymn. It was first published in the eighth edition of the author's *Hymn Book* (Sheffield, 1819).

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171 C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of light and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost—for, moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke—
Unlock the truth, thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. Title: "*Before Reading the Scriptures.*" In verse three, line one, the author wrote "prolific" instead of "celestial."

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172 C. M.

SPIRIT Divine, attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the wind, with rushing sound,
With pentecostal grace;
And make the great salvation known
Wide as the human race.

5 Come as the dove, and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy Church on earth become
Blest as thy Church above.

Andrew Reed.

From the author's collection of *Hymns* published in 1841. Title: "*For the Opening of a Church—A Prayer to the Spirit.*" The fourth and seventh stanzas are omitted:

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilizing power.

7 Spirit Divine, attend our prayers,
Make a lost world thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers:
O come, Great Spirit, come!

In verse one the author wrote "prayers" and "powers;" "this house" instead of "our hearts," and for the last line "O come, Great Spirit, come." In verse two, "emptiness" instead of "sinfulness." In third and fourth lines of verse four he wrote

"That all of woman born may see
The glory of thy face."

Verses four and five are here transposed. It will be seen that the author here makes the various Scripture symbols of the Spirit the themes of the successive stanzas of this hymn—light, fire, wind, dew, dove.

173

C. M.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

William Cowper.

"*The Sight and Glory of the Word*" is the title of this hymn in the *Olney Collection*, 1779, where it has five stanzas, the fifth being omitted here. This hymn, like most of the others written by Cowper, was the outgrowth of an actual experience. He dated his conversion in July, 1764, when in the St. Alban's asylum, his eyes one day fell upon Rom. iii. 25: "Being justified freely by his grace," etc., the Spirit breathed upon the word and brought its saving truth sensibly to his sight. "In a moment," says he, "I believed and I received the gospel." The omitted stanza is:

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above."

174

S. M.

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God;
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
And give us eyes to see,
Who did for every sinner die,
Hath surely died for me.

3 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word.

4 Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

5 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his name.

6 The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart;
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

7 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes;—

8 The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns of Petition and Thanksgiving*, 1746. The third stanza of the original is omitted:

3 I know my Saviour lives,
He lives, who died for me,
My inmost soul His voice receives
Who hangs on yonder tree:
Set forth before my eyes
Even now I see him bleed,
And hear his mortal groans and cries,
While suffering in my stead.

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175 L. P. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, all-quick'ning fire,
Come, and my hallowed heart inspire,
Sprinkled with the atoning blood:
Now to my soul thyself reveal;
Thy mighty working let me feel,
And know that I am born of God.

2 Humble, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue!
Be anger to my soul unknown;
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone:
In love create thou all things new.

3 Let earth no more my heart divide;
With Christ may I be crucified;
To thee with my whole heart aspire:
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire!

4 My will be swallowed up in thee!
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face:
Called the full power of faith to prove
Let all my hallowed heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

Charles Wesley.

This "*Hymn to God the Sanctifier*" is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740, where it has eight stanzas, the above being the first, fourth, fifth, and seventh.

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176 S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.

2 O melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew!

3 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

Benjamin Beddome.

Taken from the author's posthumous *Hymns*, 1818, where it bears the title "*Invocation.*" Only one verbal change: in verse three for "*And unto thee*" the author wrote "Cheerful to thee." One stanza is omitted:

2 From the celestial hills
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly, feel
Thy quickening influence.

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177 S. M.

O COME, and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

2 This inward, dire disease,
Spirit of health, remove,
Spirit of finished holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.

3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume,
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.

4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.

5 I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this;
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*Seeking for Full Redemption.*" From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. The first two stanzas are founded on 2 Cor. iii. 17: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." The third stanza is based upon 2 Cor. v. 17: "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." The text of the last two stanzas is Heb. xi. 5: "Before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God."

In verse two, line one, the author wrote: "*The seed of sin's* disease." The fourth stanza is omitted:

4 The original offense
Out of my soul erase,
Enter thyself, and drive it hence,
And take up all the place.

Rev. William Inglis was a pious and useful Wesleyan local preacher. One of his valued admonitions was: "When the world assaults you, watch and pray; when the flesh, flee and pray; when the devil, fight and pray." The last public service that he conducted was a seven o'clock morning prayer-meeting. He gave out this hymn and read with special emphasis and impressiveness the fourth and fifth stanzas. That evening, in returning to the same chapel, he suddenly fell to the ground and life was extinct. They recalled then how solemnly he had read at the close of the morning prayer-meeting:

"And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss."

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178 C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys!

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 And shall we then forever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, Fervency of Devotion Desired.*" From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. The third line of the second stanza has been changed. Watts wrote:

"Our souls can *neither fly nor go.*"

Watts also began the fourth stanza:

"*Dear Lord*, and shall we ever live."

These changes, Dr. Nutter thinks, were probably made by John Wesley, who published this hymn, with others, in his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, in 1738 and 1741. With regard to the word "*dear*," John Wesley was very particular. He never used it himself in reference to the Saviour, and he always substituted some other word for it in the hymns that he edited. He thought it was "using too much familiarity with the great Lord of heaven and earth."

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179 C. M.

CELESTIAL Dove, come from above,
And guide me in thy ways;
My heart prepare for solemn prayer,
And tune my lips to praise.

2 Open mine eyes, and make me wise,
My int'rest to discern;
From every sin, without, within,
Incline my heart to turn.

3 Fly to my aid, when I'm afraid,
Or plunged in deep distress;
My foes subdue, and bring me through
This howling wilderness.

Benjamin Beddome.

This short but beautiful hymn of invocation is one of a comparatively small number in the Hymn Book which has a double rhyme in the first and third lines. From the author's *Hymns*, 1818.

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180 L. M.

FATHER, if justly still we claim
To us and ours the promise made,
To us be graciously the same,
And crown with living fire our head.

2 Our claim admit, and from above
Of holiness the Spirit shower,
Of wise discernment, humble love,
And zeal, and unity, and power.

3 The Spirit of convincing speech,
Of power demonstrative, impart,
Such as may every conscience reach,
And sound the unbelieving heart,—

4 The Spirit of refining fire,
Searching the inmost of the mind,
To purge all fierce and foul desire,
And kindle life more pure and kind.

5 The Spirit breathe of inward life,
Which in our hearts thy laws may write,
Then grief expires, and pain, and strife;
'Tis nature all,—and all delight.

Henry More.

"This and the following number form part of a hymn written by Dr. Henry More (1614–1687) and

altered by John Wesley. The first five stanzas of the original are omitted; the first line reads thus:

"When Christ had left his flesh below."

"This fine Pentecostal hymn has formed the theme of a most interesting paper, in a recent issue of the *Wesleyan Magazine*, from the pen of Rev. G. Osborn, D.D., in which the reader is presented with parts of the original by Dr. More, and the altered version by John Wesley (see note under next hymn), exhibiting the masterly hand of Wesley and how the fullness of the gospel salvation shines out in Wesley's rendering even more brightly than the genius of the poet." (George John Stevenson.)

181 L. M.

ON all the earth thy Spirit shower,
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'errun;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let it, Lord, in every place
Its richest energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God and true!
The ancient seers thou didst inspire;
To us perform the promise due;
Descend, and crown us now with fire.

Henry More.

See note to preceding hymn, of which this is the concluding part. We here give the original of these stanzas, that the reader may see just what changes were made by Wesley:

"On all the earth thy Spirit pour,
In righteousness it to renew:
That Satan's kingdom 't may o'erpower,
And to Christ's sceptre may subdue.

"Like mighty wind or torrent fierce,
Let it withstanders all o'errun,
And every wicked law reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

"Let peace and joy in each place spring,
And righteousness, the Spirit's fruits,
With meekness, friendship and each thing
That with the Christian spirit suits.

"Grant this, O holy God and true,
Who the ancient prophets did inspire
Haste to perform thy promise due,
As all thy servants thee desire."

From this specimen we may safely conclude that but for John Wesley the name of Henry More would hardly have been preserved among the hymn-writers of the Church.

182 6s, 4s.

COME, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
O come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow.
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ:
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy!

From the Latin. Tr. by *Ray Palmer.*

This is a translation of the celebrated Latin hymn "*Ad Sanctum Spiritus*" beginning, *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*. It has been attributed to Robert the Second, king of France, but Dr. Duffield assigns it to Hermannus Contractus. Dean Stanley, who is himself the author of one of the best of the many translations of this hymn, pronounces it "the most beautiful of all the Latin hymns." The above excellent translation first appeared in the *Sabbath Hymn Book* (Andover, 1858). The third and fourth stanzas are omitted:

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine,
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

The following is the first stanza of the original Latin:

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte coelitus
Lucis tuae radium.
Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

---

183 C. M.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
The tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,
Safely convey me home!

Isaac Watts.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. Title: "*The Witnessing and Sealing Spirit.*" Based on Rom. viii. 14-16: "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Also Eph. i. 13, 14: "In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of his glory."

The author wrote, "*Some* tokens" in the last line of the first stanza; and the last two lines of the last stanza:

"*And* thy *soft* wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home."

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184 C. M.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raise its head,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 "My Father, God!" how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwav'ring I believe;
Thou know'st I "Abba, Father," cry;
Nor can the sign deceive.

Philip Doddridge.

Original title: "*A Filial Temper the Work of the Spirit and a Proof of Adoption.*" Based on Gal. iv. 6: "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." The following stanza is omitted:

5 On wings of everlasting love,
The Comforter is come;
All terrors at his voice disperse,
And endless pleasures bloom.

From the author's *Hymns founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755.

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185 C. M.

GREAT Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
Darkness and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
And full redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
Exulting then we feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

Thomas Haweis.

Original title: "*Day of Pentecost.*" In verse three, line two, the author wrote:

"*Compleat* redemption bring."

In verse four, line four:

"Our *Jesus* glorified."

From the author's *Carmina Christo; or, Hymns to the Saviour*, 1792.

186 8, 7.

HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light:
From the height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.

2 Author of the new creation,
Come with unction and with power;
Make our hearts thy habitation;
On our souls thy graces shower:
Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessèd Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fullness of thy grace.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by *J. C. Jacobi.*

"This hymn has had a remarkable history. It has been drawn and quartered again and again. The German original was written by Paul Gerhardt, about 1725. It was translated in ten eight-line stanzas by John Christian Jacobi. In 1776 the Rev. Augustus M. Toplady made over this translation into a hymn of six eight-line stanzas for his selection of hymns. The editors of the 1849 edition of the *Methodist Episcopal Hymn Book* transposed and altered Toplady's version; and the editors of the present Hymnal made still further changes. If it is not the finest hymn now extant it cannot be for lack of attention." (C. S. Nutter.)

The above hymn was taken from the *Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church;* and hence Dr. Nutter's note is quoted here.

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187 7s.

HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all-divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Andrew Reed.

In the author's collection, published in 1817, this hymn is titled: "*Prayer to the Spirit.*" The original contains four double stanzas, and the above is made up of the first half of each stanza without change.

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188 S. M.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power!

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling, breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day.

6 Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide;
O Spirit of adoption, *now*
May we be sanctified!

James Montgomery.

This hymn on "*The Descent of the Spirit*" is based on Acts ii. 1-4, "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come," etc. From the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

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189 C. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire;
This one great gift impart—
What most I need, and most desire,
A humble, holy heart.

2 Bear witness I am born again,
My many sins forgiven;
Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
To cloud my hope of heaven.

3 More of myself grant I may know,
From sin's deceit be free;
In all the Christian graces grow,
And live alone to thee.

Asahel Nettleton.

From the author's *Village Hymns*, 1824. It would be difficult to find a hymn that presents more briefly and clearly the desire of a devout heart for humility, holiness, the witness of the Spirit, and growth in grace, than this.

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190 7s. D.

HOLY SPIRIT, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Trusting that our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,—
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

Marcus Morris Wells.

This first appeared in 1858. In verse three the author wrote "wondering if" instead of "trusting that." The author wrote a tune for these words. It seems to be based on Ps. xxxii. 8: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye."

191 L. M.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all the fullness of thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race!

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word:
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath!

4 Baptize the nations! far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

5 God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall his salvation see:
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's suff'rings crowned through thee!

James Montgomery.

Author's title: "*The Spirit Accompanying the Word of God.*" One stanza, the fourth of the original, is omitted:

4 O Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet:
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

From *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

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192 L. M.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vexed and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;

3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

4 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High-Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only woe I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate;
Nor curse me with this want of love.

Charles Wesley.

"*Penitential Hymn*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. In the last line of the second stanza the author wrote:

"For *forty* long rebellious years."

The author was forty-two years old when he published the volume that contains this hymn. There are two additional stanzas:

6 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
From now, O Lord, relieve my woes,
Into Thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.

7 From now my weary soul release,
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand,
And guide into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

SECTION IV.

INSTITUTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

1. THE CHURCH.

193 H. M.

ONE sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watch-word, love:
From diff'rent temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

2 Our Sacrifice is one;
Our Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone:
Thou who didst raise him from the dead,
Unite thy people in their Head.

3 Head of thy Church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her unity renew:
Then shall thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

George Robinson.

This hymn first appeared in a volume entitled *Original Hymns*, (London, 1843, edited by Rev. J. Leifchild, D.D.), under the title "*Christian Fellowship.*" In verse one, line three, the author wrote, "Zion, one faith *is thine*," and instead of lines five and six of the second verse,

"And sighs for contrite hearts that spring
Our chief, our choicest offering."

In verse three, line four, he wrote "broken frame" instead of "unity." The third and fourth stanzas are omitted:

3 Oh why should they who love
One gospel to unfold,
Who seek one home above,
On earth be strange and cold?
Why, subjects of the Prince of Peace,
In strife abide, and bitterness?

4 O may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and his last,
His constant, latest care
E'er to his throne be passed,
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offense, his people's stain!

194 S. M.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer bought
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless her sons
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Timothy Dwight.

This hymn first appeared in the author's edition of *Watts's Psalms* (1800) under the title, "*Love to the Church.*" It is there entered as part third to Ps. cxxxvii., being based more particularly on the fifth and sixth verses, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Two stanzas are omitted:

7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

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195 8s, 7s, 4s.

ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,
God, thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly.

From the author's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1804. It is based on Ps. cxxv. 2: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever." Two stanzas are omitted:

3 Zion's friend in nothing alters,
Though all others may and do:
His is love that never falters,
Always to its object true.
Happy Zion!
Crowned with mercies ever new.

4 If thy God should show displeasure,
'Tis to save, and not destroy:
If he punish, 'tis in measure;
'Tis to rid thee of alloy.
Be thou patient:
Soon thy grief shall turn to joy.

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196 C. M.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires—
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide:
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*The Church is our Delight and Safety.*" Based on Ps. xxvii. 1-6: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me up upon a rock. And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord."

It is from the author's metrical version of the *Psalms of David*, 1719. One stanza is omitted:

5 Now shall my head be lifted high,
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

---

197 C. M.

HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road!
The Church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble, and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*Going to Church.*" It is based on the hundred and twenty-second Psalm: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem. Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together: whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David. Pray for the peace of Jernsalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee. Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good."
From the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719.

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198 C. M.

BLEST are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope;
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defense,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

Isaac Watts.

"*A Blessed Gospel*" is the author's title to this hymn, which is based on Ps. lxxxix. 15–18: "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted. For thou art the glory of their strength: and in thy favor our horn shall be exalted. For the Lord is our defence; and the Holy One of Israel is our King."
From the *Psalms of David*, 1719.

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199 L. M.

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there—
Convulsions shake the solid world—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar—
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*The Church's Safety and Triumph among National Desolations.*" First published in 1719 in the author's *Psalms of David*. It is based on the first five verses of the forty-sixth Psalm: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea: though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the

midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early."

The second line of the fifth stanza Watts wrote:

"*That all our raging* fear controls."

This was one of Dr. Dwight's improvements. One stanza is omitted:

6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

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200 L. M.

THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
My God; and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou whose mercy bends the skies,
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And grateful isles of every sea.

3 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee—
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

4 Soon shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord:
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

Isaac Watts.

Based on Ps. lxv. 1-5: "Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed. O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come. Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away. Blessed is the man whom thou choosest and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple. By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea."

"*Public Prayer and Praise*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719. The third, fifth, and sixth stanzas of the original are omitted.

---

201 L. M.

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day:
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

Isaac Watts.

The author's title to this hymn, which is found in his *Psalms of David*. 1719, is "*God and His Church; or, Grace and Glory.*" It is based on the last part of the eighty-fourth Psalm: "O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah. Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed. For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee."

The fifth stanza is omitted:

5 O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee!

---

202 L. M.

GOD, in his earthly temple, lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well;
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new-born or nourished there.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*The Church the Birthplace of the Saints; or, Jews and Gentiles United in the Christian Church.*" It is based on the eighty-seventh

Psalm: "His foundation is in the holy mountains. The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God. . . . And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest himself shall establish her. The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there. Selah. As well the singers as the players on instruments shall be there: all my springs are in thee."

From the *Psalms of David*, 1719. Two inferior stanzas, the third and fourth of the original, are omitted.

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203 L. M.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With strong desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blest are the saints that sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

3 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace:
Here they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find their way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Pleasures of Public Worship*" is the author's title to this hymn. It is based on the first seven verses of the eighty-fourth Psalm: "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them. . . . They go from strength to strength: every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."

Two inferior stanzas are omitted. From the *Psalms of David*, 1719.

204 7s, 6s. D.

GREAT is our redeeming Lord,
In power, and truth, and grace;
Him, by highest heaven adored,
His Church on earth doth praise:
In the city of our God,
In his holy mount below,
Publish, spread his name abroad,
And all his greatness show.

2 Sion's God is all our own,
Who on his love rely;
We his pard'ning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die:
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful guide shall be;
Him we claim, and rest in him,
Through all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of the author's *Select Psalms*. It was first published in the *Arminian Magazine* in 1797. The original contains ten double stanzas. It is based on the forty-eighth Psalm. The above stanzas are the first and last of the hymn and are based on the first and last verses of the Psalm: "Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness. . . . For this God is our God forever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death."

---

205 S. M.

FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honor raise.

2 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well—

3 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows—
And make a fair report.

4 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

5 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Beauty of the Church; or, Gospel Worship and Order,*" is the author's title to this hymn, which is based on Ps. xlviii. 10-14: "According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness. Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments. Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following. For this God is our God forever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death."

From the *Psalms of David*, 1719. The second stanza is omitted:

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

206

8s & 7s. D.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assauge?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring—
Showing that the Lord is near:
Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.

John Newton.

This hymn on "*Zion; or, the City of God,*" is based on Ps. lxxxvii. 3: "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God." The last four lines have been altered. The author wrote:

"Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which he gives them when they pray."

There are two additional stanzas:

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God;
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offring brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

From the *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

207

L. M.

O MIGHT my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesus' witnesses:
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet!

2 This only thing do I require:
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy Church to live;—

3 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below;
Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven.

4 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will,
Confirm the prayer, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

Charles Wesley.

These are four of thirty stanzas contained in a hymn on "*The Primitive Church.*" The hymn begins, "Happy the souls that first believed." It first appeared in 1744, at the end of John Wesley's "Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion," and also separately as a half-penny leaflet.

Rev. Joseph Benson records the fact that this hymn was a special favorite with Rev. John

Fletcher, the saintly Vicar of Madeley, who was in the habit of spending some time after dinner daily in devotional services, and he oftenest on these occasions selected verses from this hymn. He was particularly fond of the couplet:

"O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash his dear disciples' feet."

He has been known to read this hymn till tears of joy and gratitude streamed down his face that he had been permitted as one of "the least of Jesus' witnesses" to

"Enjoy the grace to angels given,
And serve the royal heirs of heaven."

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208 S. M.

JESUS, the Conqu'ror, reigns,
In glorious strength array'd,
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad!

2 Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To Him who rules above.

3 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.

4 Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The vict'ry of his cross.

5 That bloody banner see,
And, in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers, fight.

6 In mighty phalanx joined,
To battle all proceed;
Armed with th' unconquerable mind
Which was in Christ your Head.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of a number of "*Hymns for Believers*" from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, where it has sixteen *double* stanzas, of which the above are the first three. No. 211 is a continuation of this hymn.

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209 S. M.

HARK, how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
The powers of hell surround.

2 Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!

3 See, on the mountain top,
The standard of your God!
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.

4 His standard-bearer, I
To all the nations call:
Let all to Jesus' cross draw nigh;
He bore the cross for all.

5 Go up with Christ, your Head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

6 All power to Him is given:
He ever reigns the same:
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It is one of several pieces that the author entitled "*Hymns for the Watch-night.*" It contains twelve double stanzas: these are the first, second, and fourth. The next hymn is a continuation of this.

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210 S. M.

ANGELS your march oppose,
Who still in strength excel,
Your secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible:

2 From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurled,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule this lower world.

3 But shall believers fear?
But shall believers fly?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy?

4 By all hell's host withstood,
We all hell's host o'erthrow;
And, conqu'ring them through Jesus' blood,
We on to conquer go.

5 Our Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize:

6 "Be faithful unto death;
Partake my victory;
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

Charles Wesley.

This is a continuation of the preceding hymn.

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211 S. M.

URGE on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force;
'Tis seized by violent hands.

2 See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies!
Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,
And take the glorious prize!

3 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood, ye must the entrance gain;
Yet O, disdain to fear.

4 "Courage!" your Captain cries,
Who all your toil foreknew,
"Toil ye shall have; yet all despise:
I have o'ercome for you."

5 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror:
The world must sink beneath the hand
Which arms us for the war.

6 This is the victory—
Before our faith they fall;
Jesus hath died for you and me;
Believe, and conquer all!

Charles Wesley.

This is a continuation of hymn No. 208, of which see note.

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212 11s.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness!
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more!
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war!

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be:
Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved thee;
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.

Author unknown.

This hymn seems to have appeared for the first time in *Fitzgerald's Collection*, 1830. It is an exultant song of triumph based upon certain passages of Isaiah. It has been attributed to Dr. Hastings, but without authority. It is evidently of American origin.

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213 L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

2 As in the ancient days, appear;
The sacred annals speak thy fame;
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.

3 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Sion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

4 The pain of life shall then be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.

5 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall raise,
With everlasting gladness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

Charles Wesley.

In the first edition of *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739, this was the last hymn in the book. In this edition the third line of verse one had "*the nations*" instead of "*hell's kingdom*," which ap-

peared first in the edition of 1780. The original hymn contains ten stanzas, and is based on Isaiah li. 9–11: "Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art thou not it that hath cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon? Art thou not it which hath dried the sea, the waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over? Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."

In her last illness Mrs. Benson, the wife of the noted commentator, and one of the saintly women of early Methodism, suffered much and long, but her joy and peace with God were unbroken. A short while before she died she asked her daughter to come to her bedside and read to her the last three verses of this hymn, beginning, "By death and hell pursued in vain." When the daughter had finished the reading, she exclaimed: "O, what a blessed hymn! Let me hear it again." She then gave them instructions to bury her behind City Road Chapel, and bidding her husband and children good-by, she

"Shouting, her heavenly Zion gained,
And passed through death triumphant home."

Some time after this Mr. Benson was spending a social evening with Rev. Jabez Bunting, when, according to Mr. Bunting's testimony, he made the occasion memorable, and delighted all present by reciting, in a most impressive and feeling manner, these same three verses that had cheered his wife in her dying hours.

Tyerman, in his life of Fletcher, records an instance in the early history of Methodism when this song was sung with great power and effectiveness by an audience of ten thousand, who had been attracted to a meeting at Everton at which Fletcher, Berridge, Madan, Venn, and Lady Huntingdon were present. At the close of a three days' meeting, which was one of great spiritual power, the immense audience joined in singing "with the spirit and the understanding,"

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down!

"It was one of Charles Wesley's earliest compositions," says the historian, "but never before had so many persons unitedly sent up their prayers to heaven in these words."

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214 L. M.

AWAKE, Jerusalem, awake!
No longer in thy sins lie down;
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light,
The great Deliv'rer calls, Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain,
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallowed name in vain.

5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

Charles Wesley.

This is from a long hymn of thirty-two stanzas in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. It is based on the fifty-second chapter of Isaiah.

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2. THE MINISTRY.

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215 L. M.

"GO preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts my word;
He shall be damn'd who won't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end:
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

4 He spake—and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the furthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

Isaac Watts.

From the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, where it is entitled: "*The Apostles' Commis-*

sion; or, The Gospel attended by Miracles." It is founded upon Mark xvi. 15, 16: "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Also upon Matt. xxviii. 19, 20: "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The original has "that" instead of "who" in the third and fourth lines of the first verse. The third stanza is omitted:

3 Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go cast out devils in my name,
Nor let my prophets be afraid
Though Greeks reproach and Jews blaspheme.

216 L. M.

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
Comfort the people of your Lord;
O lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.

2 Hark! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls, Prepare!
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And means to make his entrance there.

3 The Lord your God shall quickly come:
Sinners, repent, the call obey;
Open your hearts to make him room;
Ye desert souls, prepare his way.

4 The Lord shall clear his way through all;
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain:
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
Crookèd be straight, and ruggèd plain.

5 The glory of the Lord displayed
Shall all mankind together view;
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. The original hymn contained forty-five stanzas, being a paraphrase on the fortieth chapter of Isaiah, the above hymn being based on the first five verses: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

In the second line of the last stanza "shall" and "together" have been transposed.

217 S. M.

LORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants' cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord, is great,
The laborers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy Church abroad,
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.

4 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love!

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. Title: "*A Prayer for Laborers.*" Two stanzas are omitted:

4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
Saviour of human race.

6 On all mankind forgiven
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven
That thou hast died for all.

218 S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here!"

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessèd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Isaac Watts.

From the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. Title: "*The Blessedness of Gospel Times; or, The Revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles.*" The first two and the last two stanzas of this favorite hymn are written upon Isa. lii. 7–10: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth. Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion. Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God." The third and fourth stanzas are founded upon Matt. xiii. 16, 17: "But blessed are your eyes, for they see: and your ears, for they hear. For verily I say unto you, That many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them."

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219 C. M.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which must forever live
In raptures, or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer see,
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

Philip Doddridge.

This hymn on "*Watching for Souls in view of the Great Account*" was prepared for the ordination of a minister, and is based on Heb. xiii. 17: "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief." The fourth stanza is omitted:

4 All to the great tribunal haste
Th' account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?

From the author's *Hymns*, London, 1755.

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220 C. M.

JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky!
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given!
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the pris'ners' fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace!

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Charles Wesley.

"*After Preaching in a Church*" is the title of this magnificent hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It is one of Charles Wesley's best. It is culled from a hymn of twenty-two stanzas. The first line of the original is, "Jesu, accept the grateful song."

"The facts which suggested the composition of this hymn are recorded by Charles Wesley in his Journal under date of August 6th, 1744. Having been preaching in the small church at Laneast, in Cornwall, and condemning the drunken revels of the people, whilst urging them to 'repent and be converted,' one in the congregation contradicted and blasphemed. Charles Wesley asked, 'Who is he that pleads for the devil?' The reviler stood boldly forward, the preacher fearlessly exposed his iniquity, and showed the whole congregation their state by nature. Mr. Wesley's withering exposures drove the man in disgrace out of the church. These circumstances are believed to have suggested the writing of the hymn." (Stevenson.)

Few hymns have been more quoted by Methodist ministers in their dying hours than this, especially the last stanza. But no more impressive incident of its use in the dying hour is recorded than that of a little girl, seven years old, who had learned to sing it and to love it, at a Methodist Sunday-school in South London, of which she was a member. By a most distressing accident she was severely burnt and had to be taken to the hospital. On the last night of her life nothing was heard in the quiet ward where she lay but the tick and strike of the clock. Suddenly there arose from her couch a voice from the little sufferer, who began sweetly to sing:

Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

The silence reigned again, and only the ticking of the clock was heard, when the melodious voice was again heard:

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold! behold the Lamb!

Soon after she had finished, the nurse hastened to her bedside, but the voice was silent—angels had borne the happy Sunday-school girl to the Saviour whom she loved.

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221 L. M.

DRAW near, O Son of God, draw near!
Us with thy flaming eye behold;
Still in thy church vouchsafe t' appear,
And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
And let them in thy lustre glow,
The lights of a benighted land,
The angels of thy Church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast,
Their high commission let them prove,
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.

4 Their hearts from things of earth remove;
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear:
Fix their affections all above,
And lay up all their treasures there.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, where it bears the title, "*A Prayer for the Bishops.*" Charles Wesley was a High-churchman, and believed in "apostolic succession" and the "divine right of Episcopacy," as the first of the two following omitted stanzas will show:

4 The worthy successors of those
Who first adorned the sacred line,
Bold let them stand before their foes,
And dare assert their right divine.

6 Give them an ear to hear thy word:
Thou speakest to the churches now:
And let all tongues confess their Lord,
And let all knees to Jesus bow.

In the third line of the first stanza the author wrote, "Still in thy *falling* church appear."

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222 L. M.

HIGH on his everlasting throne,
The King of saints his work surveys;
Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.

2 He rests well pleased their toils to see;
Beneath his easy yoke they move;
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labor of his love.

3 See, where the servants of their God,
A busy multitude, appear:
For Jesus day and night employed,
His heritage they toil to clear.

4 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands;
They spend their sweat, and blood, and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

5 O multiply thy sower's seed,
And fruit we every hour shall bear:
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
Thine everlasting truth declare!

A. G. Spangenberg. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

The German original of this hymn contains thirteen double stanzas, and was written in 1734 and presented by the author to Count Zinzendorf on the occasion of his thirty-fourth birthday. John Wes-

ley's translation was first published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. The above is the first and third double stanzas and the first half of the thirteenth. "*God's Husbandry*" is the title of the original hymn.

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223 C. M.

HOW rich thy bounty, King of kings!
Thy favors, how divine!
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine!

2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys,
Should gold and gems compare;
How mean, when set against those joys
Thy poorest servants share!

3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodged in urns of clay;
And the weak sons of mortal race
Th' immortal gifts convey.

4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,
Yet grace the vict'ry gives;
Quickly they moulder back to earth,
Yet still thy gospel lives.

5 Such wonders power divine effects;
Such trophies God can raise;
His hand, from crumbling dust, erects
His monuments of praise.

Philip Doddridge.

This magnificent hymn is not found in any other Church collection. It is one of Doddridge's best. It is based on 2 Cor. iv. 7: "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." From the author's *Hymns*, 1755, where it is titled, "*The Gospel Treasure in Earthen Vessels.*"

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224 L. M.

SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?

2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How then before thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?

3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng,
Soften thy truth, and smooth my tongue,
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my Lord, by thee?

4 What then is he whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
A man! an heir of death! a slave
To sin! a bubble on the wave!

5 Yea, let men rage, since thou wilt spread
Thy shad'wing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sure refreshment prove.

John Joseph Winkler. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

The German original was first published in 1703, and was translated by John Wesley during his residence in Georgia as a missionary. It appeared first in *Psalms and Hymns*, issued by the Wesleys in 1738, and is also added to their *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. Title, "*Boldness in the Gospel.*" This valuable lyric is one of the standard hymns of Germany. John Wesley endured severe persecution whilst in America for his stern fidelity in reproving sin, and in the language of this hymn he found comfort and encouragement. The next hymn is the continuation and conclusion of this.

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225 L. M.

SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye
Doth all my inmost thoughts descry:
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail reproach, and welcome pain;
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent:
Fulfill thy sovereign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done, thy name adored!

5 Give me thy strength, O God of power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fixed; I can do all through thee.

John Joseph Winkler. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

(See note to the preceding hymn, of which this is the concluding part.)

226 L. M.

WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;
Come as a servant,—so *He* came—
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as a shepherd;—guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a watchman;—take thy stand
Upon the tower amidst the sky,
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

4 Come as an angel;—hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way,
That, softly walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.

5 Come as a teacher—sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

James Montgomery.

This is the only hymn in the Hymn Book designed to convey the sentiment of welcome by a congregation for a new pastor. The Methodist itineracy furnishes frequent occasions for the use of such a hymn.

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227 C. P. M.

EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best-concerted schemes are vain,
And never can succeed:
We spend our wretched strength for naught;
But if our works in thee be wrought,
They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
Our souls with this intense desire
Thy goodness to proclaim;
Thy glory if we now intend,
O let our deeds begin and end
Complete in Jesus' name!

3 In Jesus' name behold we meet,
Far from an evil world retreat,
And all its frantic ways;
One only thing resolved to know,
And square our useful lives below
By reason and by grace.

Charles Wesley.

"*For a Family of Believers*" from *Hymns for the use of Families*, 1767. The following three omitted stanzas are quite as good as the three retained:

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
Not in the dark monastic cell,
By vows and grates confined;
Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrained by Jesus' love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesus, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will!
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising Church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our faith and love abound!
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine:
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly Light Divine!

This was headed in the former edition of the Hymn Book, "*Opening Conference.*" And not in America alone is it so used. "It has been used on tens of thousands of occasions," says Mr. Stevenson, of London, "in asking for divine guidance, in private, social, and public services, especially at the opening of all deliberative assemblies for promoting the spread of the work of God."

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228 S. M.

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace!

2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

Charles Wesley.

This hymn is pre-eminently *the Conference hymn* of Methodism. It is sung at the opening of Methodist Conferences the world over, and has been so used for a hundred years. All branches of Methodism alike use it for this purpose. It is one of the author's *Hymns for Christian Friends.* It is found in the 1749 edition of *Hymns and Sacred Poems.* In verse one, line four, the author wrote "almighty" instead of "redeeming;" and in verse three, line two, he wrote, "What *mighty* conflicts passed," and in line one, fourth verse, "yet" for "but." The last stanza is omitted:

Jesus, to thee we bow,
And for thy coming wait,
Give us for good some token now
In our imperfect state;
Apply the hallowing word,
Tell each who looks for thee,
Thou shalt be perfect as thy Lord,
Thou shalt be all like me.

---

229 L. M.

JESUS, the Truth and Power divine,
Send forth these messengers of thine;
Their hands confirm, their hearts inspire,
And touch their lips with hallowed fire.

2 Be thou their mouth and wisdom, Lord;
Thou, by the hammer of thy word,
The rocky hearts in pieces break,
And bid the sons of thunder speak.

3 To those who would their Lord embrace,
Give them to preach the word of grace;
Sweetly their yielding bosoms move,
And melt them with the fire of love.

4 Let all with thankful hearts confess
Thy welcome messengers of peace;
Thy power in their report be found,
And let thy feet behind them sound.

Charles Wesley.

This hymn is often sung before receiving appointments at Conference. It is not found in either the Wesleyan collection or that of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is taken from the 1749 edition of *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, and bears the title, "*For a Minister going forth to Preach.*" The only change in the above hymn is of the singular to the plural "*these* messengers" for "this messenger," and so uniformly throughout the hymn.

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230 H. M.

JESUS, accept the praise
That to thy name belongs!
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs,
Through thee we now together came,
And part exulting in thy name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit joined,
T' embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assigned;
And while we do thy blessèd will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us then go on
In all thy pleasant ways,
And, armed with patience, run
With joy th' appointed race!
Keep us and every seeking soul,
Till all attain the heavenly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting, are no more:
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And greet thee in the flaming skies.

5 Then let us wait the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labor to be found
Of him in spotless peace;
In perfect holiness renewed,
Adorned with Christ, and meet for God!

Charles Wesley.

This is the Methodist hymn for "Closing Conference." It is from *Redemption Hymns*, 1747, and is entitled, "*At the Parting of Friends.*" The fifth, sixth, and seventh stanzas of the original are omitted:

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home!
The heavens shall pass away,
The earth receive its doom:
Earth we shall view, and heaven destroyed,
And shout above the fiery void.

6 These eyes shall see them fall,
Mountains, and stars, and skies!
These eyes shall see them all
Out of their ashes rise!
These lips His praise shall rehearse,
Whose nod restores the universe.

7 According to his word,
His oath to sinners given,
We look to see restored
The ruined earth and heaven!
In a new world his truth to prove,
A world of righteousness and love.

---

231 C. M.

BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

4 Closer and closer let us cleave;
To his beloved embrace;
Expect his fullness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

Charles Wesley.

Another hymn for "Closing Conference." From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. Title: "*At Parting.*" In verse one "joined" has been changed to "one;" in verse two, "do his work" to "show his praise;" and in verse three, "O let us" to "O may we." Two inferior stanzas, the fifth and sixth, have been omitted.

5 While thus we walk with Christ in light,
Who shall our souls disjoin?
Souls which Himself vouchsafes to unite
In fellowship Divine.

6 We all are one who Him receive,
And each with each agree;
In Him, the One, the Truth, we live,
Blest point of unity.

---

232 S. M.

AND let our bodies part,
To diff'rent climes repair:
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And foll'wing our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go!

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'rers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end!

5 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suff'ring and our pain:
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

6 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, where it is titled, "*At Parting.*" It is in two parts and has twelve double stanzas. The above are the first four double stanzas, with the second half of the first and of the fourth omitted. This is perhaps the most frequently sung of all the Wesleyan hymns at the closing of Conferences.

3. BAPTISM.

233 L. M.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Honor the means ordained by thee;
Make good our apostolic boast,
And own thy glorious ministry.

2 Father, in these reveal thy Son—
In these, for whom we seek thy face,
The hidden mystery make known,
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

3 Jesus, with us thou always art;
Effectual make the sacred sign,
The gift unspeakable impart,
And bless the ordinance divine.

4 Eternal Spirit, come from high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now!

Charles Wesley.

"*At the Baptism of Adults*" is the author's title of this hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. In verse one Wesley wrote "injoined" instead of "ordained." The second and sixth stanzas are omitted:

2 We now thy promised presence claim;
Sent to disciple all mankind—
Sent to baptize into thy name—
We now thy promised presence find.

6 Oh! that the Souls baptiz'd herein
May now thy Truth and Mercy feel,
May rise and wash away their Sin—
Come, Holy Ghost, their Pardon seal.

---

234 L. M.

GOD of eternal truth and love,
Thine own great ordinance approve;
This child into thy kingdom take,
And give him all thine image back.

2 Father, if such thy sovereign will,
Annex thy hall'wing Spirit's seal;
The seed of endless life impart,
Take for thine own this infant's heart.

3 Answer on him thy wisdom's end;
Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
Unto this favored child be given,
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Charles Wesley. (Alt.)

The above hymn has been considerably altered from the original. The Committee had rejected the original of this hymn entirely on account of its unusual meter. But upon failing to find any suitable new hymns on the subject of baptism, and especially infant baptism, and feeling the need of a few more hymns under this head, they re-examined this, and, adopting the suggestion of the Senior Bishop, so altered it as to make a long meter out of it. It is hoped that it will prove more useful in its present form than it was in the original:

1 God of eternal truth and love,
Vouchsafe the promised aid we claim,
Thine own great ordinance approve,
The child, baptized into thy name,
Partaker of thy nature make,
And give her all thine image back.

2 Father, if such thy sovereign will,
If Jesus *did* the right enjoin,
Annex thy hallowing Spirit's seal,
And let the grace attend the sign;
The seed of endless life impart,
Seize for thine own our infant's heart.

3 Answer on her thy wisdom's end,
In present and eternal good;
Whate'er thou didst for man intend,
Whate'er thou hast on man bestowed,
Now unto this favored babe be given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

Two inferior stanzas, the second and the fifth, are omitted. It is taken from the author's *Hymns for the use of Families*, 1767, and is titled, "*At the Baptism of a Child.*"

---

235 H. M.

BAPTIZED into thy name,
Mysterious One in Three,
Our souls and bodies claim
A sacrifice to thee:
We only live our faith to prove,
The faith which works by humble love.

2 O that our light may shine,
And all our lives express
The character divine,
The *real* holiness!
Then, then receive us up t' adore
The Triune God for evermore.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns on the Trinity*, Bristol, 1767. The original has six stanzas; the above are the last two.

236 C. M.

HOW large the promise, how divine,
To Abrah'm and his seed!
"I am a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the cov'nant proves
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great father given;
He takes our children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 O God, how faithful are thy ways!
Thy love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of thy grace
Blots out our children's name.

Isaac Watts.

"*Abraham's Blessing on the Gentiles*" is the author's title of this hymn, which is frequently sung at the baptism of infants. From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707.

---

237 C. M.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms:
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Philip Doddridge.

This hymn, on "*Christ's Condescending Regard to Little Children*," is frequently sung at the baptism of infants. It is based on Mark x. 14: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." Two stanzas are omitted:

Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face,
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust,
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
While weeping o'er their dust.

From the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

---

238 C. M.

THUS Lydia sanctified her house,
When she received the word;
Thus the believing jailer gave
His household to the Lord.

2 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace:
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

Isaac Watts.

"*Children Devoted to God. (For those who practise Infant Baptism)*"—is the heading of this fragment of a hymn in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. The first two stanzas are omitted:

1 Thus saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abra'm believed the promised grace
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now
That once was sealed with blood.

---

4. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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239 C. M.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life, are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

4 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

Philip Doddridge.

Original title: "*Room at the Gospel Feast.*" Text, Luke xiv. 22: "And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room." In the first stanza "dainties" has been changed to "blessings." Two stanzas are omitted:

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come:
Come from the hedges and highways,
And grace shall find you room.

5 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the wide assembling world
O'erfill the spacious room.

---

240 C. M.

IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 O shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe!

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed,—
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O mem'ry, leave no other name
But His recorded there!

Gerard Thomas Noel.

This is from the author's *Selection of Psalms and Hymns*, of which several editions were published (1820–1838), though the hymn appeared as early as 1812 at the conclusion of "*Arvendel; or, Sketches in Italy and Switzerland.*" "*This do in remembrance of me*" is the original title, as well as its Scripture basis.

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241 C. M.

THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good:
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,
Who blessed us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own blood the seal.

Isaac Watts.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. Author's title: "*The New Testament in the Blood of Christ is the New Covenant Sealed.*" The third and fourth stanzas of the original are omitted:

3 Thy light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers, are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.

---

242 C. M.

JESUS, at whose supreme command
We now approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
Thy vesture dipped in blood.

2 The tokens of thy dying love
O let us all receive,
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
And sensibly believe!

3 The living bread sent down from heaven
In us vouchsafe to be;
Thy flesh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

4 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our souls are filled below
With all the life of God.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745, where it has eight stanzas. The above are the first, fourth, seventh, and eighth. This hymn comes in the class of hymns headed, "*The Sacrament as it is a Sign and Means of Grace.*" (See note under No. 244.)

243 C. M.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be:
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and mem'ry flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

James Montgomery.

This hymn, which is one of the most beautiful and appropriate of those designed for communion services, is based on Luke xxii. 19: "This do in remembrance of me." "No Christian," says Nutter, "can carefully read this excellent hymn without profit. It is well calculated to stir the heart of the believer." From the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

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244 L. M.

AUTHOR of our salvation, thee,
With lowly, thankful hearts, we praise,
Author of this great mystery,
Figure and means of saving grace.

2 The sacred, true, effectual sign,
Thy body and thy blood it shows;
The glorious instrument divine
Thy mercy and thy strength bestows.

3 We see the blood that seals our peace;
Thy pard'ning mercy we receive;
The bread doth visibly express
The strength through which our spirits live.

4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,
And eat the bread so freely given,
Till, borne on eagles' wings, we fly,
And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745, which has 166 hymns arranged under six general topics as follows:

I. As it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death of Christ, (27 hymns.)

II. As it is a Sign and a means of Grace, (65 hymns.)

III. The Sacrament a Pledge of Heaven, (23 hymns.)

IV. The Holy Eucharist as it Implies a Sacrifice, (12 hymns.)

V. Concerning the Sacrifice of our Persons, (30 hymns.)

VI. After the Sacrament, (9 hymns.)

The above hymn is the first under the second of these heads. This arrangement of the hymns was adopted by Wesley to make them conform to his introduction, or preface, which is a treatise by Dr. Brevint on the Lord's Supper. Dr. Brevint was an eminent French-English divine, born in England, educated partly at the French Protestant University at Saumur and partly at Oxford; became pastor of a French Protestant congregation in Normandy, and later chaplain to the famous Marshal Turenne at Paris; returned to England in 1661, and died as Dean of Lincoln in 1695. "During his residence in Paris the Princesses of Turenne and Bouillon expressed a desire to see the great subject of the Holy Communion treated in a practical and devotional manner, rather than with a view to those doctrinal questions to which it has given rise. 'Jerusalem,' they said, in language most natural to persons in their position, 'is so flanked about with bastions that the temple can hardly be seen.' In compliance with their wish this work was written by way of discourse, meditation, and prayer, but 'taking no notice of contending parties, any more than if they had never appeared.'" This devotional and spiritual treatise seems to have had much to do with inspiring Charles Wesley's hymns on the Lord's Supper; and he was so much pleased with it that he printed it as an introduction to his volume of hymns on this subject. It has been recently claimed by the Ritualistic party in the Church of England that many of Charles Wesley's hymns favor their peculiar doctrine concerning the "Real Presence" in the Lord's Supper; to which it may be replied that if any of his hymns seem to favor their intensely ritualistic notions, such an interpretation of them is inconsistent with the

plain evangelical teachings of all the rest of his sacramental hymns. But Rev. Dr. Rigg, an eminent Wesleyan divine, has undertaken to show, in an article in the *London Quarterly Review* (July, 1868), that the teaching, preaching, and poetry of both John and Charles Wesley were "*thoroughly* evangelical and spiritual" *only after* 1745, and from then on to the end of their lives.

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245 C. M.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his dying breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we have met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
"For me, he died for me!"

3 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We eat the bread, and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, "Hosanna to the Lamb!
The Lamb that died for me!"

Joseph Hart.

From the *Supplement of Hart's Hymns*, 1762. In verse one the author wrote "*latest* breath" instead of "*dying* breath;" and the first line of verse two, "To keep *thy* feast, Lord, *are we* met."

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246 S. M.

LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the paschal Lamb.

2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice.

3 Who thus our faith employ
His suff'rings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord;

4 As though we every one
Beneath his cross had stood,
And seen him heave, and heard him groan,
And felt his gushing blood.

5 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise:
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745, being the fourth hymn under the first sub-division, titled, "*The Lord's Supper as it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death of Christ.*" (See note under No. 244.) The original is in four double stanzas. The second half of the first and the second and the first half of the fourth are omitted:

1 Our Passover was slain
At Salem's hallowed place,
Yet we who in our tents remain
Shall gain his largest grace.

2 By faith his flesh we eat,
Who here his passion show,
And God, out of his holy seat,
Shall all his gifts bestow.

4 O God! 't is finished now!
The mortal pang is past!
By faith his head we see him bow,
And hear him breathe his last.

---

247 S. M.

JESUS, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word;
Here in thine own appointed way
We come to meet our Lord.

2 The way thou hast enjoined,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

3 Our hearts we open wide
To make the Saviour room;
And lo! the Lamb, the Crucified,
The sinner's Friend, is come.

4 His presence makes the feast;
And now our bosoms feel
The glory not to be expressed,
The joy unspeakable.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745, where it appears under the second head (see note under hymn No. 244), "*The Lord's Supper as it is a Sign and a Means of Grace.*" The above are the first two of four double stanzas. Omitted:

3 With pure celestial bliss
He doth our spirits cheer;
His house of banqueting is this,
And he hath brought us here.
He doth his servants feed
With manna from above,
His banner over us is spread,
His everlasting love.

4 He bids us drink and eat
Imperishable food,
He gives his flesh to be our meat,
And bids us drink his blood.
Whate'er th' Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fullness of our God made man,
We here with Christ receive.

---

248 8s, 7s. D.

COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All his suff'rings for mankind:
True recorder of his passion,
Now the living faith impart
Now reveal his great salvation,
Preach his gospel to our heart.

2 Come, thou witness of his dying;
Come, remembrancer divine;
Let us feel thy power applying
Christ to every soul and mine:
Let us groan thine inward groaning,
Look on Him we pierced, and grieve,
All receive the grace atoning,
All the sprinkled blood receive.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745, under sub-division headed "*The Lord's Supper as it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death of Christ.*" (See note under No. 244.)

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249 7s.

JESUS, all-redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word,
In thine ordinance appear,
Come and meet thy foll'wers here.

2 In the rite thou hast enjoined
Let us now our Saviour find;
Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare;
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show thyself the Crucified!

4 All the power of sin remove;
Fill us with thy perfect love;
Stamp us with the stamp divine;
Seal our souls for ever thine.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745. In verse one "*dear*, redeeming" has been changed to "*all*-redeeming." This hymn comes among those headed "*The Lord's Supper as it is a Sign and a Means of Grace.*" (See note under No. 244.) "Appropriate sacramental hymns, neither too frigid on the one hand, nor too sentimental on the other, are rare indeed. This is one of the few." (Nutter.)

---

250 7s, 6s & 8s.

LAMB of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us, who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray;
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745—among those headed "*The Lord's Supper as it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death of Christ.*" (See note under No. 244.) In the first verse "bleeding" has been changed to "dying," and "thus" to "now." The third and fourth double stanzas have been omitted:

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal:
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

4 Never will we hence depart
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give:
Still our souls shall cry to thee
Till perfected in holiness:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

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251 S. M.

O WHAT a taste is this
Which now in Christ we know,
An earnest of our glorious bliss,
Our heaven begun below!

2 When he the table spreads,
How royal is the cheer!
With rapture we lift up our heads,
And own that God is here.

3 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who died to die no more,
Let all the ransom'd sons of men,
With all his hosts adore.

4 Let earth and heaven be joined,
His glories to display,
And hymn the Saviour of mankind
In one eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745—among those to be sung "*After the Sacrament.*" The first and third double stanzas are omitted. The original hymn begins "All praise to God above." (See note under No. 244.)

---

252 7s.

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love.

4 Hear; for thou, O Christ, alone,
Art with thy great Father one;
One the Holy Ghost with thee;
One supreme, eternal THREE.

Charles Wesley.

From the first edition (1739) of *Hymns and Sacred Poems.* Title: "*Glory be to God on High.*" It is a paraphrase of the *Gloria in Excelsis* in the sacramental service. Instead of the second line of verse four the author wrote: "With thy glorious Sire art One!" Three verses are omitted:

4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement, thou!
Jesus, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our sins away!

6 Powerful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement, thou!

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5. THE SABBATH.

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253 S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day:
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day within the place
Which thou dost, Lord, frequent,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
In sinful pleasures spent.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*The Lord's Day; or, Delight in Ordinances.*" From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. The original of the third stanza is:

One day *amidst* the place
Where my dear God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

---

254 C. M.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

Harriet Auber.

Based on Ps. cxxii.: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. . . . Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together: whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord. . . . Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee." It is from *The Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829. In verse two, line two, the author wrote, "*Where willing votaries* throng," and in line four "*choral* song;" and in verse four, line three, "*grateful* zeal."

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255 C. M.

THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the Blest,
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was displayed,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from naught;
'Twas greater to redeem.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

Title: "*On the Sabbath Day.*" It is especially appropriate for an Easter Sabbath. It is in John Wesley's *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1741. It is in the second edition of the author's *Poems*, 1743 (a copy of which is in the writer's possession), and probably appeared in the first edition, 1736.

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256 C. M.

COME, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne!
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called his own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.

4 Not one, but all our days below,
Let us in hymns employ;
And in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Hymns for Children*, 1763.

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257 L. M.

ANOTHER six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

Joseph Stennett.

The original of this hymn contains fourteen stanzas, of which the above are the first, tenth, eleventh, and thirteenth. The author was pastor of a Seventh-day Baptist Church; but there is nothing in this hymn to render it inapplicable to the first day of the week. This hymn, along with many others, is found in the author's *Collected Works*, published in 1732.

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258 L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 Then shall I share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

"*A Psalm for the Lord's Day*" is the author's title to this beautiful hymn, which is a metrical version to the first part of the ninety-second Psalm. Date, 1719. The following stanzas of the original are omitted:

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high:
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

6 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

---

259 7s. 6 l.

SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name;
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

John Newton.

The author's title to this hymn is "*Saturday Evening.*" Several verbal changes have been made to adapt it to Sabbath service. The second stanza is omitted:

2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Through the week our praise demand;
Guarded by Almighty power,
Fed and guided by his hand;
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.

260 H. M.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return:
Lord, make these moments blest:
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne with grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quick'ning word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

J. Hayward.

This hymn was published in *Dobell's Collection* in 1806, with the name "Hayward" attached. The author is unknown. In 1817 a volume was published, entitled "*Cases of Conscience Answered.* By J. Pike and J. Hayward." It is a mere conjecture that the two are the same.

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261 C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne!

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*Hosanna; the Lord's Day; or, Christ's Resurrection and our Salvation.*" It is based on Ps. cxviii. 24: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." From the *Psalms of David*, 1719. The last two verses are omitted:

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace,
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

---

262 C. M.

MAY I throughout this day of thine
Be in thy Spirit, Lord:
Spirit of humble fear divine,
That trembles at thy word;

2 Spirit of faith, my heart to raise,
And fix on things above;
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. It is based on Rev. i. 10: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."

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263 L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone!
Let my religious hours alone:
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, Jesus Saviour, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Enjoyment of Christ; or, Delight in Worship,*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. In verse two, line three, "*my dear* Jesus" is changed to "Jesus Saviour." Three verses omitted:

3 The trees of life immortal stand
In flourishing rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs by thy side
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
And spread a table of thy grace,
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

This hymn is characterized by terms of endearment that remind one of the hymns of Bernard of Clairvaux.

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264 L. M.

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

Philip Doddridge.

This hymn on "*The Eternal Sabbath*" was written to be sung at the close of a sermon preached June 2, 1736, on Heb. iv. 9: "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." In the second stanza "groans" has been changed to "sighs." The first stanza of the original has been omitted:

1 Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house,
And own as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

From the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

---

265 7s.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

3 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

Samuel Francis Smith.

This hymn was written in 1832, and was contributed by the author, along with several others, to the *Psalmist*, a Baptist collection, published in 1843. Two stanzas omitted:

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

---

266 10s.

SAVIOUR! again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton.

This hymn was written in 1866 for a "Festival of Parochial choirs at Nantwich, Cheshire, England." It is found in the *Appendix to Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1868.

SECTION V.

THE GOSPEL CALL.

267 H. M.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption through his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of Charles Wesley's finest hymns. It is on his favorite theme—an unlimited atonement for sinners, who are nowhere exhorted more tenderly and earnestly to return than in this hymn. "*The Year of Jubilee*" is its title. It is one of the author's seven *Hymns for New-Year's Day*, 1750. Strangely enough, it has been sometimes attributed to Toplady, who was born in 1740. It is based on Lev. xxv. 9-10: "Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth day of the seventh month, in the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land. And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family."

---

268 L. M.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word!
Haste to the supper of my Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son:
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love
Just now your hardness to remove;
T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host:
All heaven is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive! the lost is found!"

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It contains ten stanzas, the last five being contained in the next hymn. It is based on Luke xiv. 17: "Come; for all things are now ready." There are allusions to the prodigal son in the second and fifth verses. In verse five the author wrote "*Is* ready" instead of "*Are* ready." "A present salvation for every penitent sinner is the poet's theme, and he represents the whole three Persons in the Trinity as waiting to welcome sinners to the Saviour. There is a detailed pathos and simplicity in the hymn, which gives much beauty to the poetry."

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269 L. M.

COME, O ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restored;
His proffered benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace:

2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favor and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence;

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart;
The tears that tell your sins forgiven;
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven;

4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress;
Th' unutterable tenderness;
The genuine, meek humility;
The wonder, "Why such love to me?"

5 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love.

Charles Wesley.

Continuation of the preceding hymn. In the first line "then" has been changed to "O."

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270 L. M.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest:
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'rers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice!
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace!

Charles Wesley.

"*The Great Supper*" is the title to this magnificent hymn of invitation and welcome to the sinner. It is based on Luke xiv. 16–24. It was first published in 1747 in the author's *Hymns for those that Seek and those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*. The original has twenty-four stanzas. In 1842 Mr. James Nichols printed an edition of this hymn with notes from the author's manuscript.

In July, 1790, Jesse Lee preached the first Methodist sermon ever delivered in Boston, Mass. Having spent a week trying to find a place to preach at, but finding all places of worship closed against him and his Methodist Arminian "heresy," he concluded to preach in the open air on the Common. He borrowed a table from some one living near by, and placing it under the shade of the famous Old Elm located near the center of the Common, he mounted it, and, with an audience of only five persons, began singing:

> Come, sinners, to the gospel feast;
> Let *every one* be Jesus' guest:
> Ye need *not one* be left behind,
> For God hath bidden *all mankind*.

He sung the whole hymn through—nor could any thing be more fitting for the introduction of Methodism into new soil, for it is a hymn that is full of the central doctrine of Wesleyan theology—an unlimited atonement. They had never heard such hymns and such preaching in Calvinistic New England before. Before he had finished his sermon he had an audience of nearly three thousand, and on the succeeding Sabbath an even larger number. In 1876, we may add, this historic old elm-tree was blown down in a severe storm. The Methodist preachers of the city resolved to have a large arm-chair made of some of the wood of the tree, to be preserved as a memorial of the introduction of Methodism into Boston. On the day of its presentation to the Preachers' Meeting (in 1879) an able and interesting historical paper was read by Dr. (since Bishop) Mallalieu, and an historical poem by Dr. Studley.

271 L. M.

HO! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call:
Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.

3 See from the rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all ye have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

Charles Wesley.

These are the first four of the thirty-one stanzas which constitute the author's paraphrase of the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah. The first verse furnished the basis for the above stanzas: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." It is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. In the Methodist Episcopal Hymnal it is accredited to John Wesley. Previous to 1749 the two brothers published most of their volumes of hymns conjointly, and agreed not to distinguish their hymns as to authorship; but after this date nearly all the hymn-books issued bore the name of Charles Wesley alone.

272 L. M.

O DO not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time; O then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

4 Our blessèd Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun:
Thou wouldst be saved; why not to-night?

Elizabeth Holmes Reed.

This pleading hymn of invitation to sinners is a sermon in itself, and is well suited to revival occasions. It was written in 1825.

273 8s, 7s, & 4.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

Joseph Hart.

"*Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns*, 1759. This is one of the tenderest invitation hymns ever written. It has sung many a sinner to the foot of the cross. In the first verse the author wrote "wretched" instead of "needy," and "*joined with* power" instead of "*love and* power;" in verse four "broken" instead of "mangled;" and in verse five "View him grov'ling" instead of "Agonizing."

This hymn was written under the inspiration of a somewhat remarkable religious experience. The author in early manhood had led a religious life, but fell a victim to temptation and soon gained an unenviable notoriety for wickedness. He had received a liberal education, the strength of which he now directed against the Christian religion by publishing books of a pernicious tendency, among them one titled, *The Unreasonableness of Religion*. But in spite of this he suffered terrible compunctions of conscience and inward tortures, which destroyed his peace and led at length to his conversion. "I was," said he, "in an abominable state, a loose backslider and an audacious apostate. . . . But the week before Easter, 1757, I had such an amazing view of the agony of Christ in the garden as I know not how well to describe. I was lost in wonder and adoration, and the impression was too deep, I believe, ever to be obliterated. I believe that no one can know any thing of the sufferings of Jesus but by the Holy Ghost." (See especially the fifth verse.) Under this spiritual revelation of the sufferings of Christ and a profound sense of the pardoning love and mercy of a crucified Saviour he wrote the above tender hymn of invitation to contrite and penitent sinners. Only one who had experienced a deep sense of sin and unworthiness and also of God's pardoning love could write such a hymn.

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274 11s.

O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare:
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

Josiah Hopkins.

This hymn is in Vol. I. of the *Christian Lyre*, 1830. It has there six stanzas. The author's name is not attached to this piece, as it is to several others in the same work. This fact has caused some to doubt the above authorship, but it is almost universally accredited to Hopkins. The first line is a quotation from Ezekiel xxxiii. 11.

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275 11s.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:

Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

Thomas Hastings.

From the author's *Spiritual Songs for Social Worship*, 1831. One stanza of the original is omitted:

5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand:
What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its aid!

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276 12s.

THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a fountain:
For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows most freely, in streams of salvation."
Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchased our pardon!
We will praise him again when we pass over Jordan.

2 Now glory to God in the highest is given;
Now glory to God is re-echoed in heaven;
Around the whole earth let us tell the glad story,
And sing of his love, his salvation and glory.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 O Jesus, ride on,—thy kingdom is glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, thou wilt make us victorious:
Thy name shall be praised in the great congregation,
And saints shall ascribe unto thee their salvation.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gained the blest shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will praise evermore:
We'll range the blest fields on the banks of the river,
And sing of redemption forever and ever.
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

Richard Burdsall.

The author of this hymn was a useful and laborious local preacher in the Wesleyan Connection. The hymn first appeared (so far as is now known) in 1797 appended to *Memoirs of the Life of Richard Burdsall, showing the Mercy of God in Christ Jesus to a sinner, and containing his Testimony to the Truths he has received: Written by himself.* The hymn, as there published, begins, "Now Christ he is risen, the Serpent's head bruised." After undergoing some alterations and modifications, it became very popular. It appeared in very nearly its present form in a *Leeds Prayer-Meeting Hymn-Book*, 1799, beginning, as in the above form, with its second stanza. It seems first to have appeared in America in *The Lord's Songs*, compiled by Rev. Joshua Spaulding, and published in 1805, at Salem, Mass.

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277 C. M.

COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,—
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps he may admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

7 But, if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

Edmund Jones.

Title: "*The Successful Resolve.*" Based on Esther iv. 16: "And so I will go in unto the king, which is not according to the law: and if I perish, I perish." Also v. 2: "And it was so, when the king saw Esther the queen standing in the court, that she obtained favor in his sight; and the king held out to Esther the golden sceptre that was in his hand."

Of all the invitation hymns used in the revivals of the Methodist Church of America for the past century this has perhaps been the most popular and useful. No hymn has perhaps been sung so often as this immediately following the earnest exhortation and invitation to sinners with which Methodist preachers have been wont to close their sermons. If the history of this hymn could be fully written, it would not be surprising if it were found that more sinners had been induced to arise and go to the altar for prayer under the singing of this than of any other one hymn in the Hymn Book. As sung to the *old* tunes, Fairfield and Tennessee (both of which are given in the Tune Book), it has brought to tears and to repentance—and to the penitent's altar—many a soul convicted of sin.

It has been objected that the "perhaps" of the fourth and fifth verses is misleading and false, as there is no "perhaps" about God's saving the true penitent. But the hymn is strictly true to nature in that it describes the thoughts and feelings of the penitent, or at least of many penitents, in approaching the altar and seeking the forgiveness of sins. It is not the language of God, or of the preacher, but of a half-trusting penitent that is here introduced.

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278 C. M.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
O stay not back, though fear alarms,
For yet there still is room.

3 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love,
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above!

4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstacies unknown.

5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come:
Ye happy souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

Anne Steele.

This "*Invitation to the Feast*" is from the author's *Poems on Subjects chiefly Devotional*, 1760. Based on Luke xiv. 22: "And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room."

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279 C. M.

LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,—

3 Eternal Wisdom hath prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation, in abundance, flows
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*The Invitation of the Gospel; or, Spiritual Food and Clothing.*" From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. Based on Isaiah lv. 1-3: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend

money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."

The sixth, seventh, and eighth stanzas of the original are omitted.

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280 C. M.

IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrives and, trembling, waits
Its summons to the tomb,—

2 Remember thy Creator now;
For him thy powers employ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, and joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy youth
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the coast
Of blest eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth;
This earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

Thomas Gibbons.

From the author's *Hymns*, 1769. Based on Eccl. xii. 1: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

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281 7s & 6s.

DROOPING souls, no longer mourn,
Jesus still is precious;
If to him you now return,
Heaven will be propitious:
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling wanderers near him;
Drooping souls, you need not die,
Go to him and hear him!

2 He has pardons, full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden;
Still he cries—"Come unto me,
Weary, heavy-laden!"
Though your sins, like mountains high,
Rise, and reach to heaven,
Soon as you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
Dear to all that love him;
He to save the dying came;—
Go to him and prove him!
Wandering sinners, now return;
Contrite souls, believe him!
Jesus calls you, cease to mourn:
Worship him; receive him.

Thomas Hastings.

One of the six hundred hymns written by the author, who was even more distinguished as a composer of church music than as a hymn-writer, and who, along with Dr. Mason, has been called the real founder of the church psalmody now prevailing in America. He is perhaps best known as the author of "Toplady," the popular tune to "Rock of ages."

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282 S. M.

THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face,
And, smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

4 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offered grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Law and Gospel Joined in Scripture*" is the title of this hymn in *Spiritual Hymns and Songs*, 1707. Three inferior stanzas are omitted.

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283 C. M.

THE Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey:
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

Anne Steele.

From the author's *Poems*, 1760. It is based on John vii. 37: "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink."

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284 C. M.

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far:
O think before thou die.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save;
Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
How stands that dark account?

3 Death enters, and there's no defense;
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence;
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction stops not there:
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

Joseph Hart.

"*Death*" is the title of this hymn in the *Supplement of Hart's Hymns*, 1762. In verse four, line two, the author wrote, "Shall *crawling worms* consume." Two stanzas are omitted:

5 To-day the gospel calls, to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you;
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue:

6 Rich mercy, dearly bought with blood,
How vile soe'er he be;
Abundant pardon, peace with God,
All given entirely free.

285 7s. 6 l.

WEARY souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given;
Ye may now be happy too;
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

Charles Wesley.

"*The Invitation*" is the title of this in the author's *Redemption Hymns*, 1747. The last stanza is omitted:

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's primeval promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity!

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286 7s. D.

WHAT could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to life invite?
Would he ask, beseech, and cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

2 Sinners, turn, while God is near;
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be;
No, ye will not come to me—
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will ye resolve to die?"

3 Can ye doubt if God is love,
If to all his bowels move?
Will ye not his *word* receive?
Will ye not his OATH believe?
See, the suff'ring God appears;
Jesus weeps; believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
"Why will ye resolve to die?"

Charles Wesley.

From a poem of sixteen double stanzas in *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741. The first three stanzas of the original are given in No. 288. The stanzas given above are parts of the tenth and fourteenth, and all of the fifteenth and sixteenth. In verse one, line seven, the author wrote "obtest" instead of "beseech." Based on Ezek. xviii. 31: "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

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287 7s. D.

COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All who groan beneath your load;
Jesus calls his wand'rers home;
Hasten to your pard'ning God.
Come, ye guilty souls, oppressed,
Answer to the Saviour's call:
"Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and I will save you all."

2 Burdened with a world of grief,
Burdened with our sinful load,
Burdened with this unbelief,
Burdened with the wrath of God;
Lo! we come to thee for ease,
True and gracious as thou art;
Now our groaning souls release,
Write forgiveness on our heart.

Charles Wesley.

From *Redemption Hymns*, 1747. Omitted:

2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest word obey;
Faithful let thy mercies prove;
Take our load of guilt away:
Now the promised rest bestow,
Rest from servitude severe,
Rest from all our toil and woe,
Rest from all our grief and fear.

3 Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life;
Fain we would on thee rely,
Cast on thee our sin and care,
To thy arms of mercy fly,
Find our lasting quiet there.

288 7s. D.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why!
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live:
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why!
God, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live:
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why!
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

Charles Wesley.

The first three stanzas of a poem of sixteen stanzas in *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741. It is based on Ezek. xviii. 31: "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?" (See No. 286.)

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289 7s.

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is she to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;

Lest the curse should thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

Thomas Scott.

Title: "*Delay.*" From author's *Lyric Poems, Devotional and Moral*, 1773. In verse one, line three, the author wrote, "*Longer wisdom you despise.*"

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290 7s.

WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O, where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O, where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer;
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

Samuel Francis Smith.

This hymn was written in 1832 while the author, who is a Baptist minister, was a student at Andover Theological Seminary.

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291 L. M.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and bleeding hands—
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a Friend indeed?
He will; the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn;
His feet departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.

Joseph Grigg.

This is from a tract published anonymously by the author in 1765, with the title: "*Four Hymns on Divine Subjects, wherein the Patience and Love of our Divine Saviour is displayed.*" It is based on Rev. iii. 20: "Behold I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Another popular hymn by the same author, beginning, "Jesus, and shall it ever be?" was written when he was only ten years of age.

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292 L. M.

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. by *Jane Borthwick.*

This translation is found in *Hymns from the Land of Luther* (1854), of which Miss Borthwick was one of the editors. It has been considerably changed, and the fifth verse is omitted. The German original is from Tersteegen's *Spiritual Flower-Garden* (1731). The author was a pious mystic.

At the age of twenty-seven he wrote, in his own blood, a dedication of himself to God, in which he says: "God graciously called me out of the world and granted me the desire to belong to him and to be willing to follow him. I long for an eternity that I may suitably glorify him for it."

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293 L. M.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

William Bengo Collyer.

Original title: "*The Backslider.*" Based on Jeremiah xxxi. 20, and also on the parable of the prodigal son. It was first published in the *Evangelical Magazine* for May, 1806. It has six stanzas as there published. It is also found in Collyer's *Hymns* (1812). The third stanza of the original is:

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
He heard thy deep repentant sigh,
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.

This hymn has been changed to a Common Meter in many of the hymnals.

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294 11s, 10s.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come, and at God's altar fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

3 Go, ask the infidel what boon he brings us,
What charm for aching hearts *he* can reveal,
Sweet as the heavenly promise hope sings us,
"Earth has no sorrow that God cannot heal."

Thomas Moore.

We can hardly realize that any other than a sincere Christian could write lines so well adapted to bring heavenly comfort to sorrowing hearts as these. But the life of the gifted Irish poet, who was the author of this and another of our sweetest and tenderest hymns ("O thou who driest the mourner's tear"), was far from that of a Christian. This is from the author's *Sacred Songs* (1816). The "and" found in the second line of the first stanza is not in the original. In the second stanza the author wrote, "Hope, *when all others die*, fadeless and pure." In the same strain is another short song by the author:

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of Joy, the tears of Woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven!

"And false the light on Glory's plume,
As fading hues of Even;
And Love and Hope and Beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

"Poor wand'rers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven!"

---

295 C. M.

COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise;
To him, with joyful voices, give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart:
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove:
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

From a hymn of fourteen stanzas in the author's *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741, being the first and last three stanzas, unaltered.

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296 C. M.

REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
No longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 The summons goes through all the earth;
Let earth attend and fear;
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear.

3 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

Philip Doddridge.

From the author's *Hymns*, 1755. It is based on Acts xvii. 30, 31: "And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained: whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." Author's title: "*God's Command to all Men to Repent.*"

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297 C. M.

SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sacred word
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell:
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal woe.

5 But he that turns to God shall live
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the scepter of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

John Fawcett.

This is from the author's *Hymns* (1782). It is based on Isaiah lv. 7: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." In the last line of verse four the author wrote "immortal" instead of "eternal." The last stanza of the original is omitted:

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts,
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

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298 S. M.

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's gentle voice,
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

Philip Doddridge.

"*The Final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked*" is the title of this hymn, which is based on Matt. xxv. 41: "Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Omitted stanzas:

2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound,
And through the millions of the damn'd
Spread black despair around?—

3 Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel-angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came.

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

From the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

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299 S. M.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand,
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O! make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thine almighty power
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O! be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

Philip Doddridge.

This hymn, on "*The Vanity of Worldly Schemes Inferred from the Uncertainty of Life*," is based on James iv. 14: "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." From the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

300 L. M.

WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

Timothy Dwight.

From Dr. Dwight's edition of *Watts's Psalms*, 1800, where it bears the title, "*Life the Only Accepted Time*," and is given as part third of the eighty-eighth Psalm. The last two stanzas of the original are omitted here:

5 No wonders to the dead are shown,
(The wonders of redeeming love;)
No voice his glorious truth makes known,
Nor sings the bliss of climes above.

6 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
In these forgetful realms appear;
Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
And hope shall never enter there.

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301 L. M.

ARISE, my tend'rest thoughts, arise;
To torrents melt, my streaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals poured on Jesus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son,
The world abused, the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night,
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My spirit yearns o'er dying men;

And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

Philip Doddridge.

Title: "*Beholding Transgressions with Grief.*" Based on Ps. cxix. 136 and 158: "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law;" "I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved; because they kept not thy word." "My *spirit* yearns" (verse four) is in the original hymn, "My *bowels* yearn." From the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

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302 C. M.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
Our inmost thoughts perceive,
Accept the evening sacrifice
Which now to thee we give.

2 We bow before thy gracious throne,
And think ourselves sincere;
But show us, Lord, is every one
Thy real worshiper?

3 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
Nor feels his want of thee;
A stranger to the blood which bought
His pardon on the tree?

4 Convince him now of unbelief,
His desp'rate state explain;
And fill his heart with sacred grief,
And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice that wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise,
And bid his guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Hymns for the Use of Families*, 1767. In verse four, line three, the author wrote. "And fill his *careless heart with* grief." Omitted stanzas:

6 Extort the cry, What must be done
To save a wretch like me?
How shall a trembling sinner shun
That endless misery?

7 I must this instant now begin
Out of my sleep to wake,
And turn to God, and every sin
Continually forsake.

8 I must for faith incessant cry,
And wrestle, Lord, with thee;
I must be born again, or die
To all eternity!

---

303 C. M.

WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found:

2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath—
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God, to reclaim it, did not spare
His well-belovèd Son;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all in one.

4 The Holy Spirit sealed the plan,
And pledged the blood divine,
To ransom every soul of man—
That price was paid for mine.

5 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

6 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

James Montgomery.

This hymn is based on Mark viii. 36, 37: "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" It is a thoroughly scriptural and an unusually comprehensive hymn. Few hymns set forth in so brief a space so many cardinal truths concerning the way of salvation. It is strange that so valuable a hymn as this should have found a place in no other modern Church collection but this.

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304 C. M.

COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

3 Impov'rish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

4 That blessèd sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

5 Our desp'rate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, where it is titled: "*Written before Preaching at Portland.*" The chief occupation of the inhabitants of Portland is working in the stone quarries, and the hymn was written especially to arrest their attention, being based on Jer. xxiii. 29: "Is not my word . . . like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" In verse two, line one, the author wrote "*Conclude* us first *in* unbelief;" and in verse four, line two, "And *make us feel our* load." Omitted:

2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn!
And turn at once from every sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

---

305 C. M.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Display thy saving power;
Thy mercy let these outcasts find,
And know their gracious hour.

2 Ah! give them, Lord, a longer space,
Nor suddenly consume;
But let them take the proffered grace,
And flee the wrath to come.

3 O wouldst thou cast a pitying look,
All goodness as thou art,
Like that which faithless Peter's broke,
On every stony heart!

4 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
And crucified afresh,
Touch with thine all-victorious blood,
And turn the stone to flesh.

5 Open their eyes thy cross to see,
Their ears to hear thy cries:
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
For thee he weeps and dies.

6 All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive;
And shows his wounds, and spreads his hands,
And bids you turn and live.

Charles Wesley.

This is from *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution*, 1744, by John and Charles Wesley. The original contains twelve stanzas. In verse five, lines one and two, the author wrote:

"Open their eyes *and ears*, to see
Thy cross, to hear thy cries."

At the time this hymn was written the Wesleys and their co-laborers were subjected to severe persecution, the leaders of which were the "outcasts" alluded to in verse one.

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306 C. M.

JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear:
Come, then, and in thy people's eyes,
With all thy wounds appear!

4 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

5 Ready thou art the blood t' apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffered this for you!"

Charles Wesley.

"*Before Preaching to the Colliers in Leicestershire*" is the title this hymn bears in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. The original contains eighteen stanzas. In verse four, line one, the author wrote "stony" instead of "hardness."

307 C. M.

JESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak:
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow th' aspiring Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretense
To perish in despair.

4 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come;
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

Isaac Watts.

This hymn is accredited to Watts in the former edition of the Hymn Book; but a careful examination of Watts's collected hymns fails to discover this among them. It is, however, in Watts's style. It is not found in any other Church collection of hymns.

SECTION VI.

PENITENTIAL EXERCISES.

308 C. P. M.

AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,
To thee who wouldst not have me die,
But know the truth and live:
Open mine eyes to see thy face,
Work in my heart the saving grace,
The life eternal give.

2 Shut up in unbelief I groan,
And blindly serve a God unknown,
Till thou the veil remove:
The gift unspeakable impart,
And write thy name upon my heart,
And manifest thy love.

3 I know the grace is only thine,
The gift of faith is all divine;
But, if on thee we call,
Thou wilt the benefit bestow,
And give us hearts to feel and know
That thou hast died for ALL.

4 Be it according to thy word;
Now let me find my pard'ning Lord;
Let what I ask be given:
The bar of unbelief remove,
Open the door of faith and love,
And take me into heaven!

Charles Wesley.

"*For One Convinced of Unbelief*" is the title of this hymn. It is the first of six hymns which are printed at the end of a small tract entitled, *A Short View of the Differences between the Moravian Brethren in England and J. and C. Wesley*, 1745. It is printed also in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. In the latter portion of the hymn the poet plainly states what is the gospel plan of salvation, in contradistinction to the errors then taught by some of the Moravians. In the fourth line of the third verse "wouldst" has been changed to "wilt." The fourth stanza of the original is omitted above:

4 Thou bidd'st us knock and enter in,
Come unto thee, and rest from sin,
The blessing seek and find:
Thou bidd'st us ask thy grace, and have;
Thou canst, thou wouldst, this moment save
Both me and all mankind.

309 L. M.

JESUS, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the throne of love,
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,
If thou the secret wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,—
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.

2 O sovereign Love, to thee I cry!
Give me thyself, or else I die!
Save me from death; from hell set free!
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.
Quickened by thy imparted flame;
Saved, when possessed of thee, I am:
My life, my only heaven thou art;
O might I feel thee in my heart!

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. In the first edition the title to this piece was "*Blessed are They that Mourn.*" In all subsequent editions it was "*Try Me, O God, and Seek the Ground of My Heart.*" Ps. cxxxiv. 23. This quotation is from the Prayer-Book version. The original hymn contains five double stanzas. This is composed of the first and fifth. In the first line Charles Wesley wrote:

"Jesus, my *great High Priest* above."

When this hymn first appeared the last line read, "And, lo! I feel thee in my heart!" This the author changed in the second and third editions to "When shall I feel thee in my heart." That above was his third and final diction.

310 L. M.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts.

"*A Sinner Pleading for Pardon*" is the title of this hymn in the author's metrical version of the fifty-first Psalm, which consists of three parts. This is part one, unaltered and entire. It is based on verses 1–4: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest." The three parts should be studied in connection with each other and in connection with the psalm upon which it is based—the most tender and pathetic of all the penitential psalms. Thus part one is titled "*A Sinner Pleading for Pardon;*" part two (beginning "Lord, we are vile," etc.), "*Original and Actual Sin Confessed;*" and part three (beginning "A broken heart, my God, my King"), "*The Backslider Restored; or, Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.*" From the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719. As sung to the old tune called "Devotion" (or "The Penitent") it is perhaps the most tender, pathetic, and heart-searching of all the penitential hymns.

311 C. M.

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hopes of joys above!
How few affections there!

3 Great God, thy sovereign aid impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

4 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high,
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

Isaac Watts.

"*Unfruitfulness, Ignorance and Unsanctified Affections*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. The second and third stanzas of the original are omitted above.

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!

3 My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!

---

312 C. M.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure, never to my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt, and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die, that thou mayst live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

John Newton.

"*Looking at the Cross*" is the title given by the author to this hymn in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. It is genuinely autobiographic. The story of his sin and infidelity, and his subsequent conversion in a storm at sea—when he, at first conscience-smitten and affrighted as he thought of "those awful passages of Scripture," then suddenly "remembered Jesus whom he had so often reviled"—is a necessary preparation to the study of this hymn. Two stanzas, the fifth and the eighth of the original, are omitted above:

5 Alas! I knew not what I did!
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain!

8 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
My spirit now is filled;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I killed.

Newton wrote his own epitaph, which he requested might be put up on a plain marble tablet, near the vestry door of his church in London:

JOHN NEWTON, Clerk,
Once an Infidel and Libertine,
A servant of slaves in Africa,
Was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour
JESUS CHRIST,
Preserved, restored, and pardoned,
And appointed to preach the Faith
He had long labored to destroy,
Near 16 years at Olney in Bucks
And . . . years in this church.
On Feb. 1, 1750, he married
MARY,
Daughter of the late George Catlett
Of Catham, Kent.
He resigned her to the Lord who gave her
On 15th of December, 1790.

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313 C. M.

O FOR that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word!

2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt which fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress;
The pledge thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace.

Charles Wesley

From the author's *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. The original has two double stanzas, the last four lines of the second being omitted above:

Wilt thou from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

In the first verse the author wrote "acknowledges" and "trembles" instead of "acknowledging" and "trembling." The hymn is based on 2 Kings xxii. 19, 20: "Because thine heart was tender, and thou hast humbled thyself before the Lord, when thou heardest what I spake against this place, and against the inhabitants thereof, that they should become a desolation and a curse, and hast rent thy clothes, and wept before me; I also have heard thee, saith the Lord. Behold therefore, I will gather thee unto thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered into thy grave in peace; and thine eyes shall not see all the evil which I will bring upon this place."

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314 C. M.

FATHER, I wait before thy throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

2 There shed thy promised love abroad,
And make my comfort strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father, God!"
With an unwav'ring tongue.

Isaac Watts.

This fragment is taken from some hymn which we have not been able to find in the author's poetical works. It is not in any other Church collection.

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315 C. M.

FATHER, behold with gracious eyes
The souls before thy throne,
Who now present their sacrifice,
And seek thee in thy Son.

2 Well pleased in him thyself declare,
Thy pard'ning love reveal,

The peaceful answer of our prayer
To every conscience seal.

3 Meanest of all thy servants, I
Those happier spirits meet,
And mix with theirs my feeble cry,
And worship at thy feet.

4 On me, on all, some gift bestow
Some blessing now impart;
The seed of life eternal sow
In every mournful heart.

5 Thy loving, powerful Spirit shed,
And speak our sins forgiven,
Or haste throughout the lump to spread
The sanctifying leaven.

6 Refresh us with a ceaseless shower
Of graces from above,
Till all receive the perfect power
Of everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

"*At the Hour of Retirement*" is the title of this in the author's *Redemption Hymns*, 1747.

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316 S. M.

O THAT I could repent,
With all my idols part;
And to thy gracious eye present
A humble, contrite heart:

2 A heart with grief oppressed
For having grieved my God;
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire:

4 With soft'ning pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone!

Charles Wesley.

In the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, there are thirty-seven hymns "*For One Fallen from Grace.*" This is the first half of No. 28. In the last verse the author wrote "effectual" instead of "resistless."

317 S. M.

O THAT I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou, by thy voice omnipotent,
The rock in sunder cleave;—

2 Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go.

4 Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove;
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

5 This is thy will, I know,
That I should holy be;
Should let my sins this moment go,
This moment turn to thee.

6 O might I now embrace
Thine all-sufficient power,
And never more to sin give place,
And never grieve thee more!

Charles Wesley.

This is one of thirty-seven hymns with the title, "*For one Fallen from Grace*," found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. Three stanzas are omitted. The above are the first, second and sixth. In the third line of the first verse the original is "Thou by thy voice *the marble rent*."

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318 L. M.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down:
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

This hymn first appeared in 1836 in *The Invalid's Hymn-book*, to which, in its several editions, the author contributed over a hundred hymns. In 1821 she became an invalid and remained such until her death in 1871. Before her conversion Miss Elliott suffered much mental distress under the painful uncertainty whether it were possible that such a sinner as she felt herself to be could be saved. After groping her way through great spiritual darkness for a year, Dr. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, an eminently pious and useful divine, paid her father a visit at his home at Brighton on the ninth of May, 1822. Seeing how she was held back from the Saviour by her own efforts to make herself better and to save herself, he said to her: "Dear Charlotte, cut the cable, it will take too long to unloose it; cut it; it is a small loss any way;" and then bidding her give "one look, silent but continuous, at the cross of Jesus," she began to see light. Soon by his aid she was enabled to do what all sinners must do before they can be saved, viz., go to Jesus *just as they are*, and then simply *trust him* for salvation. This hymn, therefore, like so many others that have been blessed to the conversion of souls, was born of the author's own experience. For forty years thereafter, to the day of Dr. Malan's death, she always celebrated the ninth of May as her spiritual birthday by writing a letter to her spiritual father. She died in her eighty-third year, and was ready to prove the truth of the last stanza of the original, omitted above:

Just as I am, of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come!

The original does not repeat "I come" in the fourth lines.

The Rev. H. V. Elliott, brother of the authoress, said, with reference to this hymn: "In the course of a long ministry I hope I have been permitted to see some fruit of my labors, but I feel that far more has been done by a single hymn of my sister's." The following incidents, selected from a large number, will indicate the value of this hymn in reaching the hearts of both sinners and believers:

A poor little boy once came to a New York city missionary, and holding up a dirty and worn-out bit of printed paper, said: "Please, sir, father sent me to get a *clean* paper like that." Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found that it was a page containing the precious hymn:

"Just as I am—without one plea."

He looked down with deep interest into the face so earnestly upturned towards him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it sir," said he, "in sister's pocket, after she died, and she used to sing it all the time she was sick, and she loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and put it in a frame to hang it up. Won't you please to give us a clean one, sir?"

The son-in-law of the poet Wordsworth sent to Miss Elliott a letter, telling of the great comfort afforded his wife when on her dying bed, by this hymn. Said he: "When I first read it I had no sooner finished than she said very earnestly, 'that is the very thing for me.' At least ten times that day she asked me to repeat it, and every morning from that day till her decease, nearly two months later, the first thing she asked me for was her hymn. 'Now *my* hymn,' she would say—and she would often repeat it after me, line for line, in the day and night."

The Rev. Dr. McCook, while in his pastorate at St. Louis, was sent for to see a young lady who was dying of consumption. He soon found that she had imbibed infidelity through the influence of her teacher in the Normal School, and with her keen intellect was enabled to ward off all the claims of the gospel. After exhausting all the arguments he could think of during his visits, he was exceedingly puzzled to know what more to do, as she seemed unshaken in her doubts. She at length seemed so averse to the subject of religion that when calling one day, she turned her face to the wall and seemed to take no notice of him. Mr. McCook said: "Lucy, I have not called to argue with you another word, but before leaving you to meet the issues of eternity I wish to recite a hymn." He then repeated with much emphasis the hymn:

"Just as I am, without one plea,"

and then bade her adieu. She made no response. He was debating for some time whether, after so much repugnance, he should call again. But realizing her nearness to the eternal world, he concluded to make one more visit. Taking his seat by her side, she slowly turned around in bed. Her sunken eyes shone with unwonted luster, as she placed her thin, emaciated hands in his, and said slowly, and with much emotion:

"'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!'

"O Sir! *I've come! I've come!*" That hymn told the story. It had decided her eternal destiny. It had done what all the logical arguments had failed to do. She soon afterwards peacefully crossed the river.

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319 S. M.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul:
He shed those tears for thee!

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome.

Based on Luke xix. 41: "He beheld the city, and wept over it." In verse two, line two, the author wrote "*Angels with wonder* see."

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320 10s.

LATE, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill!
Late, late, so late! But we can enter still.
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

2 No light had we;—for that we do repent,
And learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."

3 No light! so late! and dark and chill the night;
O let us in, that we may find the light!
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now!"

4 Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
O let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!
"No! no! too late! ye cannot enter now!"

Alfred Tennyson.

This song is found where one would not look for a religious song—in the *Idyls of the King*, in the poem titled "*Guinevere*." It is there given as sung by a little maid, a novice, at the convent of Almesbury, to which the unhappy queen had fled from King Arthur's court, and taken refuge unknown to all. This intelligent little maid was the queen's constant attendant, and she

"by and by began to hum
An air the nuns had taught her—'Late, so late!'
Which when she heard, the queen looked up, and said,

"'O maiden, if indeed you list to sing,
Sing, and unbind my heart that I may weep.'
Whereat full willingly sang the little maid,
'Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill,'
etc.

"So sang the novice, while full passionately,
Her head upon her hands remembering
Her thought when first she came, wept the sad queen."

Of course the Scripture basis of this hymn is the narrative of the five foolish virgins as recorded in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew.

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321 L. M.

WHEREWITH, O Lord, shall I draw near,
And bow myself before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What shall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord most high?
Will multiplied oblations please?
Thousands of rams his favor buy?
Or slaughtered hecatombs appease?

3 Can these avert the wrath of God?
Can these wash out my guilty stain?
Rivers of oil and seas of blood,
Alas! they all must flow in vain.

4 Whoe'er to thee themselves approve,
Must take the path thyself hast showed;
Justice pursue, and mercy love,
And humbly walk by faith with God.

5 But though my life henceforth be thine,
Present for past can ne'er atone:
Though I to thee the whole resign,
I only give thee back thine own.

6 What have I then wherein to trust?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boast,
My glory swallowed up in shame.

7 Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just—but O, thy Son hath died!

Charles Wesley.

This hymn has thirteen stanzas in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. In verse one the original has "God" instead of "Lord;" in verse three "assuage" instead of "avert;" and in verse seven "I feel on me" instead of "On me I feel." It is based on Micah vi. 6–8: "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my first-born for my transgressions, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

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322 C. M.

GOD is in this and every place;
But O, how dark and void
To me! 'Tis one great wilderness,
This earth without my God.

2 Empty of Him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart,
Till he his glorious self reveals,
The veil is on my heart.

3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

Charles Wesley.

This hymn is made of the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth stanzas of a poem of sixteen stanzas titled, "*For One Convinced of Unbelief*," found in the 1749 edition of *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. The original hymn begins:

"And have I measured half my days
And half my journey run?"

The author was in his forty-first year when he wrote these lines, and strangely enough, had just "measured half his days;" for he died in his eighty-second year. In the last line of verse three the author wrote "And take away the stone."

323 C. M.

LONG have I seemed to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain;
Fasted, and prayed, and read thy word,
And heard it preached in vain.

2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,
And near thy altar drew;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height, of love Divine.

4 I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts;
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

5 But I of means have made my boast,
Of means an idol made;
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

6 Where am I now? what is my hope?
What can my weakness do?
Jesus, to thee my soul looks up;
'Tis thou must make it new.

Charles Wesley.

"*The Means of Grace*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. The original has twenty-three stanzas. It is one of those hymns "Describing Formal Religion."

The Wesleys found it necessary to separate from the Moravians on account of certain Antinomian tendencies among them, which unduly discounted the use of the means of grace. At that time this trouble threatened the very existence of Methodism as an organization. They were about to be "swallowed up in the dead sea of German stillness." "At this distance," says Bishop McTyeire, in his *History of Methodism* (p. 176), "it is difficult to realize how serious that trouble was. The insidious evil was eating its way into the body. . . . That fine hymn, 'Long have I seemed to serve thee, Lord,' was written by Charles Wesley in the midst of these disputes. It guards against both extremes, and embodies those just views on the subject which the brothers steadily maintained to the end of their lives. He used to call upon the right-minded people in his congregations at the Foundry to unite with him in singing it; and it is difficult to conceive how any enlightened Christian could refuse to join in the holy exercises. Its effect under the

circumstances must have been powerful. John Wesley's sermon on the 'Means of Grace'—exhaustive and practical—was preached about this time."

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324 L. M.

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
To thee a sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

4 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Isaac Watts.

This is a portion of part three of the author's metrical version of the fifty-first Psalm, being based more immediately on the seventeenth verse: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." The author's title is, "*The Backslider Restored; or, Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.*" The first four verses are omitted above:

1 O Thou, who hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight!
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

(See Nos. 310 and 325.)

325 L. M.

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Behold! I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow:
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

6 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease,
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

Isaac Watts.

"*Original and Actual Sin Confessed*" is the author's title of this hymn in his metrical version of the *Psalms of David*, 1719. It is based on Ps. li. 5–8: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me. Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice."

In the first line the author wrote "I am" instead of "we are," and in the last line "bones" instead of "heart." The third stanza of the original is omitted above:

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
And make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy!

This is part two of the author's metrical version of the fifty-first Psalm: "Show pity, Lord" (No. 312) being part one, and "A broken heart, my God, my King" (No. 324) being a portion of part three.

On verses three and four the author has this footnote: "Since the psalmist seems to refer to the

'branch of hyssop,' 'sprinkling the blood of the bird,' and the 'running water' (Lev. xiv. 51), I have here enlarged upon the insufficiency of all those rites for the cleansing of sin, which is the *leprosy* of the soul." His note on verse six is: "Such a glorious occasion of introducing the *blood of a Saviour* could not be omitted here with justice to David, or to Christ, his Son."

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326 C. M.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear?

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear?

4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament,
And early with repentant tears,
Eternal woe prevent.

5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight!

6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thine only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

Joseph Addison.

This is a heart-searching hymn of devout contrition and penitent faith. The original has undergone some few verbal changes, chiefly in the fourth verse, and there probably to its advantage. In the prose article that preceded this hymn at its first appearance in the *Spectator*, in 1712, it is said: "Among all the reflections which usually arise in the mind of a sick man, who has time and inclination to consider his approaching end, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied before Him who made him." If there were any occasion (and we think there is not, though it has been done) to criticise the other hymns of the author for the absence of any allusion to Christ or the atonement, it is certainly removed by this hymn. Again the author says in the above mentioned article in the *Spectator* that the very best of men need the mediation and pardon of Christ: "Let a man's innocence be what it will; let his virtues rise to the highest pitch of perfection attainable in this life, there will still be in him so many secret sins—so many human frailties—so many offenses of ignorance, passion, and prejudice—so many unguarded words and thoughts—and in short, so many defects in his best actions, that, without the advantages of such an expiation and atonement as Christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his Sovereign Judge, or that he should be able to stand in his sight."

---

327 L. M.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away,
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine!

2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountain shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt!
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something yet can do the deed;
And that blest something much I need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

Joseph Hart.

"*The Stony Heart*" is the title of this "melting" hymn in the *Supplement of Hart's Hymns*, 1762. In the last stanza the author wrote "that *dear* something" instead of "that *blest* something," and in the last line "*move* and melt" instead of "melt and *change*."

---

328 L. M.

LORD, I despair myself to heal:
I see my sin, but cannot feel;
I cannot, till thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give:
Thy gifts I only can receive;
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
To draw, redeem, and seal, are thine.

3 With simple faith on thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure;
Make my infected nature pure:
Peace, righteousness, and joy, impart,
And pour thyself into my heart!

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. It is based on Heb. xii. 2: "Looking unto Jesus as the author and finisher of our faith." The first two stanzas of the original are omitted above:

1 Weary of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst my nature's chain,
Hardly I give the contest o'er,
I seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease,
God that creates must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil and vain my care,
And all my fitness is despair.

---

329 S. M.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?

3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

Charles Wesley.

This hymn is taken from a poem of twenty-two stanzas, titled, "*The Resignation*," in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. The original hymn begins,

And wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

The following hymn is a part of the same poem.

---

330 S. M.

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

Charles Wesley.

See note under the preceding hymn, which is a part of the same original poem of twenty-two stanzas. The following stanzas come between the foregoing hymn and this one, and give meaning and force to the first stanza of this hymn:

To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part,
Didst lead a suff'ring life below,
To gain my worthless heart.

My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

331 S. M.

AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursèd thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe in thee
Compassion reigns alone;
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

Charles Wesley.

This hymn has sixteen double stanzas in the author's *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741. It is based on 1 Tim. ii. 4: "God will have all men to be saved."

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332 S. M.

O MY offended God,
If now at last I see
That I have trampled on thy blood,
And done despite to thee,—

2 If I begin to wake
Out of my deadly sleep,
Into thy arms of mercy take,
And there forever keep.

3 No other right have I
Than what the world may claim:
All, all may to their God draw nigh,
Through faith in Jesus' name.

4 Thou hast obtained the grace
That all may turn and live;
And lo! thy offer I embrace,
Thy mercy I receive.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741, where it has seventeen stanzas.

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333 L. M.

FATHER, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire;
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire!

2 I tremble lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
Long as eternal ages roll.

3 To thee my last distress I bring:
The heightened fear of death I find;
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind!

4 I deprecate that death alone,
That endless banishment from thee:
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me!

Charles Wesley.

These are the third and fourth double stanzas of a hymn of five double stanzas, beginning, "Thou Man of griefs," and found in *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. It is based on Heb. v. 7, 8: "Who in the days of his flesh, when he had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto him that was able to save him from death, and was heard in that he feared: though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered."

---

334 L. M.

JESUS, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,
Weary of earth, myself, and sin;
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Fall'n, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine.

3 What shall I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
"Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died."

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. The original contains thirteen stanzas. In the second stanza the author wrote "damned" instead of "lost." The following stanza was contained in the former edition of the Hymn-Book, and was perhaps omitted because of the strong language in the last line:

Awake, the woman's conqu'ring Seed,
Awake, and bruise the serpent's head!
Tread down thy foes, with power control
The beast and devil in my soul.

---

335 L. M.

JESUS, thy far-extended fame
My drooping soul exults to hear;
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

2 Sinners of old thou didst receive,
With comfortable words, and kind,
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseased, and cure the blind.

3 And art thou not the Saviour still,
In every place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

4 All my disease, my every sin,
To thee, O Jesus, I confess:
In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
And perfect it in holiness.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*Jesus Christ the same Yesterday, and To-day, and Forever.*" The original contains twelve stanzas. These are verses one, three, five, and eleven. The first part of the last stanza has been changed. Wesley wrote:

"*My sore* disease, my *desperate* sin,
To thee I *mournfully* confess."

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

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336 L. M.

O THOU, whom once they flocked to hear,
Thy words to hear, thy power to feel,
Suffer the sinners to draw near,
And graciously receive us still.

2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,
No need of a physician have;
But I am sick, and want thine aid,
And ask thine utmost power to save.

3 Thy power, and truth, and love divine,
The same from age to age endure:
A word, a gracious word of thine,
The most invet'rate plague can cure.

4 Helpless howe'er my spirit lies,
And long hath languished at the pool,
A word of thine shall make me rise,
Shall speak me in a moment whole.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*Jesus Christ the same Yesterday, and To-day, and Forever.*" From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. The original contains ten stanzas.

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337 L. M.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fullness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel day.

3 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind:
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesus, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

Charles Wesley.

"*Come, Lord Jesus,*" is the title of the poem of thirteen stanzas from which this is taken. It is found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. The author wrote "When, *dearest* Lord, etc." The change was made by John Wesley, who would never use familiar terms of endearment in speaking of Deity.

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338 C. M.

O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem;
Who gave his life that I might live
A life concealed in him!

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire,
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire!

3 In answer to ten thousand prayers,
Thou pard'ning God, descend;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

4 Nothing I ask or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven,
But let me feel thy blood applied,
And live and die forgiven.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Family Hymns*, 1767. Two double stanzas are omitted above. In the last stanza, second line, the author wrote "earth *and* heaven," and in the last line, "*Let me but* die forgiven."

---

339 C. M.

JESUS, if still thou art to-day,
As yesterday, the same,
Present to heal, in me display
The virtue of thy name!

2 If still thou go'st about to do
Thy needy creatures good,
On me, that I thy praise may show,
Be all thy wonders showed.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
Thy miracles repeat:
With pitying eyes behold me fall
A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and vile, and self-abhorred,
I sink beneath my sin;
But, if thou wilt, a gracious word
Of thine can make me clean.

Charles Wesley.

The first four stanzas of a hymn of twenty-one stanzas found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. The hymn beginning, "While dead in trespasses I lie" (No. 341), is a part of the same hymn.

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340 C. M.

WITH glorious clouds encompassed round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design;
What meant the suff'ring Son of man,
The streaming blood divine?

4 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns for the Use of Families*, 1767. The original contains eight stanzas: the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh being here omitted.

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341 C. M.

WHILE dead in trespasses I lie,
Thy quick'ning Spirit give;
Call me, thou Son of God, that I
May hear thy voice and live.

2 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need;
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

3 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul:
Lord, I believe, and not in vain:
My faith shall make me whole.

4 I too, with thee, shall walk in white,
With all thy saints shall prove
What is the length, and breadth, and height,
And depth, of perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

The original in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740, contains twenty-one stanzas. It begins, "Jesus, if still thou art to-day" (No. 339).

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342 C. M.

I ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power,
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.

2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.

3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray;
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Made ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fullness I require.

4 My vehement soul cries out, oppressed,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
Till I am saved indeed.

5 Art thou not able to convert?
Art thou not willing too?
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?

6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe,
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin may never cleave,
May never feel it more.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It is written on Mark xi. 24: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." The first double stanza is omitted above:

Jesus, the irrevocable word
Thy gracious lips hath passed,
And trusting in my faithful Lord,
I shall be saved at last;
Whate'er I ask with longing heart,
Expecting to receive,
Almighty God, Thou ready art,
And promisest to give.

---

343 C. M.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord."

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
O help my unbelief!

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly:
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

Isaac Watts.

From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. Author's title: "*Faith in Christ for Pardon and Satisfaction.*" The original has "captive *minds*," in the first stanza; "trust *upon the* Lord," in the second; "*almighty* call," in the third; "*dear* fountain," in the fourth; and "*On thy kind* arms," in the last verse. These changes were made by John Wesley. The fifth stanza of the original is omitted above:

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue,
Drive the old Dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

Dr. Spencer, in his *Pastor's Sketches*, gives the following touching account of a young woman who suddenly obtained peace by faith in Christ after a long period of gloom: One evening, on his way to Church, he called at her house. He found her just where she had been for many weeks. On leaving her he said: "I would aid you most willingly, if I could, but I can do you no good." "I do not think you can," said she calmly, "but I hope you will still come to see me." "Yes, I will," said he, "but all I can say is, I know there is salvation for you: but you must repent, and you must flee to Christ." On reaching the church, he gave out the hymn closing with the stanza—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm."

The next day she came to see him, to tell him she had made a new discovery, and on asking her what it was, she said: "Why, sir, the way of salvation all seems to me perfectly plain. My darkness is all gone. I see now what I never saw before. All is light to me. I see my way clear; and I am not burdened and troubled as I was. I do not know how it is, or what has brought me to it. But when you were reading that hymn last night I saw the whole way of salvation for sinners perfectly plain, and wondered that I had never seen it before. I saw that I had nothing to do but trust in Christ—

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into Thy hands I fall.

I sat all the evening just looking at that hymn. I did not hear your prayer. I did not hear a word of your sermon. I do not know your text. I thought of nothing but that hymn, and I have been thinking of it ever since. It is so light, and makes me so contented. Why, sir, don't you think that

the reason we don't get out of darkness sooner, is that we don't believe?"

The Rev. George Marsden records of one of his interviews with the Rev. Richard Watson, during his last illness, with what pleasure the suffering divine spoke on the subject of Christ crucified. He dwelt for some time on its infinite importance, as the only foundation on which to rest for pardon, acceptance with God, and eternal life. He then spoke of his own unworthiness, and of his firm reliance on the atonement, and repeated with solemn and deep feeling this verse:

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into Thy hands I fall;
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all."

He died in London, 8th January, 1883, aged fifty-one years.

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344 C. M.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts.

"*Godly Sorrow Arising from the Sufferings of Christ*" is the title of this most useful and popular hymn in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. In verse three the author wrote, "When *God*, the mighty Maker, died." The second stanza of the original is omitted above:

2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine,
The glorious sufferer stood!

345 C. M.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power!
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies!

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face:
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

Charles Wesley.

It is not certain that Charles Wesley wrote this. It first appeared in *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, published by John Wesley in 1741, with the title "*A Prayer for Faith.*" Of the 160 hymns in this volume, 130 are there accredited to other authors than the Wesleys, while the remaining 30 are not accredited to any one. So that this hymn might quite as safely be attributed to John as to Charles Wesley—unless it be on the ground of internal evidence. This is the only hymn of the thirty, we believe, which is retained in modern Methodist hymnals. In the Wesleyan collection it is marked "unknown," but Stevenson and other authorities accredit it to Charles Wesley. It is based on Ps. cxliii. 6: "I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul thirsteth after thee, as a thirsty land."

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346 C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou call'st the burdened soul to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead his gracious name!

6 "Poor tempest-tossèd soul, be still;
My promised grace receive;"—
'Tis Jesus speaks—I must, I will,
I can, I do believe.

John Newton.

In the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, this is titled: "*The Effort in Another Measure.*" The preceding hymn there is also titled "*The Effort*" and begins, "Cheer up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat." This is one of the finest hymns of invitation for a penitent sinner ever written.

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347 L. M.

WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me!"

2 It tells me of a place of rest,
It tells me where my soul may flee:
O to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
The words arrest me, "Come to me!"

4 When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me!

5 "Come, for all else must fail and die:
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion; come to me!"

Charlotte Elliott.

The caged invalid never sung more sweetly than in this tender invitation hymn. It is from the 1834 edition of the *Invalid's Hymn Book.* It is based on the words of our Saviour found in Matt. xi. 28: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Two stanzas of the original are omitted above:

3 When the poor heart with anguish learns,
That earthly props resigned must be,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents, "Come to me."

7 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony;
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

---

348 7s. 6l.

BY thy birth, and by thy tears;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the bitter tears that flowed
Over Salem's lost abode,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,—
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die.

Robert Grant. (Alt.)

This hymn is accredited to Robert Grant rather because it was *made* from one of his poems than because it *is* his hymn. His original hymn was

entitled "*The Litany*," and was first published in the *Christian Observer*, in 1815, and later in the author's *Sacred Poems*, 1839. It is found in many hymnals, and is worthy of being published here in full:

1 Saviour, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;
O by all the pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from the throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

2 By thy helpless infant years;
By thy life of want and tears;
By thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold;
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By thine hour of dire despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By thy deep, expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

---

349 C. M.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies:
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt.

4 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

Samuel Stennett.

Five of the thirty-nine hymns which the author wrote were contributed to *Rippon's Collection*, 1787. This is one of them. The second stanza of the original is omitted above:

2 O let not justice frown me hence!
Stay, stay, the vengeful storm!
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

---

350 L. M.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY!"

5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God!"

John Cennick

This is found in part second of the author's *Sacred Hymns*, 1743, under the title: "*Following Christ the Sinner's Way to God.*" There are sev-

eral unimportant verbal changes, all of which are improvements on the original. The third, fourth, and fifth stanzas are omitted:

3 No Stranger may proceed therein,
No Lover of the World and Sin;
No Lion, no devouring Care,
No ravenous Tyger shall be there.

4 No Nothing may go up thereon
But traveling Souls, and I am one:
Wayfaring Men to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the Way be found.

5 Nor Fools, by carnal men esteemed,
Shall err therein; but they redeemed
In Jesus' Blood, shall shew their Right
To travel there, till Heaven's in Sight.

---

351 S. M.

JESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry;
And show thyself the sinner's Friend,
And set me up on high.

2 From hell's oppressive power
My struggling soul release,
And to thy Father's grace restore,
And to thy perfect peace.

3 Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow;
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

4 That thou canst here forgive,
Grant me to testify;
And justified by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

Charles Wesley.

This is taken from the first of the author's *Redemption Hymns*, 1747. It there has four double stanzas. It is found in no other modern Church hymnal. In the first stanza the author wrote "fallen" instead of "feeble;" in the second, "from earth and sin" instead of "my struggling soul;" and in the fourth, "I long" instead of "grant me."

---

352 C. M. D.

O FOR the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my spirit so enjoyed
More than earth's liberty!
Then when I knelt to meditate,
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul.
Countless and bright and beautiful,
Beyond my own control.

2 O what hath locked those fountains up?
Those visions who hath stayed?
What sudden act has thus transformed
My sunshine into shade?
If this drear change be thine, O Lord,
If it be thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
The bitter chalice fill.

3 But if it hath been sin of mine,
O show that sin to me!
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with thee.
One thing alone, dear Lord, I dread—
To have a sinful spot
That separates my soul from thee,
And yet to know it not.

4 Then, if this weariness hath come
A blessing from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depth may lie;
So in this darkness I may learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love thee more.

Frederick William Faber.

This is from a poem of seventeen four-line stanzas, titled, "*Dryness in Prayer*," and is found in the author's collected *Hymns*, which have been published in several editions. This hymn, as is the case with nearly all by Faber found in Protestant hymnals, has undergone abridgment and verbal alterations. It contains a thought not found in any other hymn, viz., that a sense of spiritual unrest, weariness and dissatisfaction, though often due to a backslidden state, may sometimes be divinely and mercifully sent as a stimulus to incite the believer not only to constant self-examination but to higher attainments in religious experience. Spiritual *content* is sometimes a dangerous symptom.

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353 C. M. D.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

2 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh;
When every heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.
Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

Tate and Brady. Alt. by *H. F. Lyte.*

This metrical version of a part of the forty-second Psalm is from H. F. Lyte's *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1834, and is an alteration and improvement of the original as found in Tate and Brady's *New Version of the Psalms of David*, 1696.

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354 7s. D.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False, and full of sin, I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

Charles Wesley.

This hymn was written in 1739, and was published before the first Methodist Society was six months old. It is found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740, with the title "*In Temptation.*" The third stanza of the original is omitted here, as in most collections:

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall—
Lo on Thee I cast my care:
Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and, behold, I live!

This is doubtless the most popular hymn in the English language. There are several stories concerning its origin, all of which are probably fictitious. One, which is certainly fiction, is that after Toplady and the Wesleys had waged their war over doctrines for some time, they had a friendly meeting, and in parting agreed that each should write a hymn setting forth what he considered the most important doctrine in his system—it might be found after all that they agreed upon essentials and that each would accept the hymn written by the other. Whereupon Toplady went off and wrote "*Rock of Ages*" and Wesley "*Jesus, lover of my Soul*"—hymns alike dear to all Christians. But alas for so beautiful a story—Wesley wrote his hymn the year before Toplady was born!

The second story is that a meeting of the Wesley brothers was broken up by a mob. They took refuge in a spring-house. There the author, inspired by gratitude for their providential escape, wrote the hymn with a piece of lead which he hammered into a pencil. Still another story is that the writer was one day sitting at an open window, when a little bird, pursued by a hawk, (or, as one version is, driven in by a storm) flew in and took refuge in the poet's bosom. This incident, it is said, suggested the hymn. But none of these can be verified. They are doubtless pure myths. "The original title," says Nutter, "gives us some light, and the omitted stanza, especially in connection with the first verse, shows that some of the imagery and language of this hymn were borrowed from the story of Peter's attempt to walk on the Sea of Galilee, Matt. xiv. 28-31. The author's genius and his rough experience on the Atlantic account for the rest."

"The Lord of glory bestowed on Charles Wesley the high honor of composing the finest heart-hymn in the English tongue. If the greatest hymn of the cross is 'Rock of Ages,' and the greatest hymn of providence is Cowper's 'God moves in a mysterious way,' and the grandest battle-hymn is Martin

Luther's 'A mighty fortress is our God,' then it may be said that the noblest *heart-hymn* ever written, the queen of all the lays of holy love, is this immortal song. The one central, all-pervading idea of this matchless hymn is the soul's yearning for its Saviour. It is at once a confession and a prayer in meter. The figures of speech vary, but not the thought. In one line we see a storm-tossed voyager crying out for shelter until the tempest is over. In another line we see a timid, tearful child nestling in its mother's arms." (Stevenson.)

"I would rather," says Henry Ward Beecher, "have written that hymn of Wesley's—

"'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,'

than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. It is more glorious. It has more power in it. I would rather be the author of that hymn than to hold the wealth of the richest man in New York. He will die. He *is* dead and does not know it. He will pass, after a little while, out of men's thoughts. What will there be to speak of him? What will he have done that will stop trouble, or encourage hope? His money will go to his heirs, and they will divide it. It is like a stream divided and growing narrower by division. And they will die, and it will go to their heirs. In three or four generations every thing comes to the ground again for redistribution. But that hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band; and then, I think, it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God."

Dr. George Duffield (the author of "Stand up, stand up for Jesus") writes: "One of the most blessed days of my life was when I found, after my harp had long hung on the willows, that I could *sing* again; that a new song was put in my mouth; and when, ere ever I was aware, I was singing, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul.' If there is any thing in Christian experience of joy and sorrow, of affliction and prosperity, of life and death—that hymn is *the* hymn of the ages!"

But it is needless to furnish illustrations of the use of this hymn, for does not every heart furnish its own illustration of its power to edify, comfort, and delight?

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355 7s, 6s & 8s.

LET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace:
Other title I disclaim;
This, only this, is all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like Jordan's swelling stream,
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him;
Meanest foll'wer of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live;
I shall feel thy death applied;
I shall thy life receive;
Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

Charles Wesley.

Author's title: "*I am Determined to Know Nothing Save Jesus Christ and Him Crucified.*" It is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. The original contains nine stanzas. These are the first and last, with parts of the third and fourth, unaltered. The burden of this hymn doubtless refers to the words of Paul, who called himself the "chief" of sinners.

This was a favorite hymn with John Wesley. At the Bristol Conference, in 1783, he was taken so ill that neither he nor his friends thought he would recover. Expecting sudden death, and that speedily, he said to Mr. Bradford: "I have been reflecting on my past life; I have been wandering up and down between fifty and sixty years, endeavoring in my poor way to do a little good to my fellow-creatures, and now it is probable there are but a few steps between me and death, and what have I to trust to for salvation? I can see nothing which I have done or suffered, that will bear looking at; I have no other plea than this—

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'"

This sentiment continued to influence him during the remaining eight years of his earnest active public life and ministry, and so, when in 1793 he came to what proved to be his end indeed, he said, "There is no need for more than what I said at Bristol. My words then were—

"'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'"

In the evening, he got up, and while sitting in his chair, he said again, "How necessary is it for every one to be on the right foundation!—

"'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'

We must be justified by faith and then go on to sanctification." A little later he uttered those

memorable words, "The best of all is, God is with us," and then attempting to utter a favorite hymn by Isaac Watts beginning

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers,"

he could only repeat the first two words, "I'll praise—I'll praise—," and his "voice was lost in death."

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356 C. P. M.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part!

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice,
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

5 O that, with humbled Peter, I
Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
My faithfulness to prove,
"Thou know'st—for all to thee is known—
Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone,
Thou know'st that thee I love."

6 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest!

7 Thy only love do I require,
Nothing in earth beneath desire,
Nothing in heaven above:
Let earth, and heaven, and all things go,
Give me thy only love to know,
Give me thy only love.

Charles Wesley.

This truly magnificent hymn on "*Desiring to Love*" is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. The author is here in his happiest vein: he never sung a sweeter song than this. It is a song, prayer, and sermon all in one. As sung to the tune of "Ariel" it truly aids devotion.

Interruptions in the regular order of divine service are seldom to be commended, but we have an instance before us in which it had a happy effect. William Dawson, a pious local preacher of Leeds, England, once preached a very impressive sermon, and at its close gave out this hymn. When the choir were singing the third verse, "God only knows the love of God," he was so moved by the sentiment that he stopped them and said: "Stop, friends! If angels, the first-born sons of light, cannot understand the height, the breadth, the depth, the length of the love of God, how can we expect to fathom it while here below?" He then repeated, with deepest feeling, thrilling his large auditory—

"'God only knows the love of God.'

Let us sing it again, friends, for we shall all have to sing it in heaven—

"'God only knows the love of God.'"

It need hardly be said that a profound feeling of majestic awe pervaded the vast assembly.

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357 C. P. M.

THOU great mysterious God unknown,
Whose love hath gently led me on,
E'en from my infant days,
Mine inmost soul expose to view,
And tell me if I ever knew
Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
And followed, with a heart sincere,
Thy drawings from above,
Now, now the further grace bestow,
And let my sprinkled conscience know
Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
A stranger to the gospel hope,
The sense of sin forgiven:
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,
Without the inward witness live,
That antepast of heaven.

4 Father, in me reveal thy Son,
And to my inmost soul make known
How merciful thou art:
The secret of thy love reveal,
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell
Forever in my heart!

Charles Wesley.

From *Redemption Hymns*, 1747. The original has eight stanzas: these are the first three and the last. The fourth stanza should not be omitted:

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
In Jesus reconciled?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
And know myself thy child?

There is a large class of Church-members whose spiritual condition and whose heart yearnings are accurately portrayed in this hymn: though members of the Church, they do not *know* that they are regenerate Christians; they have not the witness of the Spirit, but sincerely yearn for it. They are oftentimes much discouraged because they have not a clear knowledge of sins forgiven and of their acceptance with God. But such Christians are not hypocrites—they are sometimes among the most devout, exemplary, and useful members of the Church. Others have more confidence in their religion than they themselves have. As long as the absence of the witness of the Spirit leads the timid believer to yearnings of soul and to prayer for His testimony to sins forgiven, there are the signs of a healthful and genuine spiritual life; but alas for that large number of professing Christians who enjoy not the Holy Spirit's witness to their acceptance, and yet the absence of this, the only satisfactory evidence of conversion, seems to create no concern as to their spiritual condition. See hymn beginning, "'Tis a thing I long to know" (No. 362).

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358 C. P. M.

O THOU who hast our sorrows borne,
Help us to look on thee and mourn,
On thee whom we have slain,
Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renewed thy sacred pain.

2 Vouchsafe us eyes of faith to see
The man transfixed on Calvary!
To know thee who thou art,
The one eternal God and true;
And let the sight affect, subdue,
And break my stubborn heart.

3 Lover of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine,
That suffered in my stead!
That made my soul a sacrifice,
And quenched in death those flaming eyes,
And bowed that sacred head.

4 Now let thy dying love constrain
My soul to love its God again,
Its God to glorify!
And lo! I come thy cross to share,
Echo thy sacrificial prayer,
And with my Saviour die!

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Hymns for Families*, 1767. In verse four, line one, the author wrote "by" instead of "let," and in line two, "heart" instead of "soul." The third and fifth stanzas of the original are omitted above:

3 My heart all other means defies,
It dares against Thy threatenings rise,
Thy righteous laws disdains:
More hardened than the fiends below,
With unconcern to hell I go,
And laugh at hellish pains.

5 The unbelieving veil remove,
And by thy manifested love,
And by the sprinkled blood,
Destroy the love of sin in me,
And get thyself the victory,
And bring me back to God.

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359 7s.

JESUS, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature Love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?

2 If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow!
Pardon and accept me now.

3 Pity from thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.

4 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament,
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more!

Charles Wesley.

See note under hymn No. 368 ("Depth of mercy, can there be"), of which this is a continuation. Three of the thirteen original stanzas have been omitted:

3 I my Master have denied,
I afresh have crucified,
Oft profaned his hallowed name,
Put him to an open shame.

4 I have spilt his precious blood,
Trampled on the Son of God,
Filled with pangs unspeakable,
I—and yet *am not in hell.*

8 Whence to *me* this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above;
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the throne of grace.

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360 Six 8s.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there;
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

6 My strength is gone, my nature dies,
I sink beneath thy weighty hand;
Faint, to revive—and fall, to rise;
I fall, and yet by faith I stand:
I stand, and will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Charles Wesley.

The fifth verse of the original is omitted above:

'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh:
Though every sinew be unstrung,
Out of my arms thou shalt not fly;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

See note under the following hymn, which is a continuation of this most celebrated of all Charles Wesley's hymns, with the single exception of "*Jesus, lover of my soul.*"

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361 Six 8s.

YIELD to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquered by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.

2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure, universal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

5 The Sun of righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing in his wings;
Withered my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succor brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

6 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

Charles Wesley.

This is the second half (see preceding hymn) of Charles Wesley's famous hymn of fourteen stanzas on "*Wrestling Jacob*," found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. The next to the last stanza is omitted above:

Contented now, upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end:
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend,
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

The hymn is based on Gen. xxxii. 24-26: "And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh: And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

Of this noble composition—observes George John Stevenson—so many have written in praise, it is difficult to make selection from the high testimonies. John Wesley, in his brief notice of his brother's death, says: "His least praise was his talent for poetry, although Dr. Watts did not scruple to say that that single poem '*Wrestling Jacob*,' was worth all the verses he himself had written." James Montgomery, the Sheffield lyric poet, in his *Christian Psalmist*, records that "among Charles Wesley's highest achievements may be recorded, 'Come, O thou Traveler unknown,' in which with consummate art he carries on the action of a lyrical drama; every turn in the conflict with the Mysterious Being against whom he wrestles all night being marked with precision by the varying language of the speaker, accompanied by intense increasing interest, till the rapturous moment of the discovery, when he prevails and exclaims, 'I know thee, Saviour, who thou art.'" etc. This lyric was also a special favorite with John Wesley, who frequently selected it to be sung in the public services. After his gifted and devoted brother had in peaceful triumph passed away to his rest, John was always moved with deep emotion, visible to all who heard him, when he read that intensely-touching couplet:

"My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee."

The Rev. John Kirk writes of its "wonderful conciseness, yet perfect and finished picturing of the Transjordanic hills, beyond the deep defile where the Jabbok, as its name implies, wrestles with the mountains through which it descends to the Jordan. The dramatic form, so singular in hymnic composition, shadowing forth the action of the conversation; the great force of its thoroughly English expression; the complete finish and rhythm of its verse; its straightforward ease, without any mere straining at elegance; and the minuteness and general beauty of its application of the narrative, have won the commendation of all competent critics."

"Wrestling Jacob" was the theme of Charles Wesley's preaching as well as of his poetry. Before the hymn was published, in 1742, he records having preached on Jacob wrestling for the blessing on two occasions—on May 24 and July 6, 1741. On six occasions after the hymn appeared, he mentions in his Journal having discoursed on the deeply-interesting theme—at the Foundry, in London, October 6, 1743, and again in London, June 12, 1744—"when many wept with the angel and made supplication, and were encouraged to wait upon the Lord;" at Bristol, January 29, 1749, when the power of the Highest overshadowed the audience; in Dublin, February 7, and also on March 7, 1748, when hearers went to their houses justified; and finally, in Bristol, May 20, 1748, when many were stirred up to lay hold on the Lord like Jacob. The Rev. Thomas Jackson, in his *Life of Charles Wesley*, Vol. I. page 306, remarking on this poem, says: "It applies with admirable ingenuity and tact the patriarch's mysterious conflict, and the happy result to which it led, in the process of an awakened sinner's salvation." To have heard the poet's sermon on this mighty wrestling, with all the play of a fine fancy arranging the eminently evangelical topics in glowing colors before a crowded assembly, and then to have closed that discourse with the singing of part of that grand hymn, must have been a privilege of surpassing interest and delight.

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362 C. M.

'TIS a thing I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin seems mixed with all I do;
Ye who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

6 Could I joy His saints to meet,
Love the ways I once abhorred,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

7 Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's Sun
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

8 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

John Newton.

This most valuable hymn, portraying the yearning of an anxious soul for the Witness of Adoption, is based on Christ's thrice-repeated question to Peter, "Lovest thou me?" John xxi. 15–17. In the *Olney Collection*, 1779, it follows immediately the hymn by Cowper with the same Scripture heading, and beginning "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord." There are a few verbal changes: In the first stanza "point" is changed to "thing," in the fourth, "if" to "when," "is" to "seems," "you" to "ye;" and in the sixth, "*choose* the ways" to "*love the* ways." The fourth stanza of the original is omitted above:

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

This hymn does not set forth a state of doubt and uncertainty as the normal and natural state of a believer; if so, it could consistently find no place in a Methodist hymnal. On the contrary, it is the yearning prayer of a soul ill at ease, but earnestly seeking light, and determined not to rest until assurance is reached. It not only portrays accurately the heart-yearnings and secret questionings of many devout and consistent followers of Christ, but is eminently adapted to helping them out of their doubt and uncertainty. Too many professing Christians not only have not the witness of the Spirit, but the absence of it seems to give them no concern; it would be a great spiritual gain if such could be brought even to the point of being troubled because they have it not. There are three classes of Church-members: those who have and rejoice in the assurance of present acceptance with God; those who have it not, and are yet unconcerned; and thirdly, those who, not having it, are spiritually troubled (as they ought to be) and are yearning after it and seeking it with prayer. In the latter class will be found many devout and useful members of the Church, whom it is the privilege of faithful pastors, both in the private and public ministry of the word, to help unto the full assurance of faith. For such a service this is an invaluable hymn. A similar hymn written by Charles Wesley is that beginning, "Thou great mysterious God unknown." (No. 357.) John Wesley called such Christians "servants," not "sons." Many of Newton's hymns contained in this collection will show that he believed in, and himself rejoiced in, a conscious knowledge of sins forgiven quite as much as did Charles Wesley. Our comment upon this hymn is thus more extended than is usual because we believe that few meritorious hymns ever written have suffered so wrongfully at the hands of unappreciative critics as this has.

363 L. M.

SAVIOUR, I now with shame confess
My thirst for creature happiness;
By base desires I wronged thy love,
And forced thy mercy to remove.

2 I knew not that the Lord was gone;
In my own froward will went on;
I lived to the desires of men,
And thou hast all my wand'rings seen.

3 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,
And pardon on my conscience seal.

4 For this I at thy footstool wait,
Till thou my peace again create—
Fruit of thy gracious lips—restore
My peace, and bid me sin no more!

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. It is based on Isaiah lvii. 17–19. The original contains four double stanzas. In verse one for "thirst" the poet wrote "lust," and "wist" instead of "knew" in verse two.

364 C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper.

"O that the ardor of my first love had continued," wrote Cowper in one of his melancholy, depressed spiritual moods that followed the ecstatic experience of his early love. It is a curious fact that one who had no real occasion for mourning departed joys, at least so far as the continuance of the divine love to him was concerned, should have written this most appropriate and popular of all hymns for a backslidden state. Few hymns have ever gone into the hymn books of all churches, with absolutely no change from the original, as this has done. The original title is "*Walking with God.*" It is based on Gen. v. 24: "And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him." It is from the *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

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365 C. M.

JESUS, the all-restoring Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
Ah! when shall I wake up?

2 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heaven above, to give,
Give me thy only love to know,
In thee to walk and live.

3 Fill me with all the light of love;
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

4 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

"*A Morning Hymn*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. Two stanzas omitted:

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

6 Grant this, O Lord; for thou hast died
That I might be forgiven;
Thou hast the Righteousness supplied
For which I merit heaven.

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366 7s, 6s, 7, 8.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suff'ring shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirred,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Look as when thy languid eye
Was closed that we might live;
"Father," (at the point to die
My Saviour gasped,) "forgive!"

Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

Charles Wesley.

This is one of several Hymns "*For One Fallen from Grace.*" The original contains twelve stanzas. It is one of the tenderest of Charles Wesley's penitential hymns. Few can hear it sung to the tune of "Penitence" and not be touched by its plaintive, penitential strains. It is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

The fall, repentance, and recovery of the apostle Peter, observes Stevenson, are here related by the poet with much feeling and energy. In the original, the appealing prayer is eleven times offered: "Turn, and look upon me, Lord, and break my heart of stone." Persevering prayer is rewarded: the last refrain includes in its petition the sufferings, love, and compassion of the Saviour:

"O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone."

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367 S. M.

O THOU, whose mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;

2 See, at thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return?"

3 Shall guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
O let not this last refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Absent from thee, my Light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night
How desolate my way!

5 On this benighted heart
With beams of mercy shine;
And let thy voice again impart
A taste of joy divine.

Anne Steele. (Alt.)

"*Absence from God*" is the author's title in her *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, 1760. The hymn has been changed from common to short meter, by the omission of two syllables from the first line of each stanza. There is one additional verse:

6 Thy presence only can bestow,
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my solace here below,
And my eternal joy.

---

368 7s.

DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Lo! I cumber still the ground:
Lo! an Advocate is found!
"Hasten not to cut him down;
Let this barren soul alone."

4 Jesus speaks, and pleads his blood;
He disarms the wrath of God!
Now my Father's bowels move;
Justice lingers into love.

5 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

6 There for me the Saviour stands;
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. This is the first hymn under the section headed, "*For Persons Convicted of Backsliding*," and is titled: "*After a Relapse into Sin.*" The original has thirteen stanzas. Four additional stanzas are given in hymn No. 359.

A story is told of an English actress who had her attention arrested as she was passing along the streets by the sound of voices coming from a humble cottage. Prompted by curiosity, she went and stood at the door. It was a cottage prayer-meeting. Some one began reading this hymn, and then they sung it through, and it was followed by a short, earnest, heart-searching extempore prayer. She left, but the words of that hymn she could not forget. She procured a copy of the book that contained it, and read it over and over again. It was the divine "arrow of conviction" to her soul. With a broken and contrite heart she resolved to quit the stage and consecrate her life to God. She informed

the manager of the theater of her change of purpose. He ridiculed and remonstrated: but she would not yield. He then told how much he would lose by her course, as hers was the leading part in the play, and demanded as a matter of honesty and justice that she fill out this engagement, after which he would release her. To this she reluctantly consented. She was to introduce her part that night by singing a song. When the curtain rose and revealed her standing on the stage, the orchestra began playing the accompaniment of her song; but she did not sing. Thinking her embarrassed and confused, they began playing it a second time, but still she did not sing. A third time the air was played, when, with clasped hands and eyes suffused with tears, she began singing, but the words were new and strange to that godless throng as, with eyes turned pleadingly toward heaven, she sung in tender, plaintive accents:

Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

Those theater walls had never resounded with such music as this before. It is needless to add that the performance was suddenly stopped, the curtain fell, the audience retired, some to ridicule, but some to date a new life from what they had seen and heard that night. The actress led a consistent Christian life ever after this, becoming at length the wife of a minister of the gospel.

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369 C. M.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevailed,
His love was all my song.

3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I called each promise mine.

4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;
O make my soul thy care!
I know thy mercy cannot fail;
Let me that mercy share.

John Newton.

This hymn, one of the finest for penitent backsliders in the Hymn-Book, is founded on Job xxix. 2: "O that I were as in months past." The first three stanzas describe very happily the joyful experiences of a new-born soul. Three stanzas are omitted:

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And leaned upon his arm.

5 Then to his saints I often spoke,
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face:
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

The last stanza has been much altered. Newton wrote:

Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul *his prey;*
Yet, Lord, thy *mercies* cannot fail,
O come without delay.

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370 11s & 8s.

O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call,
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all!

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love?
Say, why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Restore, my dear Saviour, the light of thy face,
Thy soul-cheering comfort impart,
And let the sweet tokens of pardoning grace
Bring joy to my desolate heart.

Joseph Swain.

"*A Description of Christ by His Grace and Power*" is the author's title to the original, which contains nine double stanzas, and is found in his *Experimental Essays on Divine Subjects in Verse*, 1791.

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371 8s. D.

HOW shall a lost sinner, in pain,
Recover his forfeited peace?
When brought into bondage again,
What hope of a second release?
Will mercy itself be so kind
To spare a poor rebel like me?
And O can I possibly find
Such plenteous redemption in thee?

2 O Jesus, of thee I inquire,
If still thou art able to save,
The brand to pluck out of the fire,
And ransom my soul from the grave:
The help of thy Spirit restore,
And show me the life-giving blood,
And pardon a sinner once more,
And bring me again unto God.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. Author's title: "*For one Fallen from Grace.*" There are two more double stanzas.

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372 S. M.

AND wilt thou yet be found?
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.

2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art:
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord!
Lift up a helpless heart.

3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.

4 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace:
I know thou canst; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease!

5 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. Title: "*The Resignation.*" The original has twenty-two stanzas. The hymns beginning, "When shall thy love constrain" (No. 329), and "And can I yet delay" (No. 330), are continuations of this hymn.

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373 S. M.

O JESUS! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan;
Let me again behold thy face,
Call home thy banished one.

2 Again my pardon seal;
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Again thy love reveal,
Restore that inward heaven:
O grant me once again to feel,
Through faith, my sins forgiven!

4 Thy utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul:
"In peace and full assurance go,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*, 1741. The original contains six double stanzas.

SECTION VII.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

1. JUSTIFICATION AND THE NEW BIRTH.

374 C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for *me*.

5 He speaks—and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

Charles Wesley.

"*For the Anniversary Day of One's Conversion*" is the author's title to this hymn, which was written May 21, 1839, one year after his conversion, and was first published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. This is the opening hymn in the Wesleyan collection and also in the Hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The original hymn contains eighteen stanzas, the above being the seventh to the twelfth inclusive. This selection of stanzas was made by John Wesley, who also changed "My *dear* Redeemer's praise" to "My *great* Redeemer's praise" in the second line of the hymn as given above. It is said that some time before this hymn was written the author was speaking to Peter Böhler, a pious Moravian minister, concerning his conversion and the sweet sense of pardon sealed on his conscience,—adding, however,—"But I suppose I had better keep silent about it." The good Moravian shook him by the hand and replied: "O no, my brother; if I had a *thousand tongues*, I would praise my Redeemer with them all!" Whereupon the poet went off and wrote:

"O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!"

It is, however, in the first six stanzas of the hymn, which are omitted above, that the author speaks more particularly of his conversion:

1 Glory to God, and praise and love,
Be ever, ever given;
By saints below and saints above,
The Church in earth and heaven.

2 On this glad day the glorious Sun
Of righteousness arose,
On my benighted soul he shone,
And filled it with repose.

3 Sudden expired the legal strife;
'Twas then I ceased to grieve.
My second, real, living life,
I then began to live.

4 Then with my heart I first believed,
Believed with faith divine;
Power with the Holy Ghost received
To call the Saviour mine.

5 I felt my Lord's atoning blood
Close to my soul applied;
Me, *me* he loved—the Son of God
For *me*, for *me* he died!

6 I found, and owned his promise true,
Ascertained of my part.
My pardon passed in heaven I knew,
When written on my heart.

At the time of Charles Wesley's conversion he was confined by a severe attack of pleurisy to his room in the house of Thomas Bray, a brazier living in Little Britain. (The exact location of this residence, after many years of diligent and careful inquiry, was definitely ascertained in 1881.) The following account of the author's conversion is taken from his journal:

THE DAY OF PENTECOST.—"*Sunday*, 21*st May*, 1738.—I waked in hope and expectation of His coming. At nine my brother and some friends came and sang a hymn to the Holy Ghost [probably that written by his brother Samuel]. My comfort and hope were hereby increased. In about half an hour they went. I betook myself to prayer; the substance as follows:—'O Jesus, Thou hast said, "I will come unto you;" Thou hast said, "I will send the Comforter unto you;" Thou hast said, "My Father and I will come unto you, and make our abode with you." Thou art God, who canst not lie; I wholly rely upon Thy most true promise: accomplish it in Thy time and manner.' Having said this, I was composing myself to sleep in quietness and peace, when I heard one come in and say, 'In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise, and believe, and thou shalt be healed of all thine infirmities.' The words struck me to the heart. I lay musing and trembling. With a strange palpitation of the heart, I said, yet feared to say, 'I believe, I believe!'" Mr. Bray told Mr. Wesley that his sister, Mrs. Turner, had been ordered by Christ to say those words to him. By degrees the darkness of his unbelief was cleared away; and immediately he was thoroughly convinced, he fell to intercession. Looking into the Scriptures, he read, "And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is even in Thee." And again, "He hath put a new song in my mouth, even a thanksgiving unto our God." Charles Wesley adds, "I now found myself at peace with God, and rejoiced in hope of loving Christ."

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375 L. M.

JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee—
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!

4 Each foll'wing minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Coronation of Christ, and Espousals of the Church*" is the author's title to this hymn in his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. He bases it on Song of Sol. iii. 2: "I will seek him whom my soul loveth." The first and last stanzas are omitted:

1 Daughters of Zion, come, behold
The crown of honor and of gold
Which the glad Church with joys unknown
Placed on the head of Solomon.

6 O that the months would roll away
And bring that coronation day!
The King of grace shall fill the throne
With all his Father's glories on.

The author wrote "*the* well-deserved" instead of "thy" in the first verse, and "*dear* hour" in the second verse instead of "blest." In the second line of the third verse he wrote "*Our hearts would wish it long to stay*," and in the last line, "Nor *comfort sink*," instead of "hope decline."

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376 L. M.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, e'en me, t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For *me*, e'en for *my* soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for ALL a ransom paid,
For ALL a full atonement made.

Count Zinzendorf. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

"*The Believer's Triumph*" is the original title of this magnificent hymn. It is perhaps the most popular of all John Wesley's translations. The translation contained twenty-four stanzas. It was made in 1739, and first published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. The last stanza originally closed with the following couplet:

"For all thou hast the ransom given,
Purchased for all peace, life, and heaven."

It was changed by the translator for his *Collection*, in 1779. Some Methodists are hypercritical in thinking they discern a theology in the first two lines of this hymn not in accord with the Wesleyan Arminian system.

377 L. M.

AUTHOR of faith, eternal Word,
Whose Spirit breathes the active flame,
Faith, like its Finisher and Lord,
To-day, as yesterday, the same,—

2 To thee our humble hearts aspire,
And ask the gift unspeakable:
Increase in us the kindled fire,
In us the work of faith fulfill.

3 By faith we know thee strong to save;
(Save us, a present Saviour, thou!)
Whate'er we hope, by faith we have;
Future and past subsisting now.

4 To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given:
Into himself he all receives—
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

5 The things unknown to feeble sense,
Unseen by reason's glimm'ring ray,
With strong, commanding evidence,
Their heavenly origin display.

6 Faith lends its realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
Th' Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.

Charles Wesley.

"*The Life of Faith, Exemplified in the Eleventh Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews*" is the author's title to his poetic paraphrase upon this chapter. The original contains eighty-five stanzas. The hymn above is composed of the first six stanzas, and is based on the first verse: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

378 L. M. 6 l.

NOW I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus—for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain,
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When earth and heaven are fled away.

2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallowed up in thee;
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!

4 By faith I plunge me in this sea:
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

5 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,—
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

John Andrew Rothe. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

"*Redemption Found*" is the title of this hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. In the fourth verse Wesley wrote "*With* faith" instead of "*By* faith." This hymn in the German, contained ten stanzas, and was dedicated by the author to his friend, Count Zinzendorf, on his birthday in 1728. "Perhaps there is not," observes Stevenson, "in the whole collection a hymn which is so full of Scripture truth in Scripture phraseology. One lover of this hymn has been led to compare it to the word of God, and he has found no less than thirty-six separate passages of Scripture which, in language or spirit, correspond with the several lines of this hymn. When the translation of this hymn was finished, John Wesley sent a copy of it to P. H. Molther, one of the German Moravians in London, and under date of January 25, 1740, Mr Molther returned the translation with his approval of all but one verse, which Mr. Wesley altered as suggested."

379 S. M.

O BLESSÈD souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

Isaac Watts.

"*Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession*" is the title of this in the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719. It is based on Ps. xxxii. 1-6: "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile. . . . I acknowledge my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord: and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah. For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayst be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him."

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380 S. M.

HOW can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?
How can my gracious Saviour show
My name inscribed in heaven?

2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.

3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.

4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.

Charles Wesley.

These are the first two of eight double stanzas of a hymn on "*The Marks of Faith*," found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It is continued in No. 383.

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381 S. M.

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

Isaac Watts.

"*Christ unseen and beloved*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It is based on 1 Pet. i. 8: "Whom having not seen, ye love: in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

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382 S. M.

BEHOLD! what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor does it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

Isaac Watts.

"*Adoption*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It is based on 1 John iii. 1-3: "Behold what manner of love the

Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God! therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

Two stanzas are omitted above:

2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne,
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

---

383 S. M.

WE by his Spirit prove,
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestowed.

2 His Spirit us he gave,
Who dwells in us, we know:
The witness in ourselves we have,
And all its fruits we show.

3 Our nature's turned, our mind
Transformed in all its powers;
And both the witnesses are joined,
The Spirit of God with ours.

4 Whate'er our pard'ning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And, guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue.

5 His glory our design,
We live our God to please;
And rise, with filial fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

Charles Wesley.

This is a part of the author's hymn on "*The Marks of Faith*," beginning "How can a sinner know." (No. 380.)

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384 C. P. M.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go:
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or sink in endless woe.

2 I heard the law its thunders roll,
While guilt lay heavy on my soul—
A vast oppressive load;
All creature-aid I saw was vain;
"The sinner must be born again,"
Or drink the wrath of God.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the tempter's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
"The sinner must be born again,"
I sunk in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed that way,
And felt his pity move;
The sinner, once by justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

Samson Occum.

This hymn is invested with a peculiar interest growing out of the fact that it was written by a converted Indian. Occum (spelled also Ockhum and Occom) was converted under the preaching of Whitefield in America, and became a most useful minister of the gospel, and one of the most noted that his race has ever produced. This hymn was written in 1760, and first appeared (so far as is known) in a small collection of hymns published at Wilkesbarre, Pa., the latter part of the last century, the sixth edition of which is dated Albany, N. Y., 1804. It there begins "Waked by the gospel's joyful sound," and has eight stanzas. It was altered to its present form either by Daniel Dodge for his *Selection* (1808), or by Asahel Nettleton for his *Village Hymns* (1824). It is said to have been in common use in England as early as 1809. Its introduction there was probably due in part to the fact that the author visited England in 1766 to raise funds for an Indian school. Being the first Indian preacher that had visited England, he attracted wide-spread attention and was received with great favor, as is shown by the fact that he secured fifty thousand dollars for his school (which afterward became Dartmouth College). This hymn was translated into Welsh in 1814 by Rev. Thomas Thomas, and has since been constantly and usefully employed in revival services.

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385 7s.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint;
Yet I love thee and adore:
O for grace to love thee more!

William Cowper.

"*Lovest Thou Me?*" is the title of this hymn in the *Olney Collection*, 1779. In verse five, line two, the author wrote "grace" instead of "faith," and in verse six, line two, "*weak and* faint" instead of "*still so* faint." It is based on John xxi. 16: "He saith to him again the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord: thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my sheep." The third verse appropriates very happily the expressive figure found in Isaiah xlix. 15, 16: "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me."

---

386 H. M.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears:
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead:
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

Charles Wesley.

In *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, this bears the title, "*Behold the Man!*" This is one of the most useful hymns ever written. It has been blessed to the salvation of multitudes of penitent souls not only in England and America, but also in heathen lands, as the following testimony will show. It is from Rev. Matthew Cranswick, an English Wesleyan minister, who formerly labored as a missionary in the West Indies. "I feel it due to the honor and glory of God to inform you of the utility of one hymn in particular, that commencing, 'Arise, my soul, arise,' etc. I have a record of upwards of two hundred persons, young and old, who received the most direct evidence of the forgiveness of their sins while singing that hymn at different services and at various periods. The conversion of the greatest number of these persons took place whilst I was a missionary abroad. My plan of using the hymn was the following: After ascertaining as far as possible that the professed sorrow of the penitent was godly sorrow, we then commenced singing that hymn, requesting the penitents to join. Some of them would hesitate to sing the last verse; in that case I would begin to sing the whole or part of the hymn again, until the penitents had obtained courage to sing every part. I have never known one instance of a sincere penitent failing to receive a joyous sense of pardon while singing that hymn. Upon one occasion seven young persons, under concern for their salvation, visited me; after about two hours' engagement, praying, etc., while singing that hymn, six of them obtained a clear sense of pardon. I do

not think it possible for any sincere person to read or sing that hymn without profit. There is in it direct reference to the Trinity, and the apparent office of each—the intercession of Christ, the atoning blood, the assistance of the Holy Spirit, the love of the Father, and in the last verse the necessary effort of faith made by the penitent."

387 L. M.

WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born!

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

Isaac Watts.

"*Joy in Heaven for a Repenting Sinner*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It is based on Luke xv. 10: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

388 C. M.

O 'TIS delight without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name;
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast!—
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
And sound from every joyful string
Through all the realms of bliss.

4 Let life immortal seize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

5 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come!

6 Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let sin and death remove;
'Tis love that drives my chariot wheels,
And death must yield to love.

Isaac Watts.

"*Ascending to Him in Heaven*" is the author's title to this hymn as found in his *Horæ Lyricæ*, 1709. The raptnre and transports of love have rarely found more glowing description than in this hymn, especially in the two last stanzas. In the first line the author wrote, "'Tis *pure* delight;" in verse two "while' instead of "when;" in verse three, "fear" instead of "hope," "*Must* sound" instead of "*And* sound," and "the sweet groves" instead of "all the realms;" in verse six, "guilt" instead of "sin.'

389 8s, 7s, 4s.

O THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Saviour:
He hath brought salvation near,
Manifests his pard'ning favor;
And, when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM!"
I with them will still be vying,
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!"
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived they mix the throng,
Wond'ring at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

5 Now I see with joy and wonder,
Whence the gracious spring arose;
Angel minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause;
Yet the blessing
Down to all, to me it flows.

Thomas Olivers.

This "*Hymn of Praise to Christ*" first appeared appended to a short account of the death of Mary Langson, of Taxall, Cheshire, January 29, 1769. It is attributed to Olivers only on internal and circumstantial evidence. He was the pastor of the deceased at the time of her death. The beautiful climax of the hymn has been destroyed by omitting the last stanza:

6 This hath set me all on fire;
Strongly glows the flame of love:
Higher mounts my soul, and higher,
Struggles for its swift remove;
Then I'll praise him
In a nobler strain above!

---

390 C. M.

WHAT shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
And depth, of sovereign grace?

2 Thy sovereign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends,
It reaches all mankind.

3 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity—
So wide, it never passed by one,
Or it had passed by me.

4 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

Charles Wesley.

From a poem of eighteen stanzas, beginning, "O what an evil heart have I!"—found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

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391 7s, 6s, 7, 8.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good!
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood!
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from endless woe
The sin-atoning Victim died:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
My fluctuating heart
From the haven of his breast
Shall never more depart:
Whither should a sinner go?
His wounds for me stand open wide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite
This saving truth to prove,
Show the length, the breadth, the height,
And depth, of Jesus' love!
Fain I would to sinners show
The blood by faith alone applied:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

Charles Wesley.

"*I am Determined to Know Nothing Save Jesus Christ and Him Crucified*" is the title, as well as Scripture basis, of this hymn. The original in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, has nine stanzas.

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392 C. M.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found—and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death—
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
To know that God is mine—
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine!

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

John Newton.

This beautiful hymn is contained in no other Church collection so far as the writer has been able to discover. It is a Christian lyric of very high order. In the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, it bears the title: "*The Joy of the Lord is your Strength*," and is based on Nehemiah viii. 10: "Neither be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength."

---

393 C. M.

LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

John Newton.

Title: "*Old things Are passed Away.*" Based on 2 Cor. v. 17: "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." It is from the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. The first two lines of the second stanza have been slightly altered. Newton wrote:

"Its pleasures *now* no longer please,
No more content afford."

The fifth and sixth stanzas have been omitted:

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And holy live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

6 Yes! though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

There were unawakened and worldly ministers in Newton's day, but he was not one of them. Such a one, however gifted as a poet, could never have written this hymn. Newton was powerfully convicted, soundly converted, thoroughly consecrated, deeply spiritual. It takes such an experience to prepare one to write such a hymn as this, and little less to sing it "with the spirit and the understanding."

A Scotch girl, converted under Whitefield's ministry, was asked if her heart was changed. She replied: "Something I know is changed; it may be the world, it may be my heart. There is a great change somewhere I am sure, for every thing is different from what it once was."

---

394 L. M.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

Count Zinzendorf. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

It is not altogether certain that Zinzendorf is the author of this hymn. It has been accredited, in part or in whole, to John Nitschman, and also to Anna Nitschman, who became the second wife of Count Zinzendorf. Wesley's translation was first published in 1740 in *Hymns and Sacred Poems.* The following hymn is a continuation of this.

---

395 L. M.

HOW can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown!

2 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

3 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

4 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow;
To thee our hearts and hands we give;
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

Count Zinzendorf. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

This is the second half of a hymn of eight stanzas beginning, "I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God." (See note under the preceding hymn.)

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396 L. M.

HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows, "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches and immortal praise—
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights:
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains;
Thrice happy who his guest retains:
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

Charles Wesley.

From *Redemption Hymns*, 1747. It is based on Prov. iii. 13-18: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding: For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her." Three stanzas are omitted:

4 Better she is than richest mines,
All earthly treasures she outshines,
Her value above rubies is,
And precious pearls are vile to this.

5 Whate'er thy heart can wish, is poor
To wisdom's all sufficient store:
Pleasure, and fame, and health, and friends,
She all created good transcends.

6 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends;
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of paradise.

---

397 L. M.

LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow!
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed upon their brow.

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,
But spend the day and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That Heaven prepares for their delight.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Pleasures of a Good Conscience*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. In line one of verse five the author wrote "out" instead of "our." There is one additional stanza:

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie groveling in the dust below,
Almighty grace renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

---

398 6s, 4s.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer.

"This hymn," says Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, "is by far the most precious contribution which American genius has yet made to the hymnology of the Christian Church." It was written in December, 1830, when the author was only twenty-two years old. He had just graduated at Yale College. He was poor and in bad health, and was laboring under many discouragements when he wrote these verses, which were "born of his own soul." "I gave form to what I felt," he says, "by writing, with little effort, these stanzas. I recollect I wrote them with very tender emotion, and ended the last line with tears. I composed them with a deep consciousness of my own needs, without the slightest thought of writing for another eye, and least of all of writing a hymn for Christian worship." He placed the manuscript away in his pocket memorandum-book, where it remained for quite two years, when one day Dr. Lowell Mason met him on the streets of Boston, and asked him if he did not have something to contribute to a new hymn and tune book which he and Rev. Thomas Hastings were soon to issue (*Spiritual Songs for Social Worship*, 1833). He produced this hymn from his pocket note-book, and made a copy of it for Dr. M., who went to his room and immediately wrote for it the now familiar tune called "Olivet." A few days later Dr. Mason met the author and accosted him thus: "Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of 'My faith looks up to thee.'" All of which has been literally verified. "*Self-Consecration*" is the title which the author gave the hymn. Before it appeared in Dr. Mason's *Spiritual Songs* it had been printed, it seems, anonymously in some American periodical and was reprinted in England. As there published, it contained six stanzas, the two first being omitted in the hymn. Dr. Andrew Reed, of Scotland, discovered in the floating newspaper waif a valuable hymn, and gave it a place in his Hymn Book; and it seems to have attained a more speedy popularity in England than in America. Of modern hymns it is perhaps surpassed in popularity only by "*Nearer, my God, to thee.*"

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399 C. P. M.

HOW happy are the new-born race,
Partakers of adopting grace!
How pure the bliss they share!
Hid from the world and all its eyes,
Within their hearts the blessing lies,
The spirit feels it there.

2 The moment we believe, 'tis ours;
And if we love with all our powers
The God from whom it came,
And if we serve with hearts sincere,
'Tis still discernible and clear,
An undisputed claim.

3 But ah! if foul and willful sin
Stain and dishonor us within,
Farewell the joy we knew:
Again the slaves of nature's sway,
In labyrinths of sin we stray,
Without a guide or clew.

4 The chaste and pure who fear to grieve
The gracious Spirit they receive,
His work distinctly trace;

And, strong in undissembled love,
Boldly assert and clearly prove
Their hearts his dwelling-place.

5 O Messenger of dear delight,
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove!
With thee at hand to soothe our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
No task but that of love.

Madame Guyon. Tr. by *William Cowper.*

"*The Testimony of Divine Adoption*" is the title of this hymn. The French original is found in Madame Guyon's *Spiritual Songs* (Amsterdam, 1689). The Wesley's were not stronger believers in the doctrine of a conscious witness of the Holy Spirit and entire sanctification and perfect love in this life, than was this most eminent and spiritual mystic writer. Cowper's translation was made in 1782, along with several others, at the request of Rev. William Bull, who wished to divert the poet's mind from brooding over his unfortunate mental condition. There are two additional stanzas in the translation, which is found in Cowper's *Poems.* In the last line of the first verse the original has "*And conscience* feels it there;" and in the fifth line of the third verse, "In labyrinths of *our own* we stray."

---

400 8s & 7s.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend:
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessèd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye:
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace!

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

James Allen. Alt. by *Walter Shirley.*

This hymn, in its present form, is taken from Walter Shirley's *Collection of Hymns for the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapels.* It is an alteration and improvement of Allen's hymn beginning, "While my Jesus I'm possessing," which is found in the *Kendal Collection of Hymns* (1757), of which he and Christopher Batty were editors. The improvement was probably made by Shirley, who was much given to altering hymns. He was a cousin of the Countess of Huntingdon, and a pious and useful clergyman of the Church of England. He was born in England in 1725, and died in 1786, at Longhrea, Ireland, where he held the living.

---

401 C. M.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!—

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus show his mercy mine,
And whisper I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

Isaac Watts.

"*God's Presence is Light in Darkness*" is the title given to this hymn by the author in his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. The hymn in the above form contains several minor changes and improvements made by John Wesley when he inserted it in his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1738.

ORIGINAL FORM.

Verse two, lines one, three, and four:

"In darkest shades if *he* appear,"
"*He is* my soul's *sweet* morning star,
And he my rising sun."

Verse three, line three:

"*While* Jesus shows his *heart is* mine."

Verse four, line four:

"*T' embrace my dearest* Lord."

Verse five, line four:

"*Should* bear me conqu'ror through."

"This hymn," says Milner, in his *Life of Watts*, "is almost without spot or blemish;" and an able critic in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* says of it that "it is the very best Watts wrote, and breathes the same intense earnestness, and passionate, kindling fervor of Wesley himself. It is an effusion of irrepressible joy and triumphant faith."

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402 5s, 6s, 9s.

HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb!
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem a poor rebel like me.

5 On the wings of his love
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain:
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat:
My soul mounted higher
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blessed,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of thirty-seven hymns "*For One Fallen from Grace*," found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. The original contains sixteen stanzas in two parts. This is part one entire, and describes the ecstacy of a new-born soul. Part second describes the fall, beginning thus:

"Ah, where am I now!
When was it, or how
That I fell from my heaven of grace!"

---

403 C. M.

JEHOVAH, God the Father, bless,
And thy own work defend!
With mercy's outstretched arms embrace,
And keep us to the end.
Preserve the creatures of thy love,
By providential care
Conducted to the realms above,
To sing their goodness there!

2 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face,
And all thy pardoned people fill
With plenitude of grace!
Shine forth with all the Deity,
Which dwells in thee alone;
And lift us up, thy face to see,
On thy eternal throne.

3 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show!
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our ravished hearts o'erflow!
Sure earnest of that happiness
Which human hope transcends,
Be thou my everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends!

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns on the Trinity*, 1767. It is based on the Old Testament benediction found in Numbers vi. 24-27: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." One stanza is omitted:

4 Thy blessing, grace, and peace we claim,
Great God in persons three,
The incommunicable name
Ascribing now to thee:
We soon shall join that harping host,
And sing, thy saints among,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The new, eternal song.

---

404 10s & 11s.

ALL praise to the Lamb! Accepted I am,
I'm bold to believe on my Jesus's name:
In him I confide, His blood is applied;
For me he has suffered, for me he has died.

2 Not a doubt can arise To darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine eyes,
In him I am blest, I lean on his breast,
And lo! in his wounds I continually rest.

Charles Wesley. (Alt.)

This is one of the author's "*Hymns for Believers*," found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It is much altered, as well as abridged, from the original, which contains eighteen stanzas.

---

405 7s.

SONS of God, exulting rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
See the prodigal is come,
Welcome now the wand'rer home!

2 Strive in joy, with angels strive;
He was dead, but now's alive:
Loud repeat the glorious sound,
He was lost, but now is found!

3 Now the gracious Father smiles;
Now the Saviour boasts his spoils;
Now the Spirit grieves no more:
Sing, ye heavens; and earth, adore!

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. It is based on Luke xv. 10: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." There are seven verses in the original, which begins: "Sing, ye heavens; and earth, rejoice!" The three stanzas above are the second, third, and seventh. In the last line of the first verse the author wrote, "*Shout to bear* the wanderer home!" It was written "On the conversion of a common harlot," and the original has "she" instead of "he" in verse two.

---

406 7s.

JESUS is our common Lord,
He our loving Saviour is;
By his death to life restored,
Mis'ry we exchange for bliss—

2 Bliss to carnal minds unknown:
O 'tis more than tongue can tell!
Only to believers shown,
Glorious and unspeakable.

3 Christ, our Brother and our Friend,
Shows us his eternal love:
Never shall our triumphs end,
Till we take our seats above.

4 Let us walk with him in white;
For our bridal day prepare,
For our partnership in light,
For our glorious meeting there!

Charles Wesley.

In *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, this hymn is appropriately titled "*Receiving a Christian Friend*," as will appear from the first and second stanzas of the original, which are omitted above:

1 Welcome, friend, in that great name,
Whence our every blessing flows,
Enter, and increase the flame
Which in all our bosoms glows.

2 Sent of God, we thee receive:
Hail the providential guest!
If in Jesus we believe
Let us on his mercies feast.

The last line of the third stanza the author wrote:

"Till we *join the host* above."

It was changed for the *Collection* of 1780.

2. ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION AND PERFECT LOVE.

407 C. M.

LET Him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price:
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfill our heart's desire;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire!

4 Our souls and bodies we resign:
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine,
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of the author's *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745. It is the last of thirty hymns under the fifth sub-division, which is titled, "*Concerning the Sacrifice of our Persons.*" In the last line the author wrote "*Through* all eternity."

---

408 C. M.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Charles Wesley.

"*Christ our Righteousness*" (1 Cor. i. 30), is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. The first two stanzas are omitted:

1 Jesus, thou art my Righteousness,
For all my sins were thine:
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,
Thy life hath made him mine.

2 Spotless and just, in thee I am;
I feel my sins forgiven;
I taste salvation in thy name,
And antedate my heaven.

In verse two, line three, above, the author wrote "Sprinkle me ever *in* thy blood" and in verse four, line three, "Till hope *shall in* fruition die."

---

409 L. M. 61.

JESUS, thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare:
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Be thou alone my constant flame!

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone!
O may thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown!
Strange flames far from my heart remove:
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek, but thee!

4 Unwearied may I this pursue,
Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
Hourly within my soul renew
This holy flame, this heavenly fire;
And day and night be all my care
To guard the sacred treasure there.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

"*Living by Christ*" is the title of this hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739, where it has sixteen stanzas. The German original is found in the *Herrnhut Collection*. In Dr. Osborn's edition (13 vols.) of *The Poetical Works of J. and C. Wesley* this hymn has the following note: "Paul Gerhardt is said by one of his German biographers to have had John Arndt's *Prayer and Paradise Garden* continually before him at the close of his life, and to have written several hymns on its contents. To

Arndt, therefore, as its ultimate source, we must trace the invaluable hymn before us." The last line of the third stanza reads in the original, "Nothing *have, feel, or think*, but thee."

---

410 C. M.

MY GOD, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine;
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all.

3 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven!

Matthew Bridges.

From the author's *Hymns of the Heart*, (1847.) The third and fourth stanzas of the original have been omitted:

3 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for thine own,—
That I may see thy glorious face,
And worship at thy throne.

4 May the dear blood once shed for me
My blest atonement prove,—
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of thy love!

---

411 C. M.

LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin!

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.

Charles Wesley.

This is taken from the last hymn in the 1740 edition of *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, being verses one, two, ten, and eleven. The original contains seventeen stanzas, four more of which are given in the next hymn (No. 412). It is based on Heb. iv. 9: "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." In the third line of verse two the author wrote "Where *doubt* and *pain* and *fear* expire," which John Wesley altered to the above form for his *Collection* of 1780. In Dr. Osborn's 13 vol. edition of the *Poetical Works* of J. and C. Wesley, an asterisk at the end of verse five of the original points to the following foot-note: "Wesley found under the pressure of controversy (*Poetical Works*, Vol. x., p. 397), if not sooner, that these expressions were indefensible, and marked verses four and five to be omitted in future editions." The following are the verses alluded to:

4 Our life is hid with Christ in God;
The agony is o'er,
We wrestle not with flesh and blood,
We *strive* with sin no more.

5 Our spirit is right, our heart is clean,
Our nature is renewed;
We cannot now, we cannot sin,
For we are born of God.

---

412 C. M.

I WOULD be thine, thou know'st I would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient Good,
I want, and thee alone.

2 Thy name to me, thy nature grant;
This, only this, be given:
Nothing besides my God I want,
Nothing in earth or heaven.

3 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End.

4 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
Let all be lost in God!

Charles Wesley.

These are verses thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, and seventeen of the original from which the preceding hymn is also taken. (See note under No. 411.)

413 C. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me:
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be!
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

Charles Wesley.

This is from a hymn of twenty-three stanzas on "Rejoicing in hope" (Rom. xii. 12) and is found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

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414 C. M.

WHEN Christ doth in my heart appear,
And love erects its throne,
I then enjoy salvation here,
And heaven on earth begun.

2 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possessed,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.

3 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.

4 Thou only know'st who didst obtain,
And die to make it known:
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

Charles Wesley.

This is part of the same hymn as the preceding.

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415 7s.

LOVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art;
Live thyself within my heart.

2 I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

Charles Wesley.

The last two of seven stanzas found in the original, which is one of the author's "*Hymns for the Youngest.*" It is from his *Hymns for Children*, 1763.

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416 6s & 4s.

MORE love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make,
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief or pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

Elizabeth Payson Prentiss.

From *Golden Hours; or, Hymns and Songs of the Christian Life*, 1874. This is one of the few successful hymns written in imitation of "*Nearer, my God, to thee.*" But the gifted author of *Stepping Heavenward* had original as well as imitative genius.

417 S. M.

THE thing my God doth hate,
That I no more may do;
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew.

2 My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
Forever cease from sin.

3 That blessèd law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart,
The Spirit's law of life divine,
O write it in my heart!

4 Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove,
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

5 Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity;
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.

Charles Wesley.

We have here two of the author's *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. The first two stanzas are founded upon Jer. xliv. 4: "Oh, do not this abominable thing that I hate." The rest of the hymn is based upon Jer. xxxi. 33: "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts." The last stanza is omitted:

6 Soul of my soul, remain!
Who did'st for all fulfill,
In me, O Lord, fulfill again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

---

418 S. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

John Keble.

From the author's *Christian Year*, 1827. It is based on Matt. v. 8: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." Verses one and two are the first and last stanzas of a poem of seventeen verses on the festival of "The Purification." The last stanza was probably written by another author. Keble wrote, verse one, line four:

"Their soul is *Christ's* abode."

And verse two, lines three and four:

"And for His *cradle* and his throne,
Chooseth the pure in heart."

---

419 C. M.

O HOW the love of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows,
And dissipating mirth!

2 'Tis not enough to save our souls,
To shun the eternal fires;
The love of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

3 O cherish but the love of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.

4 The perfect way is hard to flesh;
It is not hard to love:
O if thy heart with love were filled,
How swiftly wouldst thou move!

5 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in love?

6 God only is the creature's home,
Though long and rough the road;
And nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

Frederick William Faber. (Alt.)

This is from a poem of eleven stanzas on "*Perfection*," which begins "O how the *thought* of God attracts!" This, like all of Faber's Hymns, has undergone considerable alteration. From the author's *Hymns*.

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420 C. M.

O FOR a heart of calm repose
Amid the world's loud roar,
A life that like a river flows
Along a peaceful shore!

2 Come, Holy Spirit! still my heart
With gentleness divine;
Indwelling peace thou canst impart;
O make that blessing mine!

3 Above these scenes of storm and strife
There spreads a region fair;
Give me to live that higher life,
And breathe that heavenly air.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace,
That victory make me win;
Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
And find a heaven within.

Author Unknown.

I can obtain no information concerning this beautiful hymn, either as to its authorship or the date of its first appearance.

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421 C. M.

COME, Lord, and claim me for thine own;
Saviour, thy right assert!
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart!

2 The day of thy great power I feel,
And pant for liberty;
I loathe myself, deny my will,
And give up all for thee.

3 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.

4 Thy love the conquest more than gains:
To all I shall proclaim,
"Jesus, the King, the Conqu'ror reigns;
Bow down to Jesus' name."

5 To thee shall earth and hell submit,
And every foe shall fall,
Till death expires beneath thy feet,
And God is all in all.

Charles Wesley.

From a hymn of fifteen stanzas in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, being the seventh, eighth, twelfth, fourteenth, and fifteenth stanzas. The first verse of the original begins "The Lord unto my Lord hath said." It is based on Psalm cx. 1: "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool."

422 C. M.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope
But inward holiness?
For this to Jesus I look up;
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till he shall touch me clean,
Shall life and power impart,
Give me the faith that casts out sin,
And purifies the heart.

3 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And lo! he saith, "I quickly come,
To fill and rule thy heart!"

4 Be it according to thy word,
Redeem me from all sin:
My heart would now receive thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in!

Charles Wesley.

From a hymn of fourteen stanzas in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, being the ninth, tenth, thirteenth, and fourteenth stanzas. It is based on Titus ii. 14: "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity." In verse two, line three, the author wrote "*roots* out sin;" and in verse three, line one, "soul" instead of "heart."

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423 C. M.

JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In whom I now believe,
As taught by thee, in faith I pray,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thy will by me on earth be done,
As by the powers above,
Who always see thee on thy throne,
And glory in thy love.

3 I ask in confidence the grace,
That I may do thy will,
As angels who behold thy face,
And all thy words fulfil.

4 Surely I shall, the sinner I,
Shall serve thee without fear,
If thou my nature sanctify
In answer to my prayer.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, being the first four of twelve stanzas, founded on Matt. vi. 10: "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." The author wrote "choirs" instead of "powers" in the second line of the second stanza. Instead of the last two lines above the author wrote:

"My heart no longer gives the lie
To my deceitful prayer."

These changes were probably made by Bishop Asbury and Daniel Hitt in editing the *Supplement to the Methodist Pocket Hymn Book*, 1808.

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424 L. M.

IF, Lord, I have acceptance found
With thee, or favor in thy sight,
Still with thy grace and truth surround,
And arm me with thy Spirit's might.

2 O may I hear thy warning voice,
And timely fly from danger near,
With rev'rence unto thee rejoice,
And love thee with a filial fear!

3 Still hold my soul in second life,
And suffer not my feet to slide;
Support me in the glorious strife,
And comfort me on every side.

4 O give me faith, and faith's increase;
Finish the work begun in me;
Preserve my soul in perfect peace,
And let me always rest on thee!

5 O let thy gracious Spirit guide
And bring me to the promised land,
Where righteousness and peace reside,
And all submit to love's command.

Charles Wesley.

From a hymn of fourteen stanzas titled "*After a Recovery from Sickness*," being the seventh to the eleventh verses, inclusive. The first stanza of the original is:

Thy will be done, thy name be blest!
I am not, gracious Lord, my own;
Whate'er thy wisdom sends is best,
Thy name be praised, thy will be done.

In the first stanza above the author wrote: "If *now* I have," etc; and "*With thine omnipotence* surround;" and in the last line of the fourth stanza "*That stays*, and *waits*, and *hangs* on thee." From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

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425 L. M.

COME, O Thou greater than our heart,
And make thy faithful mercies known;
The mind which was in thee impart;
Thy constant mind in us be shown.

2 O let us by thy cross abide,
Thee, only thee, resolved to know—
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless woe.

3 Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease;
With thy meek spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.

4 Jesus, for this we calmly wait:
O let our eyes behold thee near!
Hasten to make our heaven complete,
Appear, our glorious God, appear!

Charles Wesley.

From part second of a long hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, based on Isa. xxviii. 16: "He that believeth shall not make haste."

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426 H. M.

YE ransomed sinners, hear,
The pris'ners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 In God we put our trust;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he, and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me:
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise;
Let us give thanks and sing,
And glory in his grace:
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

Charles Wesley.

This hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, is appropriately titled "*Rejoicing in Hope.*" In the first line the author wrote: "Ye *happy* sinners, hear."

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427 C. M.

O JOYFUL sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view:
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised land from Pisgah's top
I now exult to see:
My hope is full (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.

4 He visits now the house of clay;
He shakes his future home:
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come!

5 Come, O my God, thyself reveal,
Fill all this mighty void:
Thou only canst my spirit fill:
Come, O my God, my God!

Charles Wesley.

"*The Spirit and the Bride say, Come*" (Rev. xxii. 17) is the title of this hymn, the original of which contains twenty-two stanzas. It is the last hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. In the parenthetic clause in verse three the author wrote "blessed" instead of "glorious."

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428 7s.

JESUS comes with all his grace,
Comes to save a fallen race;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to lift us up.

2 He hath our salvation wrought;
He our captive souls hath bought;
He hath reconciled to God;
He hath washed us in his blood.

3 We are now his lawful right,
Walk as children of the light;
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart, to see his face.

4 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up,
Trust to be redeemed from sin,
Wait till he appear within.

Charles Wesley.

Part of one of the author's hymns titled "*Waiting for Full Redemption*," found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. There are seven other stanzas.

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429 L. M.

GOD of all power, and truth, and grace,
Which shall from age to age endure,
Whose word, when heaven and earth shall pass,
Remains and stands for ever sure,—

2 Calmly to thee my soul looks up,
And waits thy promises to prove,
The object of my steadfast hope,
The seal of thy eternal love.

3 That I thy mercy may proclaim,
That all mankind thy truth may see,
Hallow thy great and glorious name,
And perfect holiness in me.

4 Thy sanctifying Spirit pour,
To quench my thirst, and make me clean;
Now, Father, let the gracious shower
Descend, and make me pure from sin.

Charles Wesley.

The original bears the title "*Pleading the Promise of Sanctification*" and has twenty-eight stanzas. The above are the first, second, third, and sixth. Nos. 432 and 433 are parts of the same original. The above verses are based on Ezek. xxxvi. 23, 25: "And the heathen shall know that I am the Lord, saith the Lord God, when I shall be sanctified in you before their eyes. . . . Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you."

The whole of this fine hymn may be found at the end of Mr. Wesley's fortieth sermon, the subject of which is Christian perfection. It was a great favorite with both John Wesley and John Fletcher, who made good use of it in their controversies with the opponents of the doctrine of sanctification. Mr. Fletcher, in his *Last Check to Antinomianism*, says of his opponents' antagonism to the doctrine, "it doubtless chiefly springs from his inattention to our definition of it, which I once more sum up in those comprehensive lines of Mr. Wesley." Then follows this hymn entire.

430 L. M.

O GOD, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart;
'Stablish with me the cov'nant new,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind,
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fullness of life eternal find!

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget;
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore
With speechless wonder, at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelmed with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapt'rous awe, and silent love.

5 Then every murm'ring thought, and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost:
I cannot of my cross complain,—
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardoned for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide;
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified!

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It is founded on Ezek. xvi. 62, 63: "And I will establish my covenant with thee; and thou shalt know that I am the Lord: that thou mayest remember, and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee for all thou hast done, saith the Lord God." The last line of the first stanza has been altered. Wesley wrote:

"And *write perfection* on my heart."

---

431 C. P. M.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus' priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and, from the mountain top,
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blessed:
There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

Charles Wesley.

From part second of a hymn of nineteen stanzas titled "*Desiring to Love.*" From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

---

432 L. M.

GIVE me a new, a perfect heart,
From doubt, and fear, and sorrow free;
The mind which was in Christ impart,
And let my spirit cleave to thee.

2 O take this heart of stone away!
Thy sway it doth not, cannot own;
In me no longer let it stay;
O take away this heart of stone!

3 O that I now, from sin released,
Thy word may to the utmost prove!
Enter into the promised rest,
The Canaan of thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley.

The eighth, ninth, and fourteenth stanzas of a hymn of twenty-eight stanzas found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, under the title "*Pleading the Promise of Sanctification*," and based on Ezek. xxxvi. 26: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." The original hymn begins "God of all power, and truth, and grace." (See No. 429.)

---

433 L. M.

HOLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye;
Display thy glory from above;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love.

3 Confound, o'erpower me by thy grace;
I would be by myself abhorred;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory, be to Christ my Lord!

4 Now let me gain perfection's height;
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in thy sight,
And feel that Christ is *all* in *all*.

Charles Wesley.

The original from which this hymn is taken has twenty-eight stanzas and furnishes several hymns for the Hymn Book. It begins "God of all power" (See No. 429), and is titled "*Pleading the Promise of Sanctification.*" The above verses are based on Ezek. xxxvi. 31, 32: "Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that were not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight for your iniquities and for your abominations. Not for your sakes do I this, saith the Lord God, be it known unto you: be ashamed and confounded for your own ways, O house of Israel." The original reads in the line next to the last, "*Be* less than nothing in thy sight." From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

---

434 C. M.

FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.

2 In hope, against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe;
Thy quick'ning word shall raise me up,
Thou shalt thy Spirit give.

3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

4 To thee the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give;
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.

5 Obedient faith that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

Charles Wesley.

From a hymn of twenty-eight stanzas in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, being the first, ninth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and twentieth stanzas. The original is based on Rom. iv. 16–25. This is an admirable hymn on faith. The third verse is especially fine.

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435 L. M.

COME, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu!

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it, thou who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Antoinette Bourignon. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

This beautiful and useful hymn of consecration is found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. The life and character of the pious but visionary mystic who wrote the original French add interest to the hymn. There is considerable doubt as to who is the author of the translation. It is found in a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems* (Manchester, 1773), by John Byrom, under the title "*An Hymn to Jesus*," and is therefore *apparently* claimed by him. This has led many to think that he is the author, and that Mr. Wesley knew this when he gave it a place in his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. But after reading what has been written in favor of Byrom's authorship, we still incline to the opinion that the translation above is the work of John Wesley. George John Stevenson is authority for saying that it was written by Mr. Wesley in 1736, while he was in America, undergoing some such persecution as led Madame Bourignon to write the original. There are ten stanzas in Mr. Wesley's translation, of which the above five are decidedly the best.

436 7s. 6 l.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done:
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive:
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have and all I am.

3 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do:
Take my heart; but make it new.

4 Now, my God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thine own;
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone:
Thine I live, thrice happy I,
Happier still if thine I die.

Charles Wesley.

One of the hymns "*Concerning the Sacrifice of our Persons*" found in the author's *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745. In verse four, line one, the author wrote "Now, *O* God" and in the last line, "Happier still, *for* thine I die." The original repeats the first stanza at the end, and has one other stanza which is omitted above:

2 Vilest of the sinful race,
Lo! I answer to thy call;
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
(Grace divinely free for all,)
Lo! I come to do thy will,
All thy counsel to fulfill.

---

437 S. M.

LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And, from this moment, live or die
To serve my God alone.

Charles Wesley.

This beautiful little hymn of self-consecration is one of the author's *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It is founded on 1 Chron. xxix. 5: "Who is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord?"

---

438 S. M.

FATHER, I dare believe
Thee merciful and true:
Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
My fallen soul renew.

2 Come, then, for Jesus' sake,
And bid my heart be clean:
An end of all my troubles make,
An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood t' impart
The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
Jesus, the grace bestow;
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And I am white as snow.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*Seeking for Full Redemption.*" It is composed of two of the author's *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. The first part is founded on Ps. cxxx. 8: "He shall redeem Israel from all his sins." The Scripture basis of the last part is Jer. iv. 14: "O, Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved."

---

439 Six 8s.

O GOD, what off'ring shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice:
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

2 Now then, my God, thou hast my soul:
No longer mine, but thine I am:
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame!
Thou hast my spirit: there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

3 Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will:
Here let thy light for ever shine;
This house still let thy presence fill:
O Source of life, live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love!

Joachim Lange. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

"*A Morning Dedication of Ourselves to Christ*" is the title of this hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. The original has seven stanzas, the first of which begins "Jesus, thy light again I view." Stevenson gives Ernest Lange as the author of the German original, but in the collected *Poetical Works of J. and C. Wesley* (13 vols.) it is accredited to Dr. Joachim Lange. In the former edition of our Hymn Book Charles Wesley was given as the author. The German original is found in the *Herrnhut Collection*. Wesley began the first stanza above "*But O* what offering," etc. Among the omitted stanzas are two upon dress:

5 O, never in these veils of shame,
Sad fruits of sin, my glorying be!
Clothe with salvation through thy name
My soul, and may I put on thee.
Be living faith my costly dress,
And my best robe thy righteousness.

6 Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be:
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity,
Than gold and pearls more precious far
And brighter than the morning star.

These are in harmony with the "rules concerning dress," which were found in the Methodist *Discipline* down to the year 1856. Two of them were as follows: "Receive none into the Church till they have left off superfluous ornaments." "Give no tickets (of admission to love-feasts) to any that wear high heads, enormous bonnets, ruffles, or rings."

---

440 C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within!

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Charles Wesley.

"*Make me a Clean Heart, O God*" is the title of this hymn, which is one of the finest Charles Wesley ever wrote, and is scarcely less popular than "A charge to keep I have." The author wrote "*An* heart" throughout the hymn. Instead of "O for a lowly, contrite heart," he wrote "An humble, lowly," etc. In verse two, line two, he wrote "*dear* Redeemer." These changes were made by John Wesley for his *Collection* published in 1780. Four stanzas of the original are omitted. They are not necessary to the hymn, yet, perhaps, some would like to see them:

5 Thy tender heart is still the same,
And melts at human woe:
Jesus, for thee, distressed I am,
I want thy love to know.

6 My heart, thou knowest, can never rest
Till thou create my peace;
Till, of my *Eden* repossest,
From self and sin I cease.

7 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
Bestow that peace unknown,
The hidden manna, and the tree
Of life, and the white stone.

8 Thy nature, dearest Lord, impart:
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

---

441 C. M.

JESUS, my Life, thyself apply,
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to thy death.

2 More of thy life, and more, I have,
As the old Adam dies:
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

3 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul;
Shine to the perfect day.

4 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;

O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God!

Charles Wesley.

"*Christ our Sanctification*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. Two stanzas are omitted:

2 Conqueror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with thy rebel strive:
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive.

6 My inward holiness thou art,
For faith hath made thee mine:
With all thy fullness fill my heart,
Till all I am is thine.

442

7s.

HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
"As thou art, so let us be!"

2 Jesus, see my panting breast!
See I pant in thee to rest!
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind!
To thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passions far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God:
Take the purchase of thy blood!

Anna Schindler Dober. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

"*Redemption Found*" is the title of this hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740, where it has four additional stanzas. The German original was written for a school-feast, and is found in the *Herrnhut Collection.*

443

7s.

WHEN, my Saviour, shall I be
Perfectly resigned to thee?
Poor and vile in my own eyes,
Only in thy wisdom wise?—

2 Only thee content to know,
Ignorant of all below;
Only guided by thy light;
Only mighty in thy might?

3 So I may thy Spirit know,
Let him as he listeth blow;
Let the manner be unknown,
So I may with thee be one.

4 Fully in my life express
All the heights of holiness;
Sweetly let my spirit prove
All the depths of humble love.

Charles Wesley.

"*Submission*" is the title of the original, which contains five double stanzas, of which the first and the last are given above. It is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

444

8s, 7s. D.

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown!
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art:
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest:
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Finish, then, thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

Charles Wesley.

This is one of the author's *Hymns for those that Seek and those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus*," 1747. In the fifth line of the second stanza the author wrote, "Take away our *power* of sinning" which is more than questionable theology. John Wesley omitted this stanza from at least two books which he edited, and in this he has been followed by the Wesleyans. The third stanza of the original has been omitted:

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

---

445 L. M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free:
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley.

The original of this, in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, contains fourteen stanzas. It is based on Matt. xi. 28: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

---

446 C. M.

MY God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 When shall I see the welcome hour
That plants my God in me!
Spirit of health, and life, and power,
And perfect liberty!

4 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

Charles Wesley.

"*Against Hope, Believing in Hope,*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. The original contains twelve stanzas. The following hymn (No. 447) is a part of the same original.

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447 C. M.

O THAT in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

2 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume,
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!

3 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

4 No longer then my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

Charles Wesley.

(See note to the preceding hymn.)

---

448 C. M.

GOD of eternal truth and grace,
Thy faithful promise seal;
Thy word, thy oath, to Abrah'm's race,
In us, e'en us, fulfill.

2 Let us, to perfect love restored,
Thine image here retrieve,
And in the presence of our Lord,
The life of angels live.

3 That mighty faith on me bestow,
Which cannot ask in vain;
Which holds, and will not let thee go,
Till I my suit obtain,—

4 Till thou into my soul inspire
The perfect love unknown,
And tell my infinite desire,
"Whate'er thou wilt, be done."

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. The first part of the hymn is founded on Micah vii. 20: "Thou wilt perform the truth to Jacob, and the mercy to Abraham, which thou hast sworn unto our fathers from the days of old." The second and third stanzas were written upon Matt. xv. 28: "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Two stanzas are omitted:

5 But is it possible that I
Should live, and sin no more?
Lord, if on thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.

6 On me that faith divine bestow,
Which doth the mountain move;
And all my sinless life shall show
Th' omnipotence of love.

---

449 C. M.

COME, O my God, the promise seal;
This mountain, sin, remove;
Now in my waiting soul reveal
The virtue of thy love.

2 I want thy life, thy purity,
Thy righteousness, brought in:
I ask, desire, and trust in thee
To be redeemed from sin.

3 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
My present Saviour, thou!
In all the confidence of hope,
I claim the blessing now!

4 'Tis done: thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. It is based on Mark xi. 24: "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." In verse one the author wrote "gasping" instead of "waiting," and in the last line of verse four "And *heaven in thy* peace." Two stanzas omitted:

3 For this as taught by thee, I pray,
And can no longer doubt!
Remove from hence! to sin I say;
Be cast this moment out!

4 Anger and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued!
Be cast into the crimson tide
Of my Redeemer's blood.

---

450 C. M.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish set free:
Let all I am in thee be lost;
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, being the last five of thirteen stanzas based on Acts xvi. 31: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." In verse three, line three, the author wrote "longing *soul*."

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451 7s.

JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be;
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part;
Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness.

4 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee, I know:

Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of the author's "*Hymns for Believers*" found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. Instead of the first line above the author wrote "Gentle Jesus, lovely Lamb." The three last stanzas are omitted:

5 All my treasure is above;
All my riches is thy love:
Who the worth of love can tell?
Infinite, unsearchable!

6 Thou, O Love, my portion art;
Lord, thou know'st my simple heart.
Other comforts I despise;
Love be all my paradise.

7 Nothing else can I require;
Love fills up my whole desire;
All thy other gifts remove,
Still thou giv'st me all in love!

3. DUTIES AND TRIALS.

452 C. M.

ONCE more we come before our God;
Once more his blessings ask:
O may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task!

2 Father, thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven in Jesus' name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart,
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part!

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
To each thy blessings suit,
And let the seed thy servant sows
Produce abundant fruit.

Joseph Hart.

"*Before Preaching*" is the title of this most useful hymn in the author's *Hymns Composed on Various Subjects*, 1762. In the third verse the author wrote "Hoard up," instead of "And keep;" in the fourth verse he wrote "a copious," instead of "abundant." The original has two additional stanzas:

5 Bid the refreshing north wind wake,
Say to the south wind, blow;
Let every plant the power partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parched with heavenly showers,
The cold with warmth divine;
And as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

453 L. M.

THY presence, gracious God, afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above:
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us the sacred word apply
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

John Fawcett.

"*Before Sermon*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, 1782. There is a chorus belonging to the original hymn:

"Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success."

454 C. M.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,

But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up the dying bed!

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

William Hiley Bathurst.

This excellent hymn on "*The Power of Faith*" is from the author's *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*, 1831, and is based on 1 John v. 4: "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." There are several verbal changes: In verse one "any earthly" for "poverty or;" verse two, "*Will* lean" for "*Can* lean;" verse four, "seas of trouble" for "sin's wild ocean," and "Satan's" for "its soft;" verse five, "hour" for "spark;" verse six, "us" for "me," and "We'll taste e'en *here*" for "we'll taste e'en *now*."

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455 7s, 6s. D.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave.

"*The Pilgrim's Song*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns for Christian Worship*, 1742. The third stanza of the original has been omitted:

3 Fly me Riches, fly me Cares,
Whilst I that coast explore;
Flattering World, with all thy snares,
Solicit me no more:
Pilgrims fix not here their Home;
Strangers tarry but a Night,
When the last dear Morn is come,
They'll rise to joyful Light.

---

456 S. M.

IN every time and place,
Who serve the Lord most high,
Are called his sovereign will t' embrace,
And still their own deny,—

2 To follow his command,
On earth as pilgrims rove,
And seek an undiscovered land,
And house and friends above.

3 Father, the narrow path
To that far country show,
And in the steps of Abrah'm's faith
Enable me to go,—

4 A cheerful sojourner
Where'er thou bidd'st me roam,
Till, guided by thy Spirit here,
I reach my heavenly home.

Charles Wesley.

One of the author's *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762, based on Acts vii. 3: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and come into the land that I shall show thee."

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457 10s, 5s & 11s.

COME, let us anew Our journey pursue,
With vigor arise,
And press to our permanent place in the skies:

Of heavenly birth, Though wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,
But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

2 At Jesus's call We gave up our all;
And still we forego,
For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below:
No longing we find For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above,—

3 A country of joy Without any alloy;
We thither repair;
Our hearts and our treasure already are there:
We march hand in hand To Immanuel's land;
No matter what cheer
We meet with on earth; for eternity's near!

4 The rougher our way, The shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise
Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies:
The fiercer the blast, The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

Charles Wesley.

This is the last of three hymns bearing the title "*On a Journey.*" It is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. In verse four the second and third lines have exchanged places with the fifth and sixth.

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458 7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banished seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

5 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick.

This very popular pilgrim song has twelve stanzas in the original as found in the author's *Sacred Hymns for the Children of God in the Days of their Pilgrimage*, 1742. The author had the second personal pronoun (ye, etc.,) throughout the hymn, instead of the first personal. In the second line of the first stanza he wrote "sweetly" instead of "let us."

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459 7s.

SON of God, thy blessing grant;
Still supply our every want;
Tree of life, thy influence shed;
With thy sap my spirit feed.

2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I,
Wither without thee and die;
Weak as helpless infancy;
O confirm my soul in thee!

3 Unsustained by thee I fall;
Send the help for which I call:
Weaker than a bruisèd reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end;
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

Charles Wesley.

Unaltered and entire from *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745.

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460 8s, 7s, & 4.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams.

This very popular and useful hymn was originally written in the Welsh language by the author who has been called "the Watts of Wales." It was translated into English in 1773, whether by the author himself or some one else is not known. The last stanza of the original has been omitted:

4 Musing on my Habitation,
Musing on my heavenly Home,
Fills my Soul with Holy Longing,
Come, my Jesus, quickly come:
Vanity is all I see,
Lord, I long to be with Thee!

---

461 S. M.

BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way!
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*God's Word most excellent; or, Sincerity and Watchfulness — For a Lord's Day Morning.*" It is from the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719, being a part of his metrical version of Psalm xix. Hymn No. 30, beginning, "I hear thy word with love," is a continuation of the same.

462 10s, 4s.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years!

3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

John Henry Newman.

"*The Pillar of the Cloud*" is the author's title of this hymn, which was written June 16, 1833, on the Mediterranean Sea, and was first published in the *British Magazine*, then in *Lyra Apostolica*, 1836, and again in *Verses on Various Occasions*, in 1868. The circumstances that led to its origin are the following: "The author first went to Sicily. There, at Leonforte, he was very ill with malarial fever. 'My servant,' he says, 'thought I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them as he wished; but I said: "I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light!" I never have been able to make out at all what I meant.' Later on in the course of the disease he became much depressed and sobbed bitterly. His servant, asking what ailed him, could only obtain the reply: 'I have a work to do in England.' At last he was able to 'get off in an orange boat,' but was becalmed a full week in the Straits of Bonifacio, between Corsica and Sardinia. Here it was that this hymn—the most famous of all his productions—was written. Its sincerity of feeling and purity of expression have made it universally acceptable." (See Duffield's *English Hymns*.)

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463 8s, 7s. With Chorus.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this gloomy vale of tears;

And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
O refresh us, &c.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
O refresh us, &c.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel-bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
O refresh us, &c.

Thomas Hastings.

"*Pilgrimage*" is the title of this in *Spiritual Songs for Social Worship* published by the author and Dr. Lowell Mason in 1832. As then published, the hymn had no refrain. The first stanza has been changed from this form:

"Gently, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this *lonely* vale of tears;
Through the changes thou'st decreed us
Till our last great change appears."

The last stanza began:

"*And* when mortal life is ended."

---

464 C. M.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by his door.

4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

5 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter.

This hymn on "*the Covenant and Confidence of Faith*" the author wrote for himself; but in a note he adds: "This covenant my dear wife in her former sickness subscribed with a cheerful spirit." It is found in his *Poetical Fragments*, 1681. It has as there published eight double stanzas. The original has been improved by a few verbal changes. In verse one above, which is the fourth verse of the original, the author wrote "*Now* it belongs not to my care." In verse two, line four, he wrote: "That shall have the same pay." In verse three he wrote "into" instead of "unto" and "this" instead of "his" It is based on Phil. i. 21: "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

---

465 C. M.

RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.

3 'Twas thro' the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessèd road
That led them safe to heaven.

John Needham.

From the author's *Hymns, Devotional, and Moral, on Various Subjects*, 1768.

466 C. M.

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek:
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee!

Charles Wesley.

"*On a Journey*" is the title the author gives this hymn in his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. The original has the first person singular throughout the hymn ("Talk with *me*," etc). In the second stanza the author, perhaps unconsciously, quoted Milton:

"With thee conversing, I forget all time,"

is what Eve says to Adam, in *Paradise Lost*, Book IV., line 639. The first stanza is omitted:

1 Saviour, who ready art to hear,
(Readier than I to pray,)
Answer my scarcely uttered prayer,
And meet me on the way.

---

467 C. M.

CHEERED with thy converse, Lord, I trace
The desert with delight;
Through all the gloom, one smile of thine
Can dissipate the night.

2 Nor shall I through eternal days
A restless pilgrim roam;
Thy hand, that now directs my course,
Shall soon convey me home.

3 I ask not Enoch's rapt'rous flight
To realms of heavenly day;
Nor seek Elijah's fiery steeds,
To bear this flesh away.

4 Joyful my spirit will consent
To drop its mortal load;
And hail the sharpest pangs of death,
That break its way to God.

Philip Doddridge.

This is the first hymn in the author's volume of *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755. Instead of "*Lord*, I trace" in the first line, the original has "I *can* trace." The first two stanzas are omitted:

1 Eternal God, our wondering souls
Admire thy matchless grace;
That thou wilt walk, that thou wilt dwell,
With Adam's worthless race.

2 O lead me to that happy path,
Where I my God may meet;
Though hosts of foes begird it round,
Though briers wound my feet.

The title of the hymn is "*Enoch's Piety and Translation*." It is based on Gen. v. 24: "And Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him." Also Heb. xi. 5: "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him: for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God."

---

468 7s.

CAST thy burden on the Lord,
Only lean upon his word;
Thou shalt soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.

2 Ever in the raging storm
Thou shalt see his cheering form,
Hear his pledge of coming aid:
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at his feet;
Linger at his mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

4 He will gird thee by his power,
In thy weary, fainting hour:
Lean, then, loving, on his word;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

Author unknown.

This hymn has been variously attributed to William Hammond (1745), John Cennick (1745), and Rowland Hill (1783). It seems probable that Hammond or Cennick wrote it, and that it was altered

by Rowland Hill (who was much given to altering hymns), and probably further altered and abridged by George Rawson (1857). It is based on Psalms lv. 22: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord."

---

469 C. M.

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge.

The original title of this hymn is "*Pressing On in the Christian Race.*" It is based upon Phil. iii. 12-14: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." From the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

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470 C. M.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing hath half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants; for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive!
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move:
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above:

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labored for our good—
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise,
With hands of faith and wings of love
To fly and take the prize.

Isaac Watts.

"*Complaining of Spiritual Sloth*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It has been altered somewhat. The first part of the second stanza Watts wrote:

"*The little* ants for one poor grain
Labor, and tug, and strive."

The last line of the fifth stanza was originally written:

"And *sit and warm our* hearts,"

And the last stanza was in this form:

"*Then shall our* active *spirits* move,
Upwards our souls *shall* rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love
We'll fly and take the prize."

---

471 L. M.

O THOU who all things canst control,
Chase this dread slumber from my soul;
With joy and fear, with love and awe,
Give me to keep thy perfect law.

2 O may one beam of thy blest light
Pierce through, dispel, the shade of night;
Touch my cold breast with heavenly fire,
With holy, conqu'ring zeal inspire.

3 With outstretched hands and streaming eyes,
Oft I begin to grasp the prize;
I groan, I strive, I watch, I pray;
But ah! how soon it dies away!

4 The deadly slumber soon I feel
Afresh upon my spirit steal:
Rise, Lord, stir up thy quick'ning power,
And wake me that I sleep no more.

From the German. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

"*Spiritual Slumber*" is the title of this hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1839. This hymn and the one from the Spanish, beginning, "O God, my God," are the only translations of John Wesley from authors as yet unknown. This hymn has never found a place in the *Wesleyan Collection*. Two stanzas of the original are omitted above:

3 For zeal I sigh, for zeal I pant;
Yet heavy is my soul, and faint:
With steps unwavering, undismayed,
Give me in all thy paths to tread.

6 Single of heart, O! may I be,
Nothing may I desire but Thee;
Far, far from me the world remove,
And all that holds me from Thy love.

---

472 L. M.

AWAKE, our souls! away, our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone!
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From him, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

4 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to his abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Christian Race*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It is based on Isaiah xl. 28-31: "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall: But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." The third stanza of the original is omitted, being separated from the second stanza by a *dash* and not by a period as above:

3 Thee, mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

---

473 6s & 4s.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Sarah Flower Adams.

This hymn first appeared in a volume of *Hymns and Anthems* published in 1840 by the author's pastor, Rev. William Johnston Fox. Few who sing this beautiful hymn are aware of how accurately it is founded upon the incident in Jacob's journey recorded in Gen. xxviii. 11-19: "And Jacob lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. . . . And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it. And he called the name of that place Bethel."

Travelers in Palestine, when they visit the ruins of Bethel, frequently pause at this "house of God" to worship the God of Jacob, an indispensable part of the worship being the singing of "Nearer, my God, to thee."

Few hymns have ever attained such universal popularity as this. The fact that the authoress was a Unitarian has caused some to object to the use of the hymn in Christian worship. The name of Christ does not appear in the hymn. The compilers of the *Baptist Hymn-book* have attempted to obviate this objection and adapt it to the worship of Christ by adding a stanza composed at their request, by Rev. Arthur Tozer Russell, as follows:

"Christ alone beareth me
Where thou dost shine,
Joint heir he maketh me
Of the divine;
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearest, my God, to thee,
Nearest to thee."

Dr. Thomas O. Summers, late Book Editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, strongly disapproved of the use of this hymn by Christian worshipers. He wrote a *Christian* substitute for it, one verse of which is the following:

"The crosses on me laid
Still press me down;
One cross can give me aid,
One cross alone;
The cross of Calvary—
My Saviour's cross—lifts me
Nearer to thee."

But no substitutes or improvements have ever gained acceptance, and the hymn, in spite of its Unitarian authorship, continues to be sung as originally written, and enjoys, and perhaps will long continue to enjoy, among all denominations of Christians, a popularity accorded to but few hymns in the English language. "Although it contains nothing of Christ," says George John Stevenson, "yet to those who have Christ in their hearts it has many times been made a blessing." Christians will never consent to give up those sweetest and tenderest hymns, "O thou who driest the mourner's tears," and "Come, ye disconsolate," because the gifted author, Thomas Moore, was far from being a Christian. Balaam and Saul were among the prophets.

There is only one slight verbal change. In the fifth line of verse five the author wrote:

"Still all my song *would* be."

The following reminiscence is related of Bishop Marvin: "The Bishop, at a prayer-meeting that he had conducted, stated that he had recently been traveling in the wilds of Arkansas—his mind was oppressed, his heart sad. He had been driven from his family and home by the invading foe, and could not hear of their welfare, and it seemed to him that clouds and darkness had completely enveloped him. In this depressed state of mind and heart he approached an old log-cabin in a very dilapidated condition. As he drew nearer he distinguished the sound of a woman's voice singing:

"'Nearer, my God, to thee.'

"He at once alighted and went in, for the sound of that familiar hymn seemed to enter his very soul. He found the singer to be an aged widow, in the midst of poverty, but cheerful and happy in the love of God in spite of her loneliness and want. He thought to himself, if that poor widow in such loneliness could sing such a song, surely he could, too. He gave to the winds his fears, and from that time forth, with full confidence in the providence of an overruling God and Father, and with aspirations of heart unfelt before, he had been singing,

"'Nearer, my God, to thee.'

"This simple personal narrative," says the writer, "made a deeper impression on my mind than even the rich sermons he preached, and with which I was delighted."

In the battle of Fort Donelson a brave little drummer-boy had his arm taken off by a cannon-ball. One who visited the field after the battle was over found him dying of exhaustion through loss of blood; but he was heard singing, even while his life-blood ebbed away:

"'There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven,
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.'"

The following touching narrative is recorded by an anonymous writer: "Ethel Brent had been sick for many weary weeks, and now that she was recovering it was feared that she must lose her eyesight forever. While alone one Sabbath morning she said to herself, in her darkened chamber: 'The Bible says we are not tried above that we are able to bear, and I could not endure that. O no, I shall

not be blind.' While musing thus her little sister Ruth came softly in, and said: 'Sister Ethel, I have come to recite my hymn to you; it is some new verses to "Nearer, my God, to thee," and I like them so much:

"'If where they lead my Lord
I, too, be borne,
Planting my steps in his,
Weary and worn,
May the path carry me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.'"

"'That's not for me,' thought Ethel, 'it means the old-time martyrs.' Was it to be that the path of darkness was to lead her nearer to God? The childish voice continued:

"'If thou the cup of pain
Givest to drink,
Let not my trembling lips
From the draught shrink;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.'"

Days passed. She looked more and more calmly at her cross. One ray of hope alone remained. The day had come for removing the bandage which was to determine whether she would ever again see the light. All day long she waited, her lips moving in prayer. The morning dawned. 'Open the blinds wide, mother; let in all the light you can before you take off the bandage.' The light is turned in, the bandage is off. But, alas, not a ray of light comes to the sightless eyes, now sightless forever. She sank upon her knees, the clasped hands were uplifted, the face quivered with inward anguish. But those sightless eyes, softened as they were by an expression of meek and holy resignation, looked more serenely beautiful in the mellow sunlight than they ever did when rejoicing in the light of day. As her mother bent over her she heard the pale lips whisper:

"'So by my woes I'll be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.'"

---

474 L. P. M.

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way:
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

5 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy scepter or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!

John Angelus Scheffler. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

"*Gratitude for our Conversion*" is the title of this magnificent hymn in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. The German original is in the *Herrnhut Collection*. The second and third stanzas of the original are omitted above:

2 Ah! why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah! why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed I sigh and inly mourn
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 In darkness willingly I strayed;
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved:
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread;
Thy creatures more than thee I loved;
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

---

475 7s. D.

LORD of earth, thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath planned—
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power:
Yet amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?

2 Lord of heaven, beyond our sight
Shines a world of purer light;
There in love's unclouded reign,
Severed friends shall meet again:

O that world is passing fair!
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

3 Lord of earth and heaven, my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest;
I was lost; thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wand'ring child:
O, if once thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

Robert Grant.

From the author's *Sacred Poems*, 1839. The original contains three stanzas of twelve lines each.

---

476 S. M.

JESUS, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My Wisdom and my Guide,
My Counselor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart!

3 I lift mine eyes to thee,
Thou gracious, bleeding Lamb,
That I may now enlightened be,
And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art,
In all things to depend
On thee: O never, Lord, depart,
But love me to the end.

Charles Wesley.

"*For Believers*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. The original contains seven double stanzas. The following hymn is a part of the same original.

---

477 S. M.

STILL stir me up to strive
With thee in strength divine:
And every moment, Lord, revive
This fainting soul of mine.

2 Persist to save my soul
Throughout the fiery hour,
Till I am every whit made whole,
And show forth all thy power.

3 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove!
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

4 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroyed;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

Charles Wesley.

See note to the preceding hymn, of which this is the continuation.

---

478 C. M.

I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear,
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me weep my life away
For having grieved thy love.
O may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again
Which makes the wounded whole!

Charles Wesley.

"*For a Tender Conscience*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. There are five stanzas; the first is omitted, and also half of each of the last two:

1 Almighty God of truth and love,
In me Thy power exert,
The mountain from my soul remove,
The hardness from my heart:

My most obdurate heart subdue,
In honor of Thy son,
And now the gracious wonder show,
And take away the stone.

Give me to feel an idle thought
As actual wickedness,
And mourn for the minutest fault
In exquisite distress.

More of this tender spirit, more
Of this affliction send,
And spread the *moral sense* all o'er,
Till pain with life shall end.

---

479 C. P. M.

BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude:
Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

2 O may I still from sin depart;
A wise and understanding heart,
Jesus, to me be given!
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

Unaltered and entire from *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. It is based on Job xxviii. 28: "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

---

480 L. M.

JESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now thy Spirit stays,
And, hov'ring, hides me in his wings,—

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart;
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,
"Return, and walk in Christ, thy way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!"

Charles Wesley.

"*Watch in all things*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. It is based on 2 Tim. iv. 5: "But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist; make full proof of thy ministry." The original contains fifteen stanzas. The following hymn (481) is a portion of the same original.

---

481 L. M.

UPHOLD me, Saviour, or I fall;
O reach me out thy gracious hand!
Only on thee for help I call;
Only by faith in thee I stand.

2 Pierce, fill me with an humble fear;
My utter helplessness reveal!
Satan and sin are always near;
Thee may I always nearer feel.

3 O that to thee my constant mind
Might with an even flame aspire!
Pride in its earliest motions find,
And mark the risings of desire!

4 O that my tender soul might fly
The first abhorred approach of ill!
Quick, as the apple of an eye,
The slightest touch of sin to feel.

5 Till thou anew my soul create,
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,
Humbly and confidently wait,
And long to see the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

See note to preceding hymn (480) of which this is a continuation.

---

482 L. M.

IT may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

2 Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done.

3 And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

4 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

5 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven, their harvest day!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

"*Seed-time and Harvest*" is the title of this hymn as it appears in the author's *Miscellaneous Poems*. The first three stanzas of the original poem are omitted:

1 As o'er his furrowed fields which lie
Beneath a coldly-dropping sky,
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow.

2 Thus, Freedom, in the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain
To swell the germ, and fill the grain.

3 Who calls thy glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

---

483 S. M.

THOU seest my feebleness,
Jesus, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.

2 Give me to trust in thee;
Be thou my sure abode:
My horn, and rock, and buckler be,
My Saviour, and my God.

3 Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep;
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

4 My soul to thee alone,
Now, therefore, I commend:
Thou, Jesus, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end!

Charles Wesley.

"*For the Watch-night*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. The original has ten double stanzas, of which the above are the ninth and tenth. The following hymn (No. 484) is a part of the same original. The second stanza of the original begins:

"*Cause* me to trust in thee."

The last two lines were written:

"Thou, Jesus, *having loved* Thine own,
Shalt love me to the end."

These changes were probably made by John Wesley for his *Collection* of 1780.

484 S. M.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, shake
This slumber from my soul!
Say to me now, "Awake, awake!
And Christ shall make thee whole."

2 Lay to thy mighty hand;
Alarm me in this hour;
And make me fully understand
The thunder of thy power!

3 Give me on thee to call,
Always to watch and pray,
Lest I into temptation fall,
And cast my shield away.

4 For each assault prepared
And ready may I be;
Forever standing on my guard,
And looking up to thee.

5 O do thou always warn
My soul of evil near!
When to the right or left I turn,
Thy voice still let me hear:

6 "Come back! this is the way!
Come back! and walk herein!"
O may I hearken and obey,
And shun the paths of sin!

Charles Wesley.

The above are the fifth, sixth, and seventh of ten double stanzas belonging to the original, which is the second of the author's "*Hymns for the Watch-night*" found in his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. The original begins:

"Ah, what a wretch am I!
I cannot watch one hour."

---

485 S. M.

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command:
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge.

This hymn on "*The Watchful Servant*" is based on Luke xii. 35-37: "Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding; that, when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately. Blessed are those servants, whom the lord when he cometh shall find watching: verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them to sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them." It is from the author's *Hymns*, 1755. The last stanza of the original is omitted:

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

---

486 S. M.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will!

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of the most frequently sung hymns in the language. It is short, intensely practical, and seems always appropriate. It is found in the author's *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762, and is based on Lev. viii. 35: "Keep the charge of the Lord, that ye die not."

---

487 S. M.

GOD of almighty love,—
By whose sufficient grace
I lift my heart to things above,
And humbly seek thy face,—
Through Jesus Christ, the Just,
My faint desires receive,
And let me in thy goodness trust,
And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
Thy glory be my aim;
My off'rings all be offered through
The ever-blessèd name:
Jesus, my single eye
Be fixed on thee alone:
Thy name be praised on earth, on high,
Thy will by all be done.

3 Spirit of faith, inspire
My consecrated heart;
Fill me with pure, celestial fire,
With all thou hast and art:
My feeble mind transform,
And, perfectly renewed,
Into a saint exalt a worm—
A worm exalt to God!

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*For Believers. An Hourly Act of Oblation.*" From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. In verse two the author wrote "*speak* or do" instead of "*say* or do," and "*Is* fixed" instead of "Be fixed;" in verse three, "Spirit of *grace*" instead of "Spirit of *faith*," and "hast *or* art" instead of "hast *and* art." The idea conveyed in the last line bears a striking resemblance to a passage in the "Night Thoughts" of Dr. Young, who as a poet was a favorite with the Wesley's:

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
. . . . . .
Midway from nothing to Deity?
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still divine?
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory, a frail heir of dust!
Helpless immortal, insect infinite!
A worm! a god!"

---

488 L. M.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were his works, from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may *last*, but never *lives*,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

Thomas Gibbons.

This hymn appears in two double stanzas in *Streeter's Collection*, 1829. It is there anonymous. The first appearance of this striking hymn is perhaps in the author's *Sermons*, 1787. It does not appear in his *Hymns*, 1769, unless it be *suggested* in the following verse found therein in another hymn:

"When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
He proved his Grace from Day to Day;
Meanness and Want to Him applied;
Meanness and Want He ne'er denied."

---

489 8s & 7s.

HARK, the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me?"

2 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task he gives you, gladly;
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Daniel March.

This hymn was written in 1868 while the author was a pastor in Philadelphia. On the 18th of October he was to preach, by request, to the Christian Association of that city. At a late hour he learned that one of the hymns selected was not suitable. His text was, "Here am I; send me," Isa. vi. 8. In "great haste," he says, he wrote the hymn, and it was sung from the manuscript. In verse one the author wrote "crying" instead of "calling." The original contains two stanzas that are omitted above:

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the needy nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite,
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in his sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all;
If you cannot rouse the wicked
With the judgment's dread alarms,
You can lead the little children
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

---

490 L. M.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessèd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts.

"*Holiness and Grace*" is the title of this valuable hymn in the author's volume of *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It was written to follow a sermon on Titus ii. 10–13: "That they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world, looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

---

491 L. M.

AH! Lord, with trembling I confess,
A gracious soul may fall from grace:
The salt may lose its seas'ning power,
And never, never find it more!

2 Lest that my fearful case should be,
Each moment knit my soul to thee;
And lead me to the mount above,
Through the low vale of humble love.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. It is based on Matt. v. 13: "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men."

---

492 7s.

JESUS, shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy work abide?
Never in thy wounds reside?

2 O how wav'ring is my mind,
Tossed about with every wind!
O how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart!

3 Jesus, let my nature feel
Thou art God unchangeable:
JAH, JEHOVAH, great I AM,
Speak into my soul thy name.

4 Grant that every moment I
May believe and feel thee nigh,
Steadfastly behold thy face,
'Stablished with abiding grace.

Charles Wesley.

The original of this hymn has twenty stanzas. It is found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, and is based on Phil. ii. 5: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

---

493 S. M.

WHO in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God:
Steadfast, and fixed, and sure,
His Sion cannot move;
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesus' guardian love.

2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies:
On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares;
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls forever bears.

3 But let them still abide
In thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till every soul is sanctified,
And perfectly restored:
The men of heart sincere
Continue to defend;
And do them good, and save them here,
And love them to the end.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, 1743. The original contains six double stanzas. It is a paraphrase of the one hundred and twenty-fifth Psalm: "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever. . . . Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts."

---

494 S. M. D.

BID me of men beware,
And to my ways take heed,
Discern their every secret snare,
And circumspectly tread.
O may I calmly wait
Thy succors from above,
And stand against their open hate,
And well-dissembled love!

2 My spirit, Lord, alarm,
When men and devils join:
Against the wiles of Satan arm,
In panoply divine.
O may I set my face,
His onsets to repel,
Quench all his fiery darts, and chase
The fiend to his own hell!

3 But above all, afraid
Of my own bosom foe,
Still let me seek to thee for aid,
To thee my weakness show;
Hang on thy arm alone,
With self-distrusting care,
And deeply in the spirit groan
The never-ceasing prayer.

Charles Wesley.

This is a part of one of the author's eighteen "*Hymns for the Watch-night*" found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It begins with the second verse of the original, the first line of which is, "Jesus, bestow the power." It contains six double stanzas. In verse two the original has "might" instead of "may;" in verse four, "fix" instead of set;" in verse five, "sue" instead of "seek;" and in verse six, "self-*mis*trusting."

---

495 L. M.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee!

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Joseph Grigg.

"*Ashamed of Me*" is the title of this as it appeared in a pamphlet entitled *Four Hymns on Divine Subjects*, 1765. It is based on Mark viii. 38: "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels." The author is said to have composed this hymn, of which the above is a revision by Benjamin Francis, when but ten years of age. The original is as follows:

1 Jesus! and shall it ever be!
A mortal Man ashamed of thee?
Scorned be the Thought by Rich and Poor;
O may I scorn it more and more!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let Ev'ning blush to own a Star.
Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let Midnight blush to think of Noon.

3 'Tis Evening with my Soul till He,
That Morning-Star bids Darkness flee;
He sheds the Beam of Noon divine
O'er all this Midnight Soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! shall yon Field
Blush when it thinks who bids it yield!
Yet blush I must, while I adore,
I blush to think I yield no more.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! of that Friend,
On whom, for Heaven, my Hopes depend;
It must not be—be this my Shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

6 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no Crimes to wash away;
No Tear to wipe, no Joy to crave,
No Fears to quell, no Soul to save.

7 'Till then, (nor is the Boasting vain,)
'Till then I boast a Saviour slain:
And O, may this my Portion be,
That Saviour not ashamed of me!

---

496 C. M.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursèd idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

5 Would not mine ardent spirit vie
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known?

6 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honor of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

7 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Philip Doddridge.

"*An Appeal to Christ for the Sincerity of Love to Him*," based on John xxi. 15: "Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Feed my lambs." From the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

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497 C. M.

SHE loved her Saviour, and to him
Her costliest present brought;
To crown his head, or grace his name,
No gift too rare she thought.

2 So let the Saviour be adored,
And not the poor despised;
Give to the hungry from your hoard,
But all, give all to Christ.

3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distressed.

4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to him.

William Cutter.

This hymn first appeared in the *Christian Mirror*, of Portland, Me., April 23, 1829. It is based upon the story of Mary and the alabaster box of precious ointment as recorded in Matt. xxvi. 6–13. Two stanzas are omitted:

2 And though the prudent worldling frowned,
And thought the poor bereft;
Christ's humble friend sweet comfort found,
For he approved the gift.

4 The poor are always with us here,
'Tis our great Father's plan
That mutual wants and mutual care
May bind us man to man.

---

498 C. M.

JESUS, let all thy lovers shine,
Illustrious as the sun:
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

2 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

3 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries, chase
The gloom of hellish night.

4 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their luster still increase
Unto the perfect day.

Charles Wesley.

This is from the author's *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It is based on Judges v. 31: "Let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might." Two stanzas are omitted:

5 Such honor all thy saints receive,
Who thee sincerely love;
Dispensers of thy gifts we live,
And general blessings prove;—

6 And when our useful course is run,
Enjoy the kingdom given,
Bright as the uncreated Sun,
In the eternal heaven.

---

499 H. M.

MUST I my brother keep,
And share his pain and toil,
And weep with those that weep,
And smile with those that smile,
And act to each a brother's part,
And feel his sorrows in my heart?

2 Must I his burden bear,
As though it were my own,
And do as I would care
Should to myself be done,
And faithful to his int'rests prove,
And as myself my neighbor love?

3 Must I reprove his sin?
Must I partake his grief,
And kindly enter in,
And minister relief,
The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
And love him, not in word, but deed?

4 O make me as thou art,
Thy Spirit, Lord, bestow;
The kind and gentle heart
That feels another's woe;
That thus I may be like my Head,
And in my Saviour's footsteps tread.

Thomas Raffles.

This hymn is probably from the author's *Supplement to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns*, 1853. The fourth stanza is omitted:

4 Then, Jesus, at thy feet
A student let me be,
And learn, as it is meet,
My duty, Lord, from thee;
For thou didst come on mercy's plan,
And all thy life was love to man.

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500 S. M.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown:
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strewn:

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

5 Then, when the final end,
The day of God is come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing, "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.

The original title of this in the author's *Original Hymns*, 1853, is "*The Field of the World.*" It is based on Eccl. xi. 6: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." The second and third stanzas of the original are omitted:

2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

3 The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill, o'er dale, by plots, 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.

In the fifth stanza above, the author wrote "Thence" for "Then," "glorious" for "final," and "cry" for "sing."

501 L. M.

GO, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will:
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

Horatius Bonar.

These are the first, second, and fourth stanzas of a hymn of eight stanzas in *Hymns of Faith and Hope* under the title: "*The Useful Life.*" Two stanzas are omitted:

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

---

502 C. M.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties, how complete?
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered,
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.

Philip Doddridge.

This hymn, on "*Relieving Christ in His Poor Saints,*" is based on Matt. xxv. 40: "Inasmuch as

ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The fifth stanza is omitted:

5 Thy face with rev'rence and with love,
I in thy poor would see;
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee!

From the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

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503 C. M.

THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flower reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.

2 The bags are rent, the treasure's lost,
We fondly called our own:
Scarce could we the possession boast,
When, lo! we found it gone.

3 But there are joys that cannot die,
With God laid up in store:
Treasure, beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

4 To that my rising heart aspires,
Secure to find its rest,
And glories in such wide desires,
Of all its wish possessed.

5 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.

6 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
And Heaven at large repay.

Philip Doddridge.

From the author's *Hymns*, 1755, where it is titled "*Providing Bags that Wax not old.*" Based on Luke xii. 33, 34: "Provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

---

504 C. M.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know;
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And midst th' embraces of thy love,
He felt compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And gave the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

Philip Doddridge.

On "*The Good Samaritan*," Luke x. 30-37. Alterations: In fourth stanza "of *his God*" to "of *thy love*," and in fifth stanza "make" to "gave." From the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

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505 8s. D.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me,—
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me to thee up on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

John Newton.

This widely popular hymn on "*Delight in Christ*" is based on Ps. lxxiii. 25: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee." In verse four, line seven, "unto thee" has been needlessly changed to "to thee up." From the *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

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506 8s.

THOU Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art:
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day.

2 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It is based on the Song of Solomon i. 7: "Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?" The original hymn contained three double stanzas. The second is here omitted, as follows:

2 Ah show me that happiest place,
That place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God:
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree,
My spirit to *Calvary* bear,
To suffer, and triumph with thee.

507 C. M.

JESUS, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid:
Oppressed by sins, I lift my eye,
And see the shadows fade.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid:
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stayed!

3 Whate'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim:
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage feast,
When faith in sight shall end.

Charles Wesley.

"*After a Relapse into Sin*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. The original contained ten stanzas, of which the above are the sixth, eighth, ninth, and tenth.

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508 C. M.

GOD of all grace and majesty,
Supremely great and good,
If I have mercy found with thee
Through the atoning blood,—

2 The guard of all thy mercies give,
And to my pardon join
A fear lest I should ever grieve
The Comforter divine.

3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
My strict Observer see;
And thou, by rev'rent love, unite
My childlike heart to thee.

4 Still let me, till my days are past,
At Jesus' feet abide;
So shall he lift me up at last,
And seat me by his side.

Charles Wesley.

The first and last of five double stanzas titled "*For the Fear of God*" and found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. In verse one the author wrote "favor" instead of "mercy," and "gracious Spirit" instead of "Comforter."

509 6s. D.

MY Jesus, as thou wilt:
O may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign:
Through sorrow or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done.

2 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure:
The manna of thy Word
Let my soul feed upon;
And if all else should fail,
My Lord, thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:
Since thou on earth hast wept
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done.

4 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above,
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done.

Benjamin Schmolke. Tr. by *Jane Borthwick.*

"*Thy Will be Done*" is the title of this in *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, 1853. It is based upon 1 Sam. iii. 18: "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good." The original contained seven stanzas.

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510 S. M.

LORD, I delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When nature's streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 Who made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

4 I cast my care on thee!
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

John Ryland. (Alt.)

This hymn appears in *Ryland's Hymns and Verses on Sacred Subjects* as reprinted by Daniel Sedgwick in his *Library of Spiritual Songs*, 1862. The original is common meter and contains seven stanzas.

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511 C. M.

SING, O ye ransomed of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

2 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

3 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head;
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.

4 March on in your Redeemer's strength;
Pursue his footsteps still;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While lab'ring up the hill.

Philip Doddridge.

"*The High-way to Glory*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns*, 1755, where it has six stanzas.

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512 7s.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in humility!

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

4 O that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

Charles Wesley.

Charles Wesley's version of Psalm cxxxi. in his *Poetical Version of the Psalms*, the assigned date of which is 1743. The Psalm is as follows: "Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me. Surely I have behaved and quieted myself, as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child. Let Israel hope in the Lord from henceforth and for ever."

---

513 C. M.

O IT is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad;

3 Or he deserts us in the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

4 It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

5 But right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin!

Frederick William Faber.

"*The Right Must Win*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns*, 1862. The original contains eighteen stanzas of which the above are the first, second, third, sixth, and eighteenth.

514 L. M.

LET not the wise their wisdom boast,
The mighty glory in their might,
The rich in flatt'ring riches trust,
Which take their everlasting flight.

2 The rush of num'rous years bears down
The most gigantic strength of man;
And where is all his wisdom gone,
When dust he turns to dust again?

3 One only gift can justify
The boasting soul that knows his God;
When Jesus doth his blood apply,
I glory in his sprinkled blood.

4 The Lord, my righteousness, I praise,
I triumph in the love divine,
The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages mine.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It is based on Jer. ix. 23, 24: "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, let not the mighty man glory in his might, neither let the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." In verse four, last line, the author wrote "through" instead of "to."

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515 L. M.

O THOU, who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return,
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
To work, and speak, and think, for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It is based on Lev. vi. 13: "The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar; it shall never go out."

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516 C. M.

RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below:
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know!

2 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom:
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.

3 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own!

4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

5 Let lively hope my soul inspire;
Let warm affections rise;
And may I wait with strong desire
To mount above the skies!

John Fawcett.

From the author's *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, 1782.

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517 S. M.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call:
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell:
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss:
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford:
No, not one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll:
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul

8 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie!
O Jesus, raise me higher!

Isaac Watts.

"*God All in All*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book II., 1707. It is based on Ps. lxxiii. 25: "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee."

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518 C. M.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compared to thee!
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me?

4 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own,
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

5 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

Isaac Watts.

"*God My Only Happiness*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book II., 1707. The scripture basis is the same as that of the preceding hymn. The original contains eight stanzas.

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519 C. M.

HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

Isaac Watts.

"*Love to the Creature is Dangerous*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It is said to have been written by the author while he was suffering the mortification of a rejected love-suit. The young lady's name was Singer. She was a poetess herself, writing under the name of "Philomela." Dr. Watts, it seems, was not attractive in person—at least not so to Miss Singer, though she was an ardent admirer of his poetic genius. She said she "prized the jewel, but could not admire the casket that held it." She became Mrs. Rowe, but Dr. Watts never married. The year after her marriage the author published his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* (1707), when this hymn made its first appearance. Dr. Muhlenburg's beautiful and popular hymn, beginning "I would not live alway," is said to have had a similar origin; and that by John Wesley, beginning "How happy is the pilgrim's lot!" reads as if it might also have been autobiographic.

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520 L. M. 6 l.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove,
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

4 O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live!
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee!

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

This hymn bears the title "*Divine Love*" in *Psalms and Hymns*, 1738. It was translated by Mr. Wesley in 1736, while he was at Savannah, Ga. Three stanzas are omitted above:

3 'Tis mercy all that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee!
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see:
O when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

4 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may Abba, Father, cry.

7 Ah no! ne'er will I backward turn;
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am!
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame:
O help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love!

521 S. M. D.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.
The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place!
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas—

3 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in:

4 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruit on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts.

"*Heavenly Joy on Earth*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. In the first stanza the author wrote in the first line "we" instead of "ye," in the second line "our" instead of "your," and in the fourth line "And thus" instead of "While ye," and "the" instead of "his." In the third stanza he wrote "fav'rites" instead of "servants." The fourth stanza the author put in brackets. As he wrote it the reading is:

"The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And *manages the* seas."

It was altered by John Wesley. This is one of the most cheerful and enlivening hymns found in our Hymn Book.

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522 C. M.

O THOU, whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet!
I give thee thanks for every drop—
The bitter and the sweet.

2 I praise thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side;
For all thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all thy grace denied.

3 I thank thee for both smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

4 I thank thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds which drove
Me, trembling, to thy breast.

5 I bless thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

Jane Crewdson.

This hymn is found in *Lyra Britannica* (1868), where it bears the title, "*Bless the Lord at all times.*" In verse four, instead of "Me, trembling," the author wrote "The flutterer."

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523 C. M.

O THOU, whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
There is no mercy here.

2 O may I, Lord, desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
Far more than sweetest earthly gain,
Succeeded by a frown.

3 Then though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see;
The gracious hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

James Edmeston.

This is one of the author's two thousand hymns, the best of which (including this) were collected in a volume and published in 1847.

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524 C. M.

MY soul, with all thy wakened powers,
Survey the heavenly prize;
Nor let these glitt'ring toys of earth
Allure thy wand'ring eyes.

2 The splendid crown which Moses sought
Still beams around his brow;
Tho' soon great Pharaoh's sceptred pride
Was taught by death to bow.

3 The joys and treasures of a day
I cheerfully resign;
Rich in that large immortal store,
Secured by grace divine.

4 Let fools my wiser choice deride,
Angels and God approve;
Nor scorn of men, nor rage of hell,
My steadfast soul shall move.

5 With ardent eye, that bright reward
I daily will survey;
And in the blooming prospect lose
The sorrows of the way.

Philip Doddridge.

Author's title: "*Moses's Wise Choice.*" From the author's *Hymns*, 1755. It is based on Heb. xi. 26.

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525 8s, 7s. D.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither, by thy help, I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God:
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!

3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

Robert Robinson.

"*Desiring to Praise Worthily*" is the title of this in George Whitefield's *Collection of Hymns for Social Worship*, 1790. In the first stanza, seventh and eighth lines, the author wrote:

"Praise the mount, *Oh* fix *me on* it,
Mount of *God's unchanging* love."

In the first line of the second stanza he wrote "I" instead of "I'll," in the second line "thine" instead of "thy," and in the eighth line "with" instead of "his." In the third line of the third stanza he wrote "that grace, now" instead of "thy goodness."

It is said that in the latter part of his life Mr. Robinson was somewhat frivolous in his conduct and unspiritual in his ideas, and that, traveling in a stage-coach, he encountered a lady who compelled him to admit his acquaintance with religion. Do what he would he could not divert her from the topic. He became much agitated, but not being dressed in a conventionally clerical costume, she did not suspect that he was a minister. Finally she quoted to him this, his own hymn, and spoke of the blessings that it had brought to her heart. Agitated beyond the power to control his emotion, Robinson broke out, "Madam, I am the poor unhappy man who composed that hymn, many years ago, and I would give a thousand worlds, if I had them, to enjoy the feelings I then had." This was told to Dr. Belcher by one of the descendants of the parties in question—but whether a relative of Mr. Robinson or of the lady he does not say—in the neighborhood of 1838. (See Duffield's *English Hymns*.) This statement, however, of Mr. Robinson's backslidden state is by no means universally accredited.

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526 L. M.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part,
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

Philip Doddridge.

"*Mary's Choice of the Better Part*" (Luke x. 42.) is the author's title to this in his *Hymns*, 1755.

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527 S. M.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

Isaac Watts.

"*God Our Shepherd*" is the title of this in the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719. The original contains six stanzas. The fifth and sixth, which are here omitted, are as follows:

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my foll'wing days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

528 S. M.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see;
And what I do, in any thing,
To do it as for thee;

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend:
In all I do be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done t' obey thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

5 Thee, then, my God and King,
In all things may I see;
And what I do, in any thing,
May it be done for thee!

George Herbert.

"*The Elixir*" is the title of this hymn, which was published posthumously in *The Temple* in 1635. The original has six stanzas.

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529 C. M.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift:
My soul on thee depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too:
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 We cannot speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.

4 His blood demands the purchased grace;
His blood's availing plea
Obtained the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.

5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine.

6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is ALL in ALL.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It is based on Phil. ii. 13: "For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do."

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530 6s. D.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose thou my path for me.
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine: so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

Horatius Bonar.

"*Thy Way not Mine*" is the author's title in his *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1857. The original contains seven single stanzas; the second is here omitted. It is as follows:

"Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to thy rest."

---

531 L. M.

DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

5 For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant.

"*Blessed are They that Mourn*" is the title the author gave to this hymn. It was written in 1820 for a collection to be used in a Church in New York city of which Rev. William Ware at that time, and Dr. Bellows later, was pastor. The author changed the third line of the first verse two or three times. The form given above was his last revision. One stanza, the fourth, is omitted here:

And thou who o'er thy friend's low bier
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

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532 L. M.

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

2 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still, would I reply,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

3 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

6 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

Charlotte Elliott.

This tender and beautiful hymn was written in 1834, and was first published in the *Invalid's Hymn-Book*, 1835. In the first line of the first stanza the author wrote "and" instead of the second "my." The first line of the third verse originally read:

"Though thou *hast called* me to resign."

The original contains eight stanzas.

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533 S. M.

THOU Refuge of my soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To thee I tell my grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But O when doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, Lord, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

Anne Steele. (Alt.)

"*God the Only Refuge of the Troubled Mind*" is the title of this in the author's *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, 1760. The original contains eight stanzas, common meter. The above are the first, third, fourth, and fifth changed to short meter. There is a change in the first line of each stanza. The author wrote them as follows:

1 "Dear refuge of my weary soul."
2 "To thee I tell each rising grief."
3 "But oh! where gloomy doubts prevail."
4 "Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee."

534 L. M.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence, I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee:
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Count Zinzendorf. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

"*The Believer's Support*" is the title of this hymn in *Psalms and Hymns*, 1738. The German original is in the *Herrnhut Collection*. This hymn is accredited by George J. Stevenson to Zinzendorf and by C. S. Nutter to Gerhard Tersteegen. It seems that each of these hymn-writers has left a hymn in the original German, of which this hymn of Wesley may be considered a free translation.

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535 7s.

'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must, and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,—
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;

Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

William Cowper.

This hymn in the original has three double stanzas. The first half of the second and the third stanza entire are omitted:

God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a castaway:
Bastards may escape the rod
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not—would not, if he might.

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536 C. M.

WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well:
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquilize each fear:
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;
Saviour, be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed:
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
O say, when flesh and heart shall fail:
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

Charlotte Elliott.

This is probably from the *Invalid's Hymn Book*, 1835, or from *Hours of Sorrow Cheered and Comforted*, 1836.

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537 C. M.

IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

2 The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused:
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

3 The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

Author Unknown.

I have no information concerning the origin or authorship of this hymn. It was taken from the *Plymouth Collection*.

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538 C. M.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murm'ring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still:

3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight:

4 It is that hope with ardor glows,
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 O let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

Gerard Thomas Noel.

This is from *Arvendel; or, Sketches in Italy and Switzerland.* (Second edition, 1813.)

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539 C. M.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

3 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too,—

5 O who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above!

6 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Thomas Moore.

This is one of the author's *Sacred Songs*, found in his *Poetical Works*, 1868. It is based on Ps. cxlvii. 3: "He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." This is one of the tenderest, sweetest, most touching hymns ever written.

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540 8, 7. D.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish, every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too:
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With thy favor loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me;
'Twill but drive me to thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me!
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee!

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte.

The author's title of this is "*Lo, we have left all and followed Thee.*" From the author's *Poems, Chiefly Religious*, 1833. In the first stanza the author wrote "Destitute" instead of "Naked, poor." He began the fifth verse with "Take my soul!" This is one of the noblest of our Christian lyrics.

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541 L. M.

I SHALL not want: in deserts wild
Thou spread'st thy table for thy child;
While grace in streams for thirsting souls,
Through earth and heaven forever rolls.

2 I shall not want: my darkest night
Thy loving smile shall fill with light;
While promises around me bloom,
And cheer me with divine perfume.

3 I shall not want: Thy righteousness
My soul shall clothe with glorious dress;
My blood-washed robe shall be more fair
Than garments kings or angels wear.

4 I shall not want: whate'er is good,
Of daily bread or angels' food,

Shall to my Father's child be sure,
So long as earth and heaven endure.

Charles Force Deems.

This is one of the best of the many hymns based on the twenty-third Psalm. Compare it with Addison ("The Lord my pasture shall prepare") and Watts ("The Lord my Shepherd is"). It was written by the author in 1872. He was then (and is still at this writing) pastor of the Church of the Strangers in New York City. One night after going to bed he found that the cares of the young church followed him and depressed him. It seemed to make demands which he could not meet. To comfort himself he began to repeat consoling passages of Scripture. Then occurred to him the twenty-third Psalm. He repeated over and over "I shall not want." It began to run into stanzas, and he fell asleep upon finishing the fourth. Next morning it was so vivid that he wrote it out. It has appeared in many forms, and has been republished in some English collections of hymns.

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542 C. M.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

Thomas Shepherd. (Alt.)

From the author's *Penitential Cries*, 1692. The author wrote the first stanza as follows:

"Shall Simon bear thy cross alone,
And other Saints be free?
Each Saint of thine shall find his own,
And there is one for me."

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543 L. M.

"TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said,
"If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me."

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ;
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Charles William Everest.

This hymn was first published in the author's *Visions of Death and Other Poems*, 1833; and although of American origin, it is oftener found in English hymnals than in those published in America. It is based on Matt. xvi. 24: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

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544 C. M. 6 l.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes:
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate:
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

5 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,

A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side:
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask
Among my blessings be,
I'd have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee:
More careful, not to serve thee much,
But please thee perfectly.

Anna Laetitia Waring.

"*My Times are in Thy Hand*" (Ps. xxxi. 15) is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Meditations*, 1850. This tender and trustful lyric has few equals in the language. It breathes the spirit of sincere and devout piety. Only one who wrote from the heart could produce such a hymn as this.

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545 C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sure trust that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele.

"*Desiring Resignation and Thankfulness*" is the title of this in Theodosia's *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, 1760. The above are the last three of the ten original stanzas. In the first stanza, first line, the author wrote "And O" instead of "Father," and in the third stanza, line one, "sweet hope" instead of "sure trust;" line two, "path of life" instead of "life and death;" line four, "bless its happy end" instead of "crown my journey's end."

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546 11s.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health;
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad; on the land, on the sea—
"As thy days may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

3 "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply:
The flame shall not hurt thee—I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

6 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 "The soul that on Jesus still leans for repose,
I will not, I *will* not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, *no*, *never*, NO, NEVER forsake."

George Keith.

This hymn is one of the noblest lyrics and richest possessions of the Christian church. "*Exceeding Great and Precious Promises*" is its title in Rippon's *Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors*, 1787. It is based upon 2 Pet. i. 4: "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the

divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." Also Isaiah xli. 10, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness;" xliii. 2, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee;" and xlvi. 4, "And even to your old age I am he; and even to hoary hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you."

---

547 S. M.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blest is the man, O God,
Who stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

Augustus Montague Toplady.

"*Weak Believers Encouraged*" is the title of this in Daniel Sedgewick's *Poetical Remains of Toplady*, 1860. The original contains eight double stanzas. The above are the first, half of the second, the fourth, and the last half of the eighth.

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548 C. M.

AUTHOR of good, we rest on thee;
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 In thine all-gracious providence
Our cheerful hopes confide;
O let thy power be our defense,
Thy love our footsteps guide.

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We gladly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill,—

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good we ask not, Father, grant;
The ill we ask, deny.

James Merrick.

"*The Ignorance of Man*" is the author's title of this in his *Sacred and Moral Poems*, 1789. The original contains eight stanzas.

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549 C. M.

I WORSHIP thee, most gracious God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.

2 When duty's path and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

3 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

4 Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will.

Frederick William Faber.

This is from the author's *Hymns*, published in various editions from 1848 to 1884. The original contains fourteen stanzas, the above being the first, seventh, thirteenth, and fourteenth. Its original title is "*The Will of God*," and the author wrote the first line "I worship thee, *sweet will of God!*" In the third line of verse one he wrote "seem" instead of "long;" and in the first line of verse three "obstacles" instead of "duty's path."

550 C. M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name:
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

4 The angel of the Lord encamps
Around the good and just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

5 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blessed they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight;
Your wants shall be his care.

Tate and Brady.

This hymn bears date 1696. It is Tate and Brady's version of the thirty-fourth Psalm, and makes an exceptionally fine hymn, as useful as it is beautiful in sentiment.

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551 8s, 7s & 6s.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our Helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of darkness grim—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther. Tr. by *Frederick H. Hedge.*

This translation appears in Hedge's *Hymns for the Church of Christ*, 1853. The original is Luther's version of the first verses of Psalm xlvi.: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed," etc.

The inscription on Luther's monument in Wittenberg is the first line of this hymn. "A mighty fortress is our God" is also inscribed across the corner of the magnificent Lutheran church at Broad and Arch streets, Philadelphia. This hymn was Luther's solace in his times of greatest peril. When dangers gathered thickest about him he would say to Melanchthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm," by which he meant his own "characteristic version."

In the late Franco-Prussian war on one occasion the two armies, just before a notable battle, had their respective national hymns played and sung—the French army the Marseilles hymn to the glory of France, and the German army this grand old hymn of Luther:

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing."

It is needless to add on which side the Lord of Hosts arrayed himself on that memorable day. The German army gloriously triumphed.

552 L. M. D.

AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more have place:
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face;
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race,
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. It is based on Hab. iii. 17, 18: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." There are two additional double stanzas.

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553 S. M.

HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

Author's title: "*God's Care a Remedy for Ours.*" Based on 1 Pet. v. 7: "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." The author wrote the first line of the second stanza: "*While Providence supports, Let* saints," etc.; and the second line of the fourth verse: "*Down to the present* day."

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554 S. M. D.

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands,
To His sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands:
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.
No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

3 Thine everlasting truth,
Father, thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove;
And whatsoe'er thou will'st,
Thou dost, O King of kings!
What's thine unerring wisdom's choice,
Thy power to being brings!

4 Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thine every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.
When thou arisest, Lord,
What shall thy work withstand?
When all thy children want, thou giv'st;
Who, who shall stay thy hand?

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

This is a part of Paul Gerhardt's famous "*Hymn of Trust.*" It is continued and completed in the hymn beginning, "Give to the winds thy fears." (No. 556.) Wesley's translation, which he titled "*Trust in Providence*," was first published in 1739 in *Hymns and Sacred Poems.* It is based on Ps. xxxvii. 5: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass."

Of the sixteen stanzas contained in this hymn, the Wesleyan collection omits only one—the seventh—which is omitted also in the M. E. Hymnal. This is doubtless because the language is liable to a Calvinistic interpretation. The origin of this hymn is itself such a remarkable proof of the

blessing of trusting in Providence, that it cannot be omitted in this place. Paul Gerhardt was a preacher in Brandenburg, 1659, and he loved to preach from his heart what he believed. The Great Elector admonished him, and threatened his banishment if he did not preach as the elector desired. Gerhardt returned a message to his sovereign that it would be hard to leave his home, his people, his country, and his livelihood; but he would only preach what he found in the word of God. So into banishment he was sent with his wife and children. At the end of the first day's journey they rested at a little inn for the night. The little ones were crying and clinging to their mother, and she also, overcome with fatigue, could not restrain her tears. The sad sight gave Gerhardt a very heavy heart, so he went alone into the dark wood to commend the whole to God. Whilst there his mind was comforted with the text: "Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass." "Yes," he said, "though banished from house and home, and not knowing where to take my wife and children on the morrow, yet God sees me in the dark wood; now is the time to trust him." He was so happy that he had remembered the text, and so thankful to God, that he made the text, in connection with his saddening lot, into a hymn, as he paced to and fro amongst the trees. Every verse begins with a word or two from the text, so that if you read the first words of each verse in the German, you read the text in full. When he returned into the house, he told his wife about the text, and repeated to her his hymn. She soon dried up her tears (the children having gone to sleep), and became as hopeful and trustful in God as her husband. They had scarcely retired to rest when a loud knocking was heard at the door. The landlord, on opening the door, found a messenger on horseback, who said aloud, "I come from Duke Christian, of Meresburg, and am in search of Paul Gerhardt; has he passed this way?" "Yes," said the landlord, "he is in my house." "Let me see him instantly," said the duke's messenger. A large sealed letter was at once handed to the banished pastor from the good Duke Christian, who said in it: "Come into my country, Paul Gerhardt, and you shall have church, people, house, home, and livelihood, and liberty to preach the gospel as your heart may prompt you." So the Lord took care of his servant. (Stevenson.)

In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious German peasant named Dobry. Without remedy, he had fallen into arrears of rent, and his landlord threatened to evict him. It was winter. Thrice he appealed for a respite, but in vain. It was evening, and the next day his family were to be turned out into the snow. Dobry kneeled down in his family. After prayer they sung:

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands."

As they came to the last verse, in German, of Part I.,

"When thou wouldst all our need supply,
Who, who shall stay thy hand?"

there was a knock at the window close by where he knelt, and opening it Dobry was met by a raven, one which his grandfather had tamed and set at liberty. In its bill was a ring, set with precious stones. This he took to his minister, who said at once that it belonged to the King Stanislaus, to whom he took it, and related the story. The king sent for Dobry, and rewarded him, so that he had no need, and the next year built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own stall. Over the house door, on an iron tablet, there is carved a raven with a ring in its beak, and underneath, this address to Divine Providence:

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light."

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555 S. M.

AWAY! my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine;
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine:
Thrice comfortable hope,
That calms my troubled breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.

2 If what I wish is good,
And suits the will divine,
By earth and hell in vain withstood,
I know it shall be mine.
Here then I doubt no more,
But in his pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest.

Charles Wesley.

From a hymn of ten double stanzas in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. In the second line of the second stanza the author wrote, "That calms my *stormy* breast." It is one of fifty-four hymns headed "*For Christian Friends*," and is one of a number under the sub-head, "*In Danger of Losing his Friends.*"

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556 S. M. D.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head:

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
What though thou rulest not,
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell,
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own, his way
How wise, how strong his hand!
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee;
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

This is the second half of Wesley's translation of Gerhardt's famous hymn on "Trust in Providence," the first half being the hymn beginning "Commit thou all thy griefs" (No. 554), which see for historical facts concerning origin, etc.

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557 12s, 11s.

WHILE thou, O my God, art my Help and Defender,
No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terrors appall;
The wiles and the snares of this world will but render
More lively my hope in my God and my all.

2 Yes, thou art my refuge in sorrow and danger,
My strength when I suffer, my hope when I fall,
My comfort and joy in this land of the stranger,
My treasure, my glory, my God and my all.

3 To thee, dearest Lord, will I turn without ceasing,
Though grief may oppress me, or sorrow befall,
And love thee till death, my blest spirit releasing,
Secures to me Jesus, my God and my all.

4 And when thou demandest the life thou hast given,
With joy will I answer thy merciful call;
And quit thee on earth but to find thee in heaven,
My portion forever, my God, and my all.

William Young.

This hymn was written about the middle of the last century. The author died in 1757. It is based on Lam. iii. 24: "The Lord is my portion."

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558 7s.

DAY by day the manna fell:
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 "Day by day," the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Lord! my times are in thy hand:
All my sanguine hopes have planned,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfill,
Not my own, my Father's will.

Josiah Conder.

Based on Luke xi. 3: "Give us day by day our daily bread." "Never entirely out of the embarrassments of pecuniary struggle, the author still maintained a hopeful and trustful spirit." Like most men dependent on literature for a living, he knew what it was to struggle for his daily bread.

Happy is such a one if he has trustful faith and piety sufficient either to write or to sing with the heart a hymn so expressve of pious confidence in God as this beautiful hymn is. It is from the author's *Hymns of Praise* (1856), which was prepared for publication by the author, but did not appear until the year after his death.

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559 L. M.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Their father's God before them moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

2 By day along th' astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosp'rous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

4 And O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Sir Walter Scott.

From the author's *Ivanhoe*, 1820. It is a selection from the hymn which Rebecca uses to close her evening devotions while imprisoned. It is based upon Ex. xiii. 21: "And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night." The original contains five double stanzas, of which the above are the first and third. The author wrote, in verse four, line one, "stoops on Judah's path" instead of "gathers on our path."

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560 L. M.

WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will!
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

3 Wait, then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And, midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

Benjamin Beddome.

A hymn of submission based on Psalm xcvii. 2: "Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."

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561 10s & 11s.

THOUGH troubles assail, And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, And foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, Whatever betide,
The promise assures us, The Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn Or store-house, are fed:
From them let us learn To trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, The Lord will provide.

3 We all may, like ships, By tempest be tossed
On perilous deeps, But need not be lost;
Though Satan enrages The wind and the tide,
Yet Scripture engages, The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, Like Abrah'm of old:
We know not the way, But faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, We have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, The Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own, Nor goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's name;
In this our strong tower For safety we hide;
The Lord is our power, The Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, And death is in view,
The word of his grace Shall comfort us through;

Not fearing or doubting, With Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will provide.

John Newton.

Genesis xxii. 14 furnishes the title and refrain to this hymn: "The Lord will provide." In verse one, line four, "Scripture" has been changed to "promise," and "promise" to Scripture" in verse three, line four. The first and second lines of verse three, in keeping with the theology of the author, read:

"We may, like the ships By tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps, But *cannot* be lost."

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562 C. P. M.

MY sole possession is thy love,
O Lord; in earth or heaven above,
I have no other store;
And though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune thee night and day,
I ask for nothing more.

2 Adieu! ye vain delights of earth,
Insipid sports and sinful mirth,
I taste no sweets in you;
Unknown delights are in the cross,
All joy beside to me is dross,
While Jesus I pursue.

3 If by thy will, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attend me all my way,
A never-failing friend;
And if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content,
Let sorrow still attend.

4 Thy choice and mine shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame,
Which love doth sweetly raise!
To take the cross and follow thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion and my praise.

Madame Guyon. Tr. by *William Cowper.*

"*The Joy of the Cross*" is the title of this in Cowper's *Translations*, where it has twelve stanzas, the above being the second, sixth, fourth, and twelfth. The first stanza is:

Long plunged in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of thine,
Without reserve or fear:
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes,
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear.

In the second line of verse one above the original has "In earth *beneath*" instead of "O Lord, in earth," etc. In verse two, line two, it has "childish" instead of "sinful," and instead of line six it reads "And Jesus thought so too." In verse three, line one, it reads, "By thy command" instead of "if by thy will;" and in verse four, line three, it has "Which must forever blaze."

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563 C. P. M.

O LORD! how happy should we be,
If we could leave our cares to thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that one above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

2 For when we kneel and cast our care
Upon our God in humble prayer,
With strengthened souls we rise,
Sure that our Father who is nigh,
To hear the ravens when they cry,
Will hear his children's cries.

3 O may these anxious hearts of ours
The lesson learn from birds and flowers,
And learn from self to cease,
Leave all things to our Father's will,
And in his mercy trusting still,
Find in each trial peace!

Joseph Anstice.

This hymn, which is abridged and somewhat altered from the original, is based on Matthew vi. 25–34: "Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life. . . . Behold the fowls of the air [Luke: 'Behold the ravens']: . . your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? . . . Consider the lilies of the field. . . . Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." 1 Peter v. 7: "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you." The author was an invalid, dying of a consuming disease in young manhood, when this hymn was written. It was wrung out of him by sickness, pain, and trial.

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564 C. M.

MY span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say;
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.

2 O that my heart might dwell aloof
From all created things,
And learn that wisdom from above
Whence true contentment springs!

3 Courage, my soul! thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

4 The sighing ones that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

5 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

6 Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliv'rance soon will come:
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

Frances Maria Cowper.

Strangely enough this most beautiful hymn has found a place in only one other collection besides our own. There are few hymns ever written that are more worthy of a place in the hymnals of the Christian Church. The sentiment in the third verse is rarely ever surpassed in Christian poesy, and the last two lines of the hymn have long since become an oft-quoted and much-admired Christian proverb. It first appeared in "*Original Poems on Various Occasions.* By a Lady. Revised by William Cowper, Esq., of the Inner Temple. 1792." It was titled "*The Consolation.*" It there has five double stanzas. The last two are here omitted.

565 C. M.

WHY thus impatient to be gone?
Such wishes breathe no more;
Let Him who locked thy spirit in,
When meet, unbolt the door.

2 Why wouldst thou snatch the victor's palm
Before the conquest's won?
Or wish to seize th' immortal prize,
Ere yet the race is run?

3 Inglorious wish, to haste away,
And leave thy work undone!—
To serve thy Lord will please no less
Than praising round the throne.

4 While thou art standing in the field,
For bliss thou'lt riper grow:
Then wait thy Lord's appointed time,
Till he shall bid thee go.

Alexander Cruden.

A careful study of this hymn will reveal many beauties of Christian sentiment not found so happily expressed perhaps in any other hymn. It is the only hymn we have from the noted author of the *Concordance.*

566 C. M.

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine,
In robes of vict'ry, through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts.

This hymn was first published by Watts at the conclusion of a sermon on 1 Cor. xvi. 13: "Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." The sermon is dated 1709, and is titled, "*Holy Fortitude; or, Remedies Against Fear.*" The author wrote the last line of the fifth stanza "And seize it with their eye" instead of "By faith they bring it nigh." This lyric is one of the noblest and most popular songs of the Christian Church.

567 7s.

PRINCE of peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:

Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with thee.

3 May thy will, not mine, be done;
May thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at thy feet I fall;
Thou my Life, my God, my All!
Let thy happy servant be
One for evermore with thee!

Mary A. S. Barber.

This first appeared in the *Church of England Magazine* March 3, 1838, and contained, as there found, thirty-two lines. We have no information concerning the writer of this beautiful hymn.

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568 L. M.

THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace!
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine:
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine!

2 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

3 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

4 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod:
In me thy strength'ning grace be shown;
O may I conquer through thy blood!

5 So, when on Sion thou shalt stand,
All heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

Christian Frederic Richter.
Tr. by *John Wesley.*

This is found in Wesley's first hymn-book, a *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, published at Charleston, S. C., in 1737. One stanza is omitted above:

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see;
In love be every wish resigned,
And hallowed my whole heart to thee.

569 L. M.

MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way;
Protect me through my life's short day;
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Saviour be;
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power:
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er;
Then shall I sigh and weep no more:
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

Author Unknown.

This hymn has been attributed to Bishop Coke, but without sufficient evidence. It was in the *Pocket Hymn Book* published by Coke and Asbury in 1784, which was a reprint of a *Pocket Hymn Book*, published in York, England, by Robert Spence (sixth edition, 1786).

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570 C. M.

AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures:
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

John Newton.

The original title of this hymn in the *Olney* collection is "*Faith's Review and Expectation.*" The following scriptnre is appended to it: "Who am I, O Lord God, and what is mine house, that thou hast brought me hitherto? And yet this was a small thing in thine eyes, O God; for thou hast also spoken of thy servant's house for a great while to come, and hast regarded me according to the estate of a man of high degree, O Lord God." (1 Chron. xvii. 16, 17.) The hymn has been improved by the omission of the last stanza, which is:

The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who called me here below,
Will be forever mine.

To properly understand and appreciate the hymn one must read the story of Newton's life. It was born in the author's own experience; and few hymns are more absolutely identified with the life and experience of the writers than this and the one which should be studied in connection with it—viz., "In evil long I took delight." etc. Indeed, it is doubtful whether any but a Christian who had been a "wretched," vile, outbreaking sinner before conversion could have composed this hymn. Though sin is that evil thing which God hateth, yet Divine Omnipotence can work good out of evil, and grace can turn to good account even the sinful experiences of one's past life. David could never have written the fifty-first Psalm, that has been a well-spring of life to so many penitent sinners, had he not been himself a sinner and a penitent. It is however not the sin, but the penitence, faith, and salvation that follow it, that are the secrets of the gracious power and usefulness manifested in such lives.

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571 C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Hopes of Heaven our Support Under Trials on Earth*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book II., 1707. The author wrote in verse two, line two, "hellish darts" instead of "fiery darts;" and in the third stanza "May I" instead of "So I." This precious lyric is loved and venerated wherever the English language is known.

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572 S. M. D.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise!
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray:
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descends from high,
And take the conqu'rors home.

Charles Wesley.

"*The Whole Armor of God*" is the original title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It is based upon Eph. vi. 11: "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." The entire poem contains sixteen double stanzas, of which the above are the first, second, and fourth.

573 S. M. D.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Tune every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

2 Tell, in seraphic strains,
What he has done for you;
How he has taken off your chains,
And formed your hearts anew.
His faithfulness proclaim
While life to you is given;
Join hands and hearts to praise his name,
Till we all meet in heaven.

William Hammond.

"*Before Singing of Hymns by Way of Introduction*" is the author's title of this in his *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, 1745. It is based on Rev. xv. 3: "And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." The original contains fourteen stanzas.

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574 6s, 5s. D.

FORWARD! be our watch-word,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light!

2 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold;
Onward, Christians, onward,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

Henry Alford.

This is one of the few hymns ever written by a great scholar. Based on Exodus xiv. 15: "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." The original contains eight stanzas, the above being the first and fifth. It was written to be sung at the Tenth Festival of Parochial Choirs of the Canterbury Diocesan Union, June 6, 1871; but the author had joined "the choir invisible" before that date arrived.

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575 6s, 5s. D.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before:
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!
Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, Christian soldiers! &c.

3 Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers! &c.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

This vigorous and stirring marching hymn fills a needed place in our Hymn Book. It first appeared in the *Church Times* in 1865. As found in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1875, it contains five stanzas. The two omitted are the third and fourth:

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

---

576 C. P. M.

COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode:
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessèd, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see:
The beatific sight
Shall fill the heavenly courts with praise,
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light.

6 The Father, shining on his throne,
The glorious, coëternal Son,
The Spirit, one and seven,
Conspire our rapture to complete;
And lo! we fall before his feet,
And silence heightens heaven.

7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
And at thy footstool fall;
Till thou our hidden life reveal,
Till thou our ravished spirits fill,
And God be all in all.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of Charles Wesley's *noted* hymns. It is not used now as often as it once was, owing perhaps to the peculiar meter, and also in part to the uninviting wording of the first line. It is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. One stanza of the original is omitted:

3 See where the Lamb in glory stands,
Encircled with His radiant bands,
And join the angelic powers.
For all that height of glorious bliss,
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heaven is ours.

---

577 C. M.

WHICH of the petty kings of earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Encircled from our second birth,
With all the heavenly powers?

2 Angels, where'er we go, attend
Our steps, whate'er betide,
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside.

3 Their instrumental aid, unknown,
They day and night supply;
And, free from fear, we lay us down,
Though Satan's host be nigh.

4 And when our spirits we resign,
On outstretched wings they bear,
And lodge us in the arms divine,
And leave us ever there.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. Selected from six double stanzas based on Heb. i. 14: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

578 S. M.

MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise:
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

George Heath.

"*Fight the Good Fight of Faith*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Poetical Essays Sacred to the Public and Private Worship of the Deity and to Religious and Christian Improvement*, 1781. The author wrote in verse one, line three, "*An host* of sins" instead of "The hosts of sin;" and in verse three, line two, "*once at ease sit* down" instead of "lay thine armor down;" in same verse, line four, "hast got thy" instead of "obtain the." He wrote the last three lines of verse four:

"God will thy work applaud,
Reveal his Love at thy last breath,
And take to his abode."

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579 S. M.

"I THE good fight have fought,"
O when shall I declare!
The vict'ry by my Saviour got
I long with Paul to share.

2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past;
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!

3 This blessèd word be mine,
Just as the port is gained,
"Kept by the power of grace Divine,
I have the faith maintained."

4 Th' apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

Charles Wesley.

This is from *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It is based upon 2 Tim. iv. 7: "I have fought a good fight. . . . I have kept the faith."

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580 7s, 6s.

STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, Jr.

This hymn was written in 1858 on the occasion of the death of an intimate friend of the author—Rev. Dudley A. Tyng (son of Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D.)—a most gifted and consecrated young minister of Philadelphia, and who took an active part in the great revival in that city in 1857. The following year he met his death by a painful accident (his arm was caught in a cog-wheel and torn out). Being asked, when at death's door, if he had any message to send to the Young Men's Christian Association (with whom he had worked in the revival) he replied: "Tell them to *stand up for Jesus*. Now let us sing a hymn," and soon afterward died. The Sunday following Dr. Duffield preached on the text, "Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness" (Eph. vi. 14), and read these verses as a concluding exhortation. The su-

perintendent of the Sabbath-school had them printed as a leaflet for the children. They were soon afterward published in a Baptist newspaper, and "from that paper they have gone in English, and in German and Latin translations, all over the world." Missionaries have translated the hymn into heathen tongues. It finds a place in all modern hymn books. The Sunday before young Tyng's death, he had preached a sermon marked with unction and power to an audience of five thousand people on Ex. x. 11: "Go now, ye that are men, and serve the Lord." To this allusion is made in one of the omitted verses:

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear:
If while ye sleep he suffers,
Away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of Battles,
And put the foe to rout!

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day.
"Ye that are men now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

5 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Each soldier to his post;
Close up the broken column,
And shout through all the host!
Make good the loss so heavy,
In those that still remain,
And prove to all around you
That death itself is gain!

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581 8s, 7s & 4.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

John Fawcett.

This popular dismission hymn first appeared in *A Collection of Hymns for Public Worship*, issued by the Rev. John Harris, of Hull, in 1774. It is there duly accredited to Fawcett. The name of Walter Shirley is sometimes erroneously given as that of the author—which is due doubtless to the fact that it appeared anonymously in Lady Huntingdon's *Collection*, of which he was the editor.

SECTION VIII.

DEATH AND THE FUTURE STATE.

582 C. M.

COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise:
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family we dwell in him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death:
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of the hymns that can never die. It is not only one of Charles Wesley's best, but it is one of the finest ever written. It is the first hymn in the second series of *Funeral Hymns*, 1759. The original contains five double stanzas. The second half of the third, the first half of the fourth, and the fifth entire are omitted above:

His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release
And full felicity.

5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear his trumpet sound:
O that we now might grasp our Guide!
O that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!

Charles Wesley died (1788) three years before his brother. It is said that some time after his death, John Wesley, then venerable with age and almost "to the margin come," ascended the pulpit on one occasion in the Foundry Church, and after reading the lesson, buried his face in his hands, and stood there in that solemn and impressive attitude for quite ten minutes. Every eye was fixed upon him and every ear listened as he then opened the Hymn Book and read in a most impressive manner his brother's hymn,

"Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize."

The audience were deeply moved, and well knew where his thoughts were.

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583 C. M.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,

From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home!

Isaac Watts.

The author's title of this is "*Man Frail and God Eternal.*" It was first published in 1719. It was issued, with several alterations, in Wesley's *Hymn Book*, published in 1738. Watts began the first and last verses with "*Our* God" instead of "O God." The second line of the second stanza read "Thy saints have dwelt secure" instead of "Still may we dwell secure," and the third line of the last stanza had "troubles" instead of "life shall." The original contains nine stanzas, of which the fourth, sixth, and eighth are here omitted. They are as follows;

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
Return, ye sons of men;
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

6 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light,
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand,
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.

The hymn is based on Ps. xc. 1-6: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth."

584 C. M.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 What should I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Vanity of Man as Mortal*" is the title of this in the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719. It is based on Ps. xxxix. 4-7: "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee; verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. Selah. Surely every man walketh in a vain show: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee." The original contains six stanzas. The third and fourth are omitted above. They are:

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love
But all the noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

585 C. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Name!
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.

4 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

5 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

6 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

Isaac Watts.

"*Frail Life and Succeeding Eternity*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book II., 1707. The author wrote "Good God" instead of "Great God" in the fourth stanza. The second stanza has been omitted:

2 "Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less."

---

586 C. M.

DEATH rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!

2 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.

3 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly to the tomb;
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?

4 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

5 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given:
The forms which underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven!

Reginald Heber.

"*At a Funeral*" is the title of this in *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, 1827. The author wrote in the last stanza, third line, "bones" instead of "forms." The first and second stanzas are here omitted. They are:

1 "Beneath our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 "Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they."

---

587 C. M.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
Mine ears, attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more!

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

Isaac Watts.

"*A Funeral Thought*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book II., 1707. The author wrote in the third verse "our tomb" instead of "the tomb;" and in the fourth verse "powers" instead of "power."

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588 S. M.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O! what eternal horrors hang
Around "the second death!"

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee,
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality.

James Montgomery.

This hymn on "*The Issues of Life and Death*" was founded on the author's own sad and bitter experience, out of which he was happily led by the Spirit of God, and thus enabled to write this most useful and impressive hymn. Describing that unhappy period of his life he said: "My restless and imaginative mind, and my wild and ungovernable imagination have long ago broken loose from the anchor of faith, and have been driven, the sport of winds and waves, over an ocean of doubts, round which every coast is defended by the rocks of despair that forbid me to enter the harbor in view." This is one of the "portions of his history" to which he refers as preparing him to write with heartfelt penitence and gratitude this hymn which is based on Heb. iv. 11: "Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief."

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589 S. M.

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!

3 Soon as from the earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be!

4 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise;
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies!

5 How shall I leave my tomb—
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom—
A curse or blessing meet?

6 Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away
To meet its sentence there?

7 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damned cast out,
Or numbered with the blest?

8 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else—depart to hell.

Charles Wesley.

This is from the author's *Hymns for Children*, 1763. In a later edition he very properly added to this title the words: *And Others of Riper Years.* This hymn is continued and completed in the hymn beginning "O Thou that wouldst not have" (No. 604). In the second verse and first line above the author wrote "A *world* of *darkest* shade." In the preface to the 1790 edition of these *Hymns for Children* John Wesley says: "There are two ways of writing or speaking to children: the one is, to let ourselves down to them; the other, to lift them up to us. Dr. Watts wrote in the former way, and has succeeded admirably well, speaking to children as children, and leaving them as he found them. The following hymns are written on the other plan: they contain strong and manly sense, yet expressed in such plain and easy language as even children may understand. But when they do understand them, they will be children no longer, only in years and in stature."

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590 L. M.

HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near!
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll:
How welcome to the faithful soul!

2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the almighty Jesus crowned,
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

8 Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord!

4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
Forever and forever reigns.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*Thy Kingdom Come.*" From *Hymns of Intercession for All Mankind*, 1758.

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591 L. M.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day!
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—

2 When shriv'ling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

3 O on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Sir Walter Scott.

This hymn is found in Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. It is introduced as used by the holy fathers at a mass for the dead in Melrose Abbey. It is the author's rendering of "*Dies Iræ*." This antique hymn sunk deeply into the soul of the great novelist. He says: "To my Gothic ear this old hymn is more solemn and affecting than fine classical poetry; it has the gloomy dignity of the Gothic church." The author began verse one with "That" instead of "The." He wrote in verse two, line three, "When louder" instead of "And louder;" and in verse three, line three, "the trembling sinner's" instead of "O Christ, the sinner's." Compare this rendering of the famous Latin hymn with that of Dean Stanley (No. 595) and that of John Newton (No. 629).

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592 C. P. M.

LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, insensible:
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness!

3 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear
Eternal bliss t' insure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above—
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley.

"*A Hymn for Seriousness*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. Tradition states that this magnificent hymn was written by Charles Wesley after a visit to *Land's End*, Cornwall, in July, 1743. There is at the Land's End a narrow neck of land betwixt two unbounded seas—the Bristol Channel to the north, and the English Channel to the south; or, we may add, the great Atlantic Ocean to the west, and the German Ocean to the east, all uniting at this point. The tradition is natural, and seems well supported; it is given by Dr. Adam Clarke in a manuscript letter before the writer, without doubt or hesitation. Dr. Clarke knew Charles Wesley personally, and the letter concerning the tradition was written partly in pencil on the "narrow neck of land" itself, and finished at "the first inn in England," situated at the Land's End. Mr. Thomas Taylor, a Methodist preacher, who visited the Land's End in 1761, records the words: "Here Mr. Charles Wesley wrote, 'Lo! on a narrow neck of land,'" etc. (See George John Stevenson.)

The first stanza of the original is omitted:

1 Thou God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry!
A half-awakened child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die!

593 C. P. M.

AND am I only born to die?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree?
What after death for me remains?
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
To all eternity!

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
And props the house of clay:
My sole concern, my single care,
To watch, and tremble, and prepare
Against that fatal day!

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!

4 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death,
That never, never dies!
How make mine own election sure;
And when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

5 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray;
Be thou my guide, be thou my way,
To glorious happiness!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart!
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace!

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns for Children*, 1763. One stanza of the original is omitted above:

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

A young lady in American, of high position, and who had completed a thorough course of education, leaving school with certificates of the highest merit, had become the center of a large and fashionable circle of friends. This lady went one Sunday evening to hear a sermon preached by the venerable Bishop Asbury. The voice, manner, and earnest solicitude of the man of God fixed the truth so firmly on her mind that she sought and found pardon through faith in Jesus. She at once gave up her worldly companions and pursuits. Her fond parents used their utmost efforts to win back her affections to the world, but in vain. As a last resort, her father gave a large party to the most worldly and fashionable persons in the city. A more busy scene of pleasure-loving gayety was never witnessed. During the evening it was arranged that their daughter should be invited to sing and play on the piano one of those fashionable airs to which they had so often listened with delight. Led by her father to the piano, she took her seat, and sung in a strain the most touching, because it came from the heart, and with a full clear voice, that part of Charles Wesley's fine hymn which commences:

"No room for mirth or trifling here
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone."

She had not sung through one verse before her father, who had stood by her side, drooped his head. Every whisper ceased, and the most intense feeling pervaded the entire company. Every word of the hymn was spoken distinctly, and heard by every one present; each seemed an arrow from the Spirit's quiver, going directly to the hearts of the hearers. Her father retired to his room to weep for his own sinful folly with a deeply-stricken heart. The daughter's piety had triumphed. For many years she lived to adorn her godly profession, and she passed away at last in triumph to the skies, realizing the prayer expressed in the last two lines of this her favorite hymn.

594 C. P. M.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,

To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon.

This is part second of a hymn on "*The Judgment Day*" which appeared for the first time in the fourth edition of Lady Huntingdon's *Collection of Hymns*, the probable date of which is 1772. The first part, which has five stanzas, begins, "We soon shall hear the midnight cry." In verse one above, instead of "When thou," the author wrote "Oh! when," and "fetch" instead of "take." This beautiful hymn is in thorough accord with the character of the author — modest, humble, glowing with faith and love.

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595 7s. 6 l.

DAY of wrath, O dreadful day!
When this world shall pass away,
And the heavens together roll,
Shriveling like a parchèd scroll,
Long foretold by saint and sage,
David's harp, and sibyl's page.

2 Day of terror, day of doom,
When the Judge at last shall come!
Through the deep and silent gloom,
Shrouding every human tomb,
Shall the archangel's trumpet tone
Summon all before the throne.

3 Then the writing shall be read,
Which shall judge the quick and dead;
Then the Lord of all our race
Shall appoint to each his place;
Every wrong shall be set right,
Every secret brought to light.

4 O just Judge, to whom belongs
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs,
Grant forgiveness, Lord, at last,
Ere the dread account be past:
Lo, my sighs, my guilt, my shame!
Spare me for thine own great name.

5 Thou, who bad'st the sinner cease
From her tears and go in peace,—
Thou, who to the dying thief
Spakest pardon and relief,—
Thou, O Lord, to me hast given,
E'en to me, the hope of heaven.

Thomas of Celano.
Tr. by *Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.*

This is a part of Dean Stanley's translation of the famous Latin hymn titled *Dies Iræ*. The translation contains thirteen stanzas, the above being the first, second, fourth, ninth, and tenth. This is one of the best of the many translations of this most celebrated of all the Latin hymns. Compare with Sir Walter Scott's translation (No. 591) and that of John Newton (No. 629). The original Latin hymn contains nineteen stanzas of three lines each. The first stanza is:

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

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596 C. M.

AND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live!
With what religious fear!
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
O let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

Charles Wesley.

"*A Thought on Judgment*" is the author's title to this heart-searching hymn in his *Hymns for Children*, 1763. There are three additional stanzas:

6 My peace Thou hast already made,
While hanging on the tree;
My sins He on Thy body laid,
And punished them in Thee.

7 Ah! might I, Lord, the virtue prove
Of Thine atoning blood,
And know Thou ever livest above,
My Advocate with God;

8 Receive the answer of Thy prayer,
The sense of sin forgiven,
And follow Thee with loving care,
And go in peace to heaven.

597 C. M.

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou Source of all my joys,
Thou Ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word, "Depart!"

3 What, to be banished from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death for ever fly!

4 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

Isaac Watts.

"*The Everlasting Absence of God Intolerable*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. The second stanza above has been much changed:

Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou *Sovereign* of my heart,
How could I bear to hear *the* voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

In verse three, line one, the author wrote "for my life" instead of "from my Lord." There are four additional stanzas.

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598 L. M.

THE saints who die of Christ possessed
Enter into immediate rest;
For them no further test remains,
Of purging fires and torturing pains.

2 Who trusting in their Lord depart,
Cleansed from all sin and pure in heart,
The bliss unmixed, the glorious prize,
They find with Christ in paradise.

3 Close followed by their works they go,
Their Master's purchased joy to know;
Their works enhance the bliss prepared,
And each hath its distinct reward.

4 Yet glorified by grace alone,
They cast their crowns before the throne;
And fill the echoing courts above
With praises of redeeming love.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. This is written on Rev. xiv. 13: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

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599 L. M.

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That Death hath lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay.

This hymn, which is one of the most popular of all our funeral hymns, was suggested to the author by an inscription that she saw on a tombstone in the burying-ground of Pennycross Chapel, in Devonshire, England. It first appeared in 1832 in *The Amethist*, an Annual published in Edinburgh, Scotland. Two stanzas of the original are omitted:

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious "hiding-place;"
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

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600 L. M.

SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I soon shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die—my father's God to meet.

2 Numbered among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!

3 O that without a ling'ring groan
I may the welcome word receive!
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!

4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade
And, certified that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismayed,
I shall into thy hands resign.

5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers;
My light, my life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears!

Charles Wesley.

This hymn is made up of parts of two of the author's *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. The first two stanzas are based on Gen. xlix. 33: "Jacob gathered up his feet into the bed, and yielded up the ghost, and was gathered unto his people." The third stanza is based upon Num. xx. 28: "And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son; and Aaron died there in the top of the mount: and Moses and Eleazar came down from the mount." The third stanza is often, in song and prayer, upon the lips of the veterans of the cross. It was notably so with John Wesley and Dr. Thomas O. Summers.

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601 L. M.

WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed!

4 Jesus can make a dying-bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts.

"*Christ's Presence Makes Death Easy*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. In the third stanza, second line, the author wrote "My soul! she'd" instead of "My soul would." The last verse is especially beautiful.

602 L. M.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away:
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Anna Laetitia Barbauld.

"*The Death of the Virtuous*" is the title of this in the author's *Works*, 1826. The author wrote in the first verse, first line, "*Sweet is the scene when virtue dies*" instead of "How blest the righteous when he dies!" and in the same verse, line two, "righteous" instead of "weary;" in verse three, line one, "Its" instead of "Life's," and in line four, "Sweet is the scene when virtue dies." Two stanzas are omitted:

3 Triumphant smiles the victor brow
Fanned by some angel's purple wing;
Where is, O grave! thy victory now?
And where, insidious Death! thy sting?

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

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603 S. M. D.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come;
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.
A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

2 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away!

Horatius Bonar.

This hymn as originally published in *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857, contained six stanzas of eight lines each. The title there given is "A Pilgrim Song." The first stanza here is the first half of the first stanza in the original, the second is the first half of the third, and the fourth double stanza of the original is here divided into the third and fourth. "Dr. Bonar," says Nutter in his *Hymn-Studies*, "is one of the sweetest, though one of the saddest, singers of the Church."

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604 S. M.

O THOU that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die;
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery!
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear!

2 Thou art thyself the way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will:
So shall I love my God,
Because he first loved me;
And praise thee in thy bright abode
To all eternity.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Hymns for Children*, 1763. See note under hymn beginning "And am I born to die" (No. 589), of which this is the conclusion.

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605 6s. Irregular.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

4 But the waves of that silent sea,
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

5 O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,—

6 Father! perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith.

Phœbe Cary.

This hymn has many variations, mostly verbal, as found in the different hymnals of the Church—and it is in all of them. The one given above is Miss Cary's own and last version as found in *Hymns for all Christians*. The following stanzas are omitted:

4 But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the deep and unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

5 Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm,
Closer death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

8 Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be, I'm nearer home—
Nearer now than I think!

"In Macao, China," says Col. Russell H. Conwell in *Lessons of Travel*, "not far from Hong Kong, the principal occupation of the inhabitants is gaming. Here, on a certain occasion, a traveler found a company of gamblers in a back room on the upper floor of a hotel. At the table nearest him there was an American, about twenty-five years old, playing with an old man. They had been betting and drinking. While the gray-haired man was shuffling the cards for 'a new deal,' the young man, in a swaggering, careless way, sang, to a very pathetic tune, a verse of Phœbe Cary's beautiful hymn 'One sweetly solemn thought.' Hearing the singing, several gamblers looked up in surprise. The old man who was dealing the cards put on a look of melancholy, stopped for a moment, gazed steadfastly at his partner in the game, dashed the pack upon the floor under the table, and said, 'Where did you learn that tune?' The young man pretended that he did not know that he had been singing. 'Well, no matter,' said the old man, 'I've played my last game, and that's the end of it. The cards may lie there till doomsday, and I will never pick them up.' The old man having won money from the young man—about one hundred dollars—took it out of his pocket, and handing it to the latter, said: 'Here is your money; take it and do good with it; I shall with mine. I have misled

you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for old America's sake and for God's sake, you will quit the infernal business.'" The sequel is a happy one, for the "old man" here alluded to wrote Col. C. a letter saying that "Harry" had entirely abandoned gambling and all kind of vices, and that he himself had become a "hard-working Christian."

During the last year of her life Miss Cary, seeing this story in print, sent a copy of it to an old friend with the following note, which happily throws light on the origin of the hymn: "I inclose the hymn and the story for you, not because I am vain of the notice, but because I thought you would feel a peculiar interest in them when you knew the hymn was written eighteen years ago (1852), in your house. I composed it in the little back third-story bedroom, one Sunday morning, after coming from Church; and it makes me happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world."

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606 C. M.

THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, foll'wers of our suff'ring Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 Yet not thus hopeless, in the grave,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

3 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the archangel's trump shall break
The long and dreary sleep.

4 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

Henry Kirke White.

This hymn is entitled "*Hope in the Resurrection*" in William B. Collyer's *Hymns, Partly Collected and Partly Original*, 1812. The author wrote "thus lifeless, thus inane" in the first line of the second stanza instead of "thus hopeless, in the grave." In verse four, line three, the author wrote, "And the long-silent dust shall burst." Two stanzas of the original are omitted above:

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

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607 6s. D.

GO to thy rest, fair child!
Go to thy dreamless bed,
Gentle, and meek, and mild,
With blessings on thy head.
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this blighting land,
Where flowers so quickly fade

2 Before thy heart could learn
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet could turn
The dark and downward way;
Ere sin could wound thy breast,
Or sorrow wake the tear;
Rise to thy home of rest,
In yon celestial sphere!

3 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy cradle-care
Was such a fond delight;
Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy heavenward flight detain?
No, angel! seek thy place
Amid yon cherub train.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

"*To a Dying Infant*" is the title of this in a volume of the author's *Poems*, 1834. In the third line of the first stanza the author wrote "and undefiled," instead of, "and meek and mild."

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608 C. M.

THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine:
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast:

Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love:
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above."

Samuel Stennet.

"*Children Dying in their Infancy in the Arms of Jesus*" is the title of this in *Rippon's Selections*, 1787. It is based on Matt. xix. 14: "But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." There are, in the original, two additional stanzas:

5 Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill;
I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
And hands to do my will.

6 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joys divine:
O Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be forever thine.

In the first line of the first verse the author wrote "dearest" instead of "gracious."

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609 C. M.

WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impressed
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast!

3 Let this vain world delude no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
Let every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

Anne Steele.

This hymn "*For the Funeral of a Young Person*" finds a place in no other Church collection.

---

610 C. M.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,—
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 Death spreads his with'ring, wintry arms,
And beauty smiles no more;
Ah! where are now those rising charms
Which pleased our eyes before?

3 That once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs:
We weep our earthly comforts fled,
And withered all our joys.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

Anne Steele.

This beautiful hymn "*For the Funeral of a Child*" is not found in any other collection.

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611 L. M.

THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipped by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colors shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven must recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

Samuel Wesley, Jr.

This beautiful hymn was "*Occasioned by the Death of a Young Lady*," and is based on Isaiah xl. 6–8: "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: . . . The grass

withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever." It was written in 1735. John Wesley gave it a place in his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1743.

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612 L. M.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room,
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed:
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sovereign word:
Restore thy trust: a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

"*A Funeral Ode at the Interment of the Body, Supposed to be Sung by the Mourners*," is the title of this in the author's *Miscellaneous Thoughts in Prose and Verse*, 1734. It is the last of a series of five entitled "*Death and Heaven in Five Lyric Odes.*"

The author wrote in verse one, line four, "seek a slumber in the dust" instead of "slumber in the silent dust;" in verse two, line three, "lovely" instead of "peaceful," and in line four, "And" and "her" instead of "while" and "the;" in verse three, line three, "fair" instead of "blest;" and in verse four, line four, "She must ascend" and "her" instead of "Shall then arise" and "the."

---

613 7s.

HARK! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed.

2 Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

3 Followed by their works, they go
Where their Head has gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace had opened mercy's door.

4 Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallowed, and made meet for heaven.

Charles Wesley.

"*A Funeral Hymn*" taken from the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. There are three additional double stanzas in the original.

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614 C. M.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead!
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord:
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Isaac Watts.

"*Blessed are the Dead that Die in the Lord*" (Rev. xiv. 13) is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It is a little singular that this beautiful funeral hymn finds a place in no other Church collection.

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615 C. M.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to thy narrow house beneath!
Soul, to thy place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers.
Whence thy meek smile is gone;

But O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

This is taken from the author's *Hymns for Childhood*, where it is titled "*A Dirge.*"

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616 C. M.

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

William Hiley Bathurst.

This hymn is commonly accredited to Bathurst, and dated 1829; but C. S. Nutter is authority for the statement that it was not written by him, but was contributed to the *Missionary Psalmist*, in 1826, by "O. P.," whose identity is now unknown.

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617 6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

FRIEND after friend departs:
Who has not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

James Montgomery.

This "pathetic and beautiful little poem," to which the author gave the title "*Separation on Earth—Reunion in Heaven*," was written just after the death (1823) of his intimate friend and coworker, Rev. Thomas Cotterill, to whose *Collection* (1819) the author contributed many hymns. The above is a correct copy of the hymn as originally written; the verbal changes in the former edition of the Hymn-Book were not for the better.

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618 C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

Isaac Watts.

"*The Death and Burial of a Saint*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. In the third line of the third stanza the author wrote "the dear" instead of "once the."

---

619 S. M.

AND must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face,
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy grace above!

Isaac Watts.

"*Triumph over Death, in Hope of the Resurrection*," is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. The author wrote in verse three, line two, "often" instead of "ever;" verse four, line four, "Look" instead of "Be;" verse five, line two, "To Jesus" instead of "Lord, to thy;" line two, "We would adore his" instead of "O may we bless thy," and line four, "his power" instead of "thy grace." One stanza has been omitted:

5 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

---

620 13s, 11s.

THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope since the Sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansions forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the mild rays of paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

Reginald Heber.

"*At a Funeral*" is the title of this hymn in *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, 1827. In this hymn Bishop Heber breathed forth his resignation to the death of his only child, in December, 1818.

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621 7s.

LO! the pris'ner is released,
Lightened of her fleshly load:
Where the weary are at rest,
She is gathered into God!

2 Lo! the pain of life is past,
All her warfare now is o'er;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

3 Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life!

4 Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds her God, and sits, and sings,
Triumphing in paradise.

Charles Wesley.

"*A Funeral Hymn*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. The above are the second and third stanzas, unaltered except to change the masculine to the feminine pronoun. The original has five stanzas, the first beginning, "Blessing, honor, thanks, and praise."

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622 8s.

REJOICE for a brother deceased;
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from his bodily chain:
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above;
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gained,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtained,
And left his companions behind,
Still tossed on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend
Forever and ever shall last.

Charles Wesley.

"*A Funeral Hymn*" is the title of this in the author's *Funeral Hymns*, 1744. The author grew more and more fond of this hymn as his life drew to a close. Especially is this true of the third stanza, which he almost daily repeated.

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623 8s, 7s.

JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessèd Lord, "Thy will be done."

3 Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

4 By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, "Thy will be done."

Thomas Hastings

"*Thy Will be Done*" is the title of this in the author's *Mother's Hymn Book*, 1859. In verse four, line one, the author wrote "To thine arms the child" instead of "By thy hands the boon." One stanza is here omitted:

Fill us now with deep contrition,
Take away these hearts of stone;
While we all with true submission
Meekly say, "Thy will be done."

---

624 L. M.

GO, spirit of the sainted dead,
Go to thy longed for, happy home!
The tears of man are o'er thee shed;
The voice of angels bids thee come.

2 If life be not in length of days,
In silvered locks and furrowed brow,
But living to the Saviour's praise,
How few have lived so long as thou!

3 Though earth may boast one gem the less,
May not e'en heaven the richer be?
And myriads on thy footsteps press,
To share thy blest eternity.

Author Unknown.

This beautiful hymn is especially appropriate to be sung at the death of a young person who has been eminently pious and useful. Nothing is known by this writer as to the authorship or origin of this hymn. It was found by the Committee of Revision in the *Plymouth Collection*.

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625 C. M.

WHAT though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own house invade?
What though the prophet and the priest
Be numbered with the dead?

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye, in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue:

3 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

4 "Lo! I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My church shall safe abide:
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

5 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

Philip Doddridge.

"*Support in the Gracious Presence of God under the Loss of Ministers and Other Useful Friends*" is the author's title to this hymn, which is based on Josh. i. 2, 4, 5. It is from the author's *Hymns*, 1755. The first stanza is omitted:

1 Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

---

626 10s.

GO to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power!
A Christian cannot die before his time:
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease:
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest-task is done,
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave; for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embrace, ere he arose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

4 Go to the grave:—no! take thy seat above,
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

James Montgomery.

This hymn, which the author titled "*On the death of a Minister cut off in his vigor*," had originally six stanzas. It was written, according to Duffield, to commemorate the death of Rev. John Owen, one of the first secretaries of the "British and Foreign Bible Society," a man of more than ordinary learning and pulpit power, who died in 1822.

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627 S. M.

IT is not death to die,—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die!
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

Cæsar H. A. Malan. Tr. by *G. W. Bethune.*

The French original of this begins, *Non, ce n'est pas mourir*, and is found in the author's *Chants de Sion*. The above is taken *verbatim* from the translator's *Lays of Love and Faith*, 1847. It was sung at Dr. Bethune's death at his own request.

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628 S. M.

REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-sore feet,
Rest from all labor now.

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;

Through these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound,
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing!
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

5 'Twas sown in weakness here;
'Twill then be raised in power:
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

Horatius Bonar.

The original, under the title "*The Flesh Resting in Hope*," contained thirteen stanzas. These are the last five. Only one verbal change, "anxious" for "thought-worn" in first stanza. From the author's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857.

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629 8s, 7s & 4.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound!
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine:"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his voice, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessèd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessèd;
See the kingdom I bestow:
You forever
Shall my love and glory know."

John Newton.

Title: "*Day of Judgment.*" This is one of the many versions of the celebrated Latin hymn, *Dies Iræ*. In the second stanza "glorious" has been changed to "gracious," and in the third, "looks" to "voice." Compare this translation with that of Sir Walter Scott (No. 591) and also that of Dean Stanley (No. 595). Three stanzas are omitted:

4 Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
Hence, accursèd wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
And his angels have thy part.

5 Satan, who now tries to please you
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake:
Think, poor sinner,
Thy eternal all's at stake.

7 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be changed to praise:
We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

---

630 8, 8, 8, 4.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

2 The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3 I soon shall lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil;
And slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

4 There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
But, though the mold'ring ashes sleep,
Low in the ground,—

5 The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

James Montgomery.

This hymn is from Montgomery's well-known poem on the *Grave*, which contains thirty stanzas. The above are the first, second, third, twenty-eighth, and twenty-ninth stanzas. In the third

stanza the original is "I *long to* lay this painful head;" and in the fourth "*And while*" instead of "*But though*."

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631 S. M. D.

"FOREVER with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 "Forever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
E'en here to me fulfill.
So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

3 Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"Forever with the Lord!"
"Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

James Montgomery.

The author titled this hymn "*At Home in Heaven.*" It is based on 1 Thess. iv. 17: "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." The hymn, as written by the author, is in two parts and contains twenty-two stanzas. Of this hymn the author says: "I received directly and indirectly more testimonials of approbation in reference to these verses, than perhaps any others which I have written of the same class, with the exception of those on *Prayer*." "This is one of those strains of sacred thought," says George John Stevenson, "which, once having taken hold of the public mind, will live in the service of song to the end of time. The hymn remained unsung and unnoticed for a quarter of a century, when it was introduced to the public with a tune which was so well suited to the beautiful and pious sentiments of the words that it gave it immediate and widespread popularity."

This hymn is a great favorite in Yorkshire, the county where it was written, being frequently quoted by dying Christians. At one of the sessions of the Methodist Conference at Leeds, England, this hymn was given out and sung, and such a depth of spiritual power fell upon the assembly during the singing of it that the Rev. James Everett, then an octogenarian, being overwhelmed with emotion, fell prostrate in devout adoration. The audience, well knowing the long and affectionate friendship that had existed between the venerable man and the deceased but still revered poet, was powerfully moved by the touching spectacle. It is from *A Poet's Portfolio*, 1835.

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632 S. M. D.

SERVANT of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last:
Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possessed;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

2 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard;
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.
With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,
Salvation to the Lamb!

3 O happy, happy soul!
In ecstasies of praise,
Long as eternal ages roll,
Thou seest thy Saviour's face.
Redeemed from earth and pain,
Ah! when shall we ascend,
And all in Jesus' presence reign
With our translated friend?

Charles Wesley.

This was written for John Wesley's sermon on the death of George Whitefield, preached November 18, 1770. Eight lines of the original are omitted—the last four of the second stanza and the last four of the fourth:

Ready to bring the peace,
Thy beauteous feet were shod,
When mercy signed thy soul's release
And caught thee up to God.

Come, Lord, and quickly come!
And, when in thee complete,
Receive thy longing servants home,
To triumph at thy feet.

It is unaccountable that this most useful hymn should never before have found a place in our

Hymn Book; nor has it even yet been admitted into the Wesleyan Collection. It may be found in Wesley's Works, printed in full, at the end of his sermon on the death of Whitefield. Compare it with Montgomery's hymn beginning with the same words (No. 655).

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633 11s & 10s.

HARK, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands, meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary;
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, etc.

Frederick William Faber.

"*The Pilgrims of the Night*" is the title of the above in *Faber's Hymns*, 1875. It is based upon Rom. xiii. 12: "The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light." Two stanzas are omitted:

2 Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And like benighted men we miss our mark;
God hides himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

6 Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those love-songs which angels mean for thee.

The last two lines of verse five originally were:

"While we toil on and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love."

---

634 L. M.

SHALL man, O God of light and life,
Forever molder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?

2 In those dark, silent realms of night,
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

Timothy Dwight.

From same source as the above. Author's title: "*Death not the End of our Being.*" There are ten stanzas in the original, these being the first, fourth,

seventh, and ninth. For the first line of the second stanza the author wrote "*But* in those silent realms of night." The hymn is based on Ps. lxxxviii. 10–12: "Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? shall the dead arise and praise thee? Shall thy loving-kindness be declared in the grave? or thy faithfulness in destruction? Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? and thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?"

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635 C. M.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above, in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear; 'tis heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

William Bingham Tappan.

This hymn was written in the summer of 1818 for the *Franklin Gazette*. In 1819 the author published it in his first volume of *Poems*. The second stanza of the original is omitted:

2 There is a soft, a downy bed
Far from the shades of even—
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose in heaven.

The author wrote in the first verse, last line, "alone" instead of "above;" and in the third verse, first line, "her cheerful" instead of "the tearless."

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636 S. M.

WE know, by faith we know,
If this vile house of clay,
This tabernacle, sink below,
In ruinous decay,

2 We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands:
And firm as our Redeemer's love
That heavenly fabric stands.

3 It stands securely high,
Indissolubly sure;
Our glorious mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure.

4 O let us put on thee
In perfect holiness!
And rise prepared thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face.

5 Thy grace with glory crown,
Who hast the earnest given;
And then triumphantly come down,
And take us up to heaven!

Charles Wesley.

This hymn is from the author's *Funeral Hymns*, 1744. These verses are selected from a hymn of six double stanzas, and comprise the first double stanza, the first half of the second, and the last halves of the fourth and sixth stanzas. The more important of the omitted stanzas are:

O, were we entered there!
To perfect heaven restored!
O, were we all caught up to share
The triumph of our Lord!

For this in faith we call:
For this we weep and pray:
O, might the tabernacle fall!
O, might we 'scape away!
Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

Absent, alas! from God,
We in the body mourn,
And pine to quit this mean abode,
And languish to return.
Jesus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight:
And clothe us with our nobler house
Of everlasting light!

---

637 C. M.

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,

Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

3 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

This hymn is entitled "*The Examples of Christ and the Saints*" in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. One stanza of the original is omitted:

2 Once they were mourners here below
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

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638 L. M.

WHAT sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like, my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*The Sinner's Portion and the Saint's Hope; or, The Heaven of Separate Souls, and the Resurrection*," 1719. It is based on Psalm xvii. 15: "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." The author's first two stanzas are omitted:

1 Lord, I am thine; but wilt thou prove
My faith, my patience and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lies below,
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

---

639 L. M.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright, that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught.

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

Gurdon Robins.

This hymn was first published in *The Psalmist*, 1843. It is based on Isaiah xxxiii. 17: "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."

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640 C. M.

PURE are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lip, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

2 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts.

"*Heaven Invisible and Holy*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707, where it has five stanzas. The three omitted stanzas are:

1 Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life;
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

It is based on 1 Cor. vi. 9, 10: "But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." Also Rev. xxi. 27: "And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

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641 7s. D.

WHAT are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun;
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Suff'rers in his righteous cause,
Foll'wers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their suff'rings passed,
Hunger now and thirst no more:
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

Charles Wesley.

"*The Sacrament a Pledge of Heaven*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745. It is based on Rev. vii. 13: "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?" The author's last stanza is omitted:

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

---

642 8s. D.

AWAY with our sorrow and fear!
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear;
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom or affliction or sin,
No shadow of evil, is there!

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear:
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Funeral Hymns*, 1744. There are two additional stanzas:

4 No need of the sun in that day
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And lo! by reflection they shine;
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence Divine!

5 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in heaven they live;
They reign in the smile of their Lord.
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze!

643 8s. D.

I LONG to behold him arrayed
With glory and light from above;
The King in his beauty displayed,
His beauty of holiest love:
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode:
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God!

2 With him I on Sion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord;
But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see,
My fullness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens, in thee.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of the author's *Short Hymns on Select Passages of the Holy Scriptures*, 1762. It is based on Isa. xxxiii. 17: "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off."

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644 C. M. D.

HOW happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear:
Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But O! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.

3 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair,
While in the flesh, my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there:
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
To take me to his breast.

Charles Wesley.

One of Charles Wesley's best and most popular hymns. Three stanzas are omitted:

4 What is there here to court my stay,
To hold me back from home,
While angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come?
Shall I regret my parted friends
Still in the vale confined?
Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
They will not stay behind.

5 The race we all are running now;
And if I first attain,
They, too, their willing heads shall bow,
They, too, the prize shall gain;
Now on the brink of death we stand;
And if I pass before,
They all shall soon escape to land,
And hail me on the shore.

6 Then let me suddenly remove,
That hidden life to share;
I shall not lose my friends above,
But more enjoy them there:
There we in Jesus' praise shall join,
His boundless love proclaim,
And solemnize in songs divine,
The marriage of the Lamb.

There are two additional stanzas found in the next hymn. (See No. 645.)

John Wesley considered this one of his brother's finest hymns—and many others agree with him in this verdict. It is No. 2 of the author's *Funeral Hymns*, 1759.

In the account of Susanna Spencer, in John Wesley's *Journal*, Vol. IV. p. 32, an instance is recorded of the use of this hymn. One of the most remarkable incidents on record of the effective power there is in a hymn is the recital of this one in open court in Exeter Castle during the trial of a prisoner. A good young woman had been set upon by a ruffian, on her way from Sunday-school, and she was left for dead by the roadside. On being discovered, she was restored to consciousness so far as to identify her murderer, and then she died, lost to her intense bodily suffering in the sublime joy she had in commending her spirit to God in the words of Charles Wesley's hymn:

"How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

The counsel for the prosecution, in his appeal to

the jury, described the death-scene, and rehearsed the hymn, a part of which the dying girl had sung on her upward flight. The judge, the jury, all but the prisoner, wept. Who could help it? To hear in that solemn court, just before passing sentence of death on the murderer, the youthful martyr's dying song of glory! And such a song!

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645 C. M. D.

O WHAT a blessèd hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

2 O would he more of heaven bestow!
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
To all eternity! *Charles Wesley.*

From the author's *Funeral Hymns*, 1759. These are the last two stanzas of a hymn containing eight double stanzas. The first six stanzas will be found under the preceding number.

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646 C. M. D.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop or die:
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high—
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In my Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer out my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
I come to find them all again
In that eternal day.
Charles Wesley.

In *Funeral Hymns*, second series, 1759, this hymn has nine stanzas, the above being the first, second, and last.

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647 11s.

I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway: no—welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:

4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!
William Augustus Muhlenberg.

This hymn, dear to so many lovers of sacred song, was compiled from a poem of six double stanzas for the *Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church*, 1826. The original was written in 1824,

and was first published anonymously in the *Episcopal Recorder*, June 3, 1826. It is based on Job vii. 16: "I would not live alway: let me alone; for my days are vanity." We give here the original poem, which was written with no expectation that it would ever be used as a hymn:

I would not live alway—live alway below!
Oh no! I'll not linger when bidden to go;
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer;
Would I shrink from the paths which the prophets of God,
Apostles and martyrs so joyfully trod?
Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam,
While brethren and friends are all hastening home?

I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where, seeking for rest, we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory is mine ere I'm captive again;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears;
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway! no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom;
Where He deigned to sleep I'll too bow my head,
All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed:
There the glorious day-break to follow that night,
The orient gleam of the angels of light,
With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise
And chant forth their matins, away to the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harper ring sweet in mine ear!
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!
Oh, give me, oh give me the wings of a dove,
To adore him, be near him, enwrapt with his love:
I but wait for the summons, I list for the word,
Alleluiah, Amen, evermore with the Lord!

In 1826—as a result perhaps of interest in the subject awakened throughout the church by Dr Muhlenberg's articles in the religious press on "Church Poetry" and "A plea for Christian Hymns," addressed to the authorities of the Church—the General Convention of the Episcopal Church appointed a committee to prepare a collection to be added to the fifty-six then contained in the Prayer-Book. One of this committee, Dr. (afterward Bishop) H. U. Onderdonk, himself a poet of no mean capacity, had been pleased with the hymn, and having abridged it, submitted it—in all ignorance as to its authorship—to Dr. Muhlenberg himself, who was also upon the committee. At a general meeting of the committee in 1829 the report of the sub-committee came up, and the hymns were separately considered. One of the members said that "I would not live alway" was very good, but somewhat sentimental. It was rejected forthwith, and Dr. Muhlenberg himself voted against it. Dr. Onderdonk was not present, and the action seemed final. The next morning brought the absentee to Dr. Muhlenberg's house to hear what had been done. Learning that the hymn had met with disapproval, he instantly remarked, "This will not do," and personally interceded with the rest of the committee until they restored it. To him, therefore, the credit belongs.

Other hymns by Dr. Muhlenberg also found place in this hymnal, of which he makes the following mention in his diary: "On the score of my own compositions, amendments, etc., I have every reason to be satisfied. 'Saviour, who thy flock art feeding,' and 'How short the race our friend has run,' 'Shout the glad tidings,' 'I would not live alway,' and 'Like Noah's weary dove,' are those of mine which are wholly original. I am aware that they are wanting in the chief excellence of a hymn—devotional spirit. 'I would not live alway' was at first rejected by the committee, in which I, not suspected of being the author, agreed—knowing it was rather poetry than an earnest song of redemption. It was restored at the urgent request of Dr. Onderdonk."

The third line of the first stanza is sometimes printed "The few *lucid* mornings," instead of "*lurid*." Dr. Muhlenberg was asked on one occasion which was the correct reading. "Either or neither," he replied with some feeling; "I do not believe in the hymn at all: it does not express the better feelings of the saint, and I should not write it now." There is an unauthenticated tradition to the effect that it was written just after the author had been rejected in a love-suit, as was Watts's "How vain are all things here below!"

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648 C. M.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happy harbor of God's saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

3 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square;
Thy gates are all of orient pearl:
O God, if I were there!

5 Right through thy streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

6 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit;
For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.

7 O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

Francis Baker. Alt. by *David Dickson.*

This hymn is without doubt derived from a poem of twenty-six stanzas, the original manuscript of which is found in the British Museum, and bears the title, "*A Song by F. B. P. to the Tune of Diana.*" There is perhaps no hymn found in the various church collections the origin and authorship of which has been so much discussed as this, and the next one, beginning, "Jerusalem, my happy home," which was doubtless suggested by the same original. The initial letters "F. B. P." are supposed to represent Francis Baker, Priest; and the conjectural date is about 1616. The above hymn is David Dickson's (1583–1662) version or alteration of the hymn of "F. B. P.," and was probably made about 1649. The following are the seven stanzas of the original that form the basis of the above hymn. We retain the Old English spelling:

1 Hierusalem, my happy home!
When shall I come to thee!
When shall my sorrowes have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 O happie harbour of the saints!
O sweete and pleasant soyle!
In thee noe sorrow may be found,
Noe greefe, noe care, noe toyle.

4 Noe dampish mist is seene in thee,
Noe colde nor darksome night;
There everie soule shines as the sunne,
There God himselfe gives light.

7 Thy walls are made of pretious stones,
Thy bulwarkes diamondes square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearle,
Exceeding rich and rare.

18 Quyt through the streets with silver sound,
The flood of life doe flowe;
Upon whose bankes on everie syde,
The wood of life doth growe.

19 There trees for evermore beare fruite,
And evermore doe springe;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore doe singe.

24 Hierusalem! my happie home!
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joyes that I might see!

This hymn of "F. B. P." is thought to be a free translation of an ancient Latin hymn by an unknown author, beginning "*Beata urbs, Hirusalem.*"

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649 C. M.

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blessed seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Francis Baker. Alt. by *James Boden.*

Nothing definite is known concerning the origin and authorship of this and the preceding hymn. The internal evidence would indicate that they came from the same source, viz., a manuscript poem of twenty-six stanzas which is now in the British Museum, and is titled "*A Song by F. B. P. to the Tune of Diana.*" The preceding hymn (see note under it) is unmistakably based on that of "F. B. P." (Francis Baker, Priest?) while the above was perhaps simply suggested by it. This hymn is taken from Williams and Boden's *Collection*, 1801, and as Boden was known to have written several hymns himself, and to have altered others, he is supposed to be the author of the above version of this noted and popular hymn.

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650 C. M. D.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain:
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts.

"*A Prospect of Heaven makes Death Easy*" is the title of this most popular and beautiful hymn in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It is said to have been written by the author at his native home in Southampton, sitting at the parlor window and overlooking the water and the beautiful scenery; the view across Southampton water toward the verdant Isle of Wight suggesting its exquisite imagery.

Two verses are omitted:

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;—

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651 C. M.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

7 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay!
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

Samuel Stennett.

This much-admired hymn is entitled "*The Promised Land*" in *Rippon's Selection*, 1787. It is thought by many to be an unconscious imitation of Dr. Watts's "There is a land of pure delight;" but we think its resemblance to the original poem from which "O mother dear, Jerusalem," is taken is still more noticeable. (See No. 648.)

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652 7s, 6s. D.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:

I know not, O I know not
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by *J. M. Neale.*

There are two hymns in this collection taken from Dr. J. M. Neale's translation of the Latin of Bernard of Cluny, the other being No. 654 ("Brief life is here our portion"). Bernard is known to posterity only as the author of a poem of three thousand lines titled *De Contemptu Mundi*, which is mainly a bitter satire upon the corruptions of his age (the twelfth century), and especially the corruptions of the Church of Rome. The poem opens, however, with a glowing description of the peace and glory of heaven which has excited universal admiration. It is from this part of the poem that Dr. Neale made his excellent translations, which he published in 1858 under the title *The Rhythm of Bernard of Morlaix, Monk of Cluny, on the Celestial Country.* If the *Dies Iræ* is the most sublime, and the *Stabat Mater* the most pathetic, this may be pronounced the most beautiful of all the Mediæval Latin hymns. The first two lines of the original of the above hymn are:

Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea, cive decora,
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora.

"This glowing description of the celestial country," says Dr. Philip Schaff, "is the sweetest of all the New Jerusalem hymns of heavenly home-sickness which have taken their inspiration from the last two chapters of Revelation."

653 7s, 6s. D.

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortal nevermore.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message,
To souls that watch and wait:
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessèd in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee," they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die!

Thomas MacKellar.

The author speaks of the origin of this hymn as follows: "One evening (I almost always wrote, after a hard day's work in the foundry, on ideas suggested during the day or while walking homeward to dinner), while writing a piece for my friend, J. C. Neale [author of *Charcoal Sketches*], a fancy suddenly struck me of a religious nature. I laid aside the work in hand, and, pursuing the new idea, I at once produced the hymn, 'There is a land immortal,' and sent it to the editor, who published it in his paper, the *Gazette*, and referred to it as a religious poem from 'Tam,' my assumed name, under which I had already acquired considerable notoriety. This was in 1845. It was widely copied, and was afterward inserted in a volume published by me. The New York *Journal of Commerce*, years after, published it as a production of 'Barry Cornwall.' This error was afterward corrected, but it misled Rev. Dr. C. S. Robinson, who inserted it in his *Spiritual Songs*, giving the authorship to 'Barry Cornwall.' He gave my name in after editions."

654 7s, 6s. D.

BRIEF life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

2 And there is David's fountain,
And life in fullest glow;
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow;
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

3 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

4 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by *J. M. Neale.*

See note under No. 652.

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655 S. M. D.

"SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell,—but felt no fear.

2 Tranquil amid alarms,
It found him on the field,
A vet'ran, slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

3 It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.
'Twas death to sin,—'twas life
To all who mourned for sin;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

4 Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quelled the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien-armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

5 At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye,
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumb'ring clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay.

6 The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery.

"*On the Death of an Aged Minister*" is the original title of this hymn, which was written to commemorate the life and death of Rev. Thomas Taylor, a Wesleyan minister who co-operated with the Wesleys for fifty-five years, refusing handsome offers elsewhere, and enduring great hardness as a good soldier. He had many trials, and was wretchedly poor, but was ultimately very successful in Glasgow. He conducted the singing at his own public meetings, but not until he had spent nearly all of his own money in hiring a precentor, at eight cents a service, to "lead the psalms," according to the custom of the Kirk of Scotland.

It is to be distinguished from Charles Wesley's hymn beginning with the same words. (See No. 632.)

SECTION IX.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

1. MISSIONS.

656 C. M.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 O when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy praise.

Thomas Gibbons.

Title: "*The Universal Diffusion of the Gospel Promised by God and Pleaded by his People.*" The above are verses one, three, eight, and twelve of a hymn containing forty-six stanzas. The original hymn, entire, appears in *Hymns Adapted to Divine Worship, Partly Collected from Various Authors, but Principally Composed by Thomas Gibbons, D.D.*, 1769.

In verse one, line four, the author wrote "obvious" instead of "radiant."

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657 8s, 7s & 4.

WHO but thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but till thou favor,
Heathens will be still the same:
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised by thy prophets
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise;
Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors
Must be vain without thine aid:
But thou wilt not disappoint us,
All is true that thou hast said:
Faithful Spirit!
O'er the world thine influence shed.

Author Unknown.

This hymn first appeared in the *Evangelical Magazine* in 1721 under the pseudonym of "Eriphas."

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658 L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

Isaac Watts.

Title: *Christ's Kingdom Among the Gentiles.* Date 1719. This is based on the last division of Psalm lxxii. The second stanza above is derived from the second and third of the original:

2 "Behold the islands with their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 "Thus Persia, glorious to behold,
There India shines in Eastern gold,
And barbarous nations at his word
Submit and bow, and own their Lord."

In verse three, line two, Watts wrote "praises throng to" instead of "endless praises."

Two additional stanzas are omitted:

6 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

7 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen!

---

659 L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Isaac Watts.

This is the author's version of Psalm cxvii.: "O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise him, all ye people. For his merciful kindness is great toward us: and the truth of the Lord endureth forever. Praise ye the Lord." It is a brief but beautiful rendering of the shortest chapter in the Bible, and yet it is full of force and fervor. There is a charm in poetry and music which has never been exhausted, and by some not even fully realized.

"An instance of this was witnessed," says G. J. Stevenson, "in 1849, in a large school of poor children at Lambeth Green, London. The day's work was done, the usual singing and prayer were over, and three hundred boys were expecting in a moment to be free from authority and at play. This Psalm by Dr. Watts had been sung to the tune of the 'Portugnese hymn.' The master made a few remarks about the pleasure music produced, and asked the children to try and sing the hymn again. They did so; it was done with care and much feeling. Again the request was preferred—would they like to sing it again? The reply from hundreds of voices was a simultaneous 'Yes.' It was repeated, if possible with increased delight to the boys. Then followed a few remarks about the music of heaven, and how sweet it must be there, and the boys were asked if they had not felt more happy by that singing than if they had been at play. Another unanimous 'Yes' was the response; and again they were asked to sing. 'Oh, yes,' was the instant reply; and thus half an hour of their play-time was occupied by singing praise to God by three hundred poor children, immediately under the shadow of the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth, and the children thanked the teacher for the pleasure their own voices had afforded to themselves. The hymn and tune were fixed in their memories for life."

The following additional stanzas are found in many collections appended to this hymn, but they were not written by Watts:

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

---

660 7s & 6s. D.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong:
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong:

To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

James Montgomery.

On the 14th of April, 1822, Montgomery delivered an address in Liverpool before a Wesleyan missionary meeting, over which Dr. Adam Clarke presided, and closed the address by reciting this hymn on the "Reign of Christ on Earth," only three of the original eight double stanzas being here given. It is a metrical version of the seventy-second Psalm. Dr. Clarke was so much pleased with it that he asked the author for the manuscript, that he might insert the poem in his *Commentary*. It is there found in full at the close of his comments on the seventy-second Psalm, preceded by this explanatory statement: "The following poetical version of some of the principal passages of the foregoing Psalm was made and kindly given me by my much respected friend, *James Montgomery*, Esq., of Sheffield. I need not tell the intelligent reader that he has seized the spirit and exhibited some of the principal beauties of the Hebrew bard; though, to use his own words in his letter to me, his 'hand trembled to touch the harp of Zion.' I take the liberty here to register a wish, which I have strongly expressed to himself, that he would favor the Church of God with a metrical version of the whole book."

---

661 C. M.

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,"
And, "Keep not back, O north."

4 They come! they come!—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransomed shall return,
And everlasting joy.

James Montgomery.

This hymn on "*The Restoration of Israel*" is based on Isa. lii. 1, 2: "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city: . . . Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion."

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, pastor of the New England Congregational Church in Chicago, relates that at the time when they were most afflicted by the loss of their beautiful edifice a most singular circumstance became known which greatly cheered and encouraged them to put forth the most strenuous efforts to obtain the necessary means to rebuild. It seems that among the debris two bits of printed paper were found, one of which proved to be the only remaining fragment of the Bible; the only legible portion was this verse from 2 Cor. v. 1: "For we know that, if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." The other was a scrap from a hymn book upon which was printed hymn No. 1180, of *Songs of the Sanctuary:*

Daughter of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.
. . . . . .
Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge,"
And, "Keep not back, O north."

---

662 S. M.

ALMIGHTY God of love,
Set up th' attracting sign,
And summon whom thou dost approve
For messengers divine.

2 From Abrah'm's favored seed
Thy new apostles choose,
In isles and continents to spread
The dead-reviving news.

3 O send thy servants forth,
To call the Hebrews home!
From East, and West, and South, and North,
Let all the wand'rers come.

4 With Israel's myriads sealed,
Let all the nations meet,
And show the mystery fulfilled,
The family complete!

Charles Wesley.

These selected stanzas are from the author's *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762, and are based on Isa. lxvi. 19, 20: "And I will set a sign among them, and I will send those that escape of them unto the nations . . . that have not heard my fame, neither have seen my glory; and they shall declare my glory among the Gentiles. And they shall bring all your brethren for an offering unto the Lord out of all nations . . . to my holy mountain Jerusalem, saith the Lord."

---

663 S. M.

LORD, if at thy command
The word of life we sow,
Watered by thy almighty hand,
The seed shall surely grow.

2 The virtue of thy grace
A large increase shall give,
And multiply the faithful race,
Who to thy glory live.

3 Now, then, the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.

4 On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

Charles Wesley.

This hymn was not published by the author, but first appeared in *A Supplement to the Collection of Hymns for the use of the people called Methodists*, 1830. It is based on Acts xi. 21: "And the hand of the Lord was with them: and a great number believed and turned to the Lord."

---

664 L. P. M.

LORD over all, if thou hast made,
Hast ransomed every soul of man,
Why is the grace so long delayed?
Why unfulfilled the saving plan?
The bliss for Adam's race designed,
When will it reach to all mankind?

2 As lightning launched from east to west,
The coming of thy kingdom be;
To thee, by angel-hosts confessed,
Bow every soul and every knee:
Thy glory let all flesh behold!
And then fill up thy heavenly fold.

Charles Wesley.

"*For the Heathen*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns of Intercession*, 1758. Two stanzas are omitted:

2 Art thou the God of Jews alone,
And not the God of Gentiles too?
To Gentiles make thy goodness known;
Thy judgments to the nations show;
Awake them by the gospel call;
Light of the world, illumine all!

3 The servile progeny of Ham
Seize as the purchase of thy blood;
Let all the heathen know thy name:
From idols to the living God
The wand'ring Indian tribes convert,
And shine in every pagan heart!

---

665 7s, 6s. D.

THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

Samuel Francis Smith.

This hymn, "a great favorite at missionary gatherings, and . . . sung in five or six different languages in Europe and Asia," was entitled "*Success of the Gospel*" and contributed by its author to *The Psalmist* in 1843. The second stanza is omitted:

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brightest scenes before us,
Are opening every hour;
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

It is a little remarkable that so fine a missionary hymn as this did not find a place in the former editions of our Hymn Book.

---

666 7s.

HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Mightiest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Harriet Auber.

Based on the seventy-second Psalm. The original contains seven stanzas; these are the first three, and the last, *verbatim*. The following stanzas are omitted:

4 As when soft and gentle showers
Fall upon the thirsty plain,
Springing grass and blooming flowers,
Clothe the wilderness again:

5 So, Thy Spirit shall descend,
Soft'ning every stony heart,
And its sweetest influence lend,
All that's lovely to impart.

6 Time shall sun and moon obscure,
Seas be dried, and rocks be riven,
But his reign shall still endure,
Endless as the days of Heaven.

667 8s, 7s & 4s.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions,
Multiply, and still increase;
Sway thy scepter,
Saviour, all the world around.

William Williams.

From the author's *Gloria in Excelsis; or, Hymns of Praise to God and the Lamb*, 1772. The above are verses one, three, and six of an original hymn containing seven stanzas. The first stanza as the author wrote it is:

O'er these gloomy Hills of Darkness,
Look, my Soul, be still and gaze,
All the Promises do travel
On a glorious Day of Grace,
Blessed Jubil,
Let thy glorious Morning dawn.

In the second stanza only the second line is changed:

"*Let them have* the glorious light."

The last stanza has several changes:

"Fly abroad, *eternal* Gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease:
May thy *eternal* wide Dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
May thy Scepter
Sway th' enlight'ned World around."

---

668 L. M.

ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King, we stand;
The voice that marshaled every star
Has called the people from afar.

2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line—to either pole—
The anthem of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wand'ring spirits home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

William Bengo Collyer.

Original title: "*A Missionary Hymn, For the Opening of the Services.*" In verse two, line four, the author wrote "thunder" instead of "anthem;" and in verse three, line three, "and Oh" instead of "to each." The second and fourth stanzas have been omitted:

2 Constrained by love to him who died,
Thy churches pour th' o'erflowing tide;
Midst congregated thousands here,
In all thine ancient power appear.

4 First bow our hearts beneath thy sway,
Then give thy growing empire way,
O'er wastes of sin, o'er fields of blood,
Till all mankind shall be subdued.

---

669 C. M.

THE nations call! from sea to sea
Extends the thrilling cry,
"Come over, Christians, if there be,
And help us, ere we die."

2 Our hearts, O Lord, the summons feel;
Let hand with heart combine,
And answer to the world's appeal
By giving "that is thine."

3 Say to thy gifted servants, "Speed!
Behold the world your field;"
Say to the gold, "The Lord hath need,"
Till hoarded treasures yield.

4 Say to the slumb'ring soul, "Awake!
Ere wanes thy noon away;
Lo! soon I come th' account to take,
Ye stewards of a day."

5 Saviour, forgive; ashamed we lie;
Thy gracious will we know:
Behold, while we delay, they die!
Bid, bid us send, or go.

Anne Gilbert.

This hymn is based on the Macedonian call to "Come over, and help us," and represents the response of Christian hearts and consciences to the call.

670 7s, 6s. D.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber.

Author's title: "*Before a Collection made for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.*" From *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Services of the Year*, 1827. Heber wrote these verses impromptu. He had gone to spend Whit-Sunday with Dean Shirley, vicar of Wrexham, his father-in-law. A royal letter had been issued calling for a special missionary collection on that day. On Saturday the Dean asked him for some verses to use in closing his missionary service of the next morning. Heber at once withdrew to a window of the old vicarage, and in a few moments had prepared this hymn. He came back presently with three stanzas, and asked if that would do. His father-in-law, much pleased, replied in the affirmative. Heber said, "No, it is incomplete." He

then went back, and in a few minutes returned with the fourth stanza. It was printed forthwith, was sung at the next day's service, and has ever since been signalized as pre-eminently *the* Missionary Hymn of the Christian Church. The author made but one correction in his manuscript. In verse two, line seven, he erased the word "savage" and inserted "heathen." It was written in 1819. The printer, Kennedy, who, being then a boy, set up the type that Saturday night was still living in 1873 at Wrexham.

The original manuscript of this interesting hymn passed through several hands, and finally came into the possession of Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool. A lithographed fac-simile was made by Mr. Hughes, of Wrexham, and shows the mark of the printer's "copy-hook" on which it had been impaled. On the back is a circumstantial history of its composition, signed "E." The original was shown at the World's Exhibition of 1851, in London. It was, of course, sung for the first time in Wrexham church, on Whit-Sunday, 1819.

Not the least interesting particular connected with it is its association with the passage in Heber's *Journal of a Voyage to India*, where under date of September, 1823, he writes: "Though we were now too far off Ceylon to catch the odors of the land, yet it is, we are assured, perfectly true that such odors are perceptible to a very considerable distance. In the Straits of Malacca a smell like that of a hawthorn hedge is commonly experienced; and from Ceylon, at thirty or forty miles, under certain circumstances, a yet more agreeable scent is inhaled." This is the author's own comment upon the "spicy breezes" which "blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle."

In 1852, two missionaries were sent by Bishop Andrew to represent the South Carolina (M. E.) Conference on the Pacific Coast. They afterward (1853) reported that among their bits of happiness was the pleasure of finding a man and his wife from South Carolina, who were sitting before a tent in the Santa Clara Valley, singing this hymn.

In the revival of 1858 there were several converted sailors on board the "North Carolina," a frigate in the U. S. Navy. When they compared nationalities they found that they came from ten different countries, and when the last man stated that he had been born in Greenland, one of the others spontaneously started this hymn, which they all sang heartily.

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671 7s. D.

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound
From the depths unto the skies
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks: 'tis done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away!
Then the end—beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is ALL IN ALL.

James Montgomery.

Original title, "*Hallelujah.*" The fact that Montgomery belonged to the Moravian Church, whose zeal for missions is known and read of all men, and that his father and mother died at their posts as missionaries in the West Indies, not only very naturally inclined, but eminently fitted him to write missionary hymns. This missionary hymn seems to increase in popularity as the missionary intelligence and zeal of the Christian Church continues to increase. It first appeared in *Cotterill's Collection* in 1819.

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672 7s. D.

GO, ye messengers of God!
Like the beams of morning fly!
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner-cross on high!
Where th' aspirant minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

2 Go! to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile
And th' oppressed forever weep!
O'er the negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven!

3 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast:
Circumnavigate the ball,
Visit every soil and sea:
Preach the cross of Christ to all—
Jesus' love is full and free.

Joshua Marsden.

This valuable missionary hymn was written by a missionary. It first appeared in *Amusements of a Mission*, which was published in New York in 1812. The author also quotes a part of the hymn in his *Narrative of a Mission*, second edition (1827), and there claims the authorship.

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673 11, 10.

HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings.

Author's title: "*Dawn of the Millennium.*" From *Spiritual Songs for Social Worship*, 1833.

674 8s, 7s & 4.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee;
All thy warfare now is past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee;
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

Thomas Kelly.

From the author's *Hymns on Various Passages of Scripture*, 1804. It is based on Isaiah lii. 7: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." In verse three, last line, the author wrote "vouchsafes to" instead of "will surely."

In the first four lines of the last verse he wrote

"Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed:
For thy shame thou shalt have double
In thy Maker's favor blessed."

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675 C. M.

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow:
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house, we'll go."

3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land:
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His scepter shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To plowshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

6 No longer hosts encount'ring hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7 Come then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

Michael Bruce.

From the *Scriptural Translations and Paraphrases* (1781) of the Church of Scotland.

This is a poetic paraphrase on Isaiah ii. 2–4: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

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676 6s & 4s.

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;
O now, to all mankind,
"Let there be light."

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face
By thine almighty grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light."

John Marriott.

Author's title: "*Let there be Light.*" This hymn was first published in Dr. Raffles's *Collection*, 1816. The author wrote in verse three, line five, "Bearing the lamp of" instead of "By thine almighty." One stanza is omitted:

4 Holy and blessed Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth far and wide,
"Let there be light."

---

677 8s, 7s. D.

PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love:
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.

2 See how beauteous on the mountains
Are their feet, whose grand design
Is to guide us to the fountains
That o'erflow with bliss divine—
Who proclaim the joyful tidings
Of salvation all around,
Disregard the world's deridings,
And in works of love abound.

3 With my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:

While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends, of every station,
Gladly join to spread his fame.

Benjamin Francis.

This hymn was written to be sung at a public collection for poor ministers or missionaries, and was published in the first edition of *Rippon's Selection*, 1787.

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678 7s. D.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ller, yes; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ller, ages are its own,
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'rings cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ller, lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

John Bowring.

Based on Isaiah xxi. 11: "Watchman, what of the night?" This is the most popular of Bowring's hymns. It was first published in 1825, but the author says that the first he knew of its being used as a hymn was in 1834, or 1835, when he attended a prayer-meeting of American missionaries in Asiatic Turkey, and heard it sung by them.

679 7s. D.

SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.
To bring fire on earth he came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss!

2 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day:
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way:
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise!
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorified;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from naught.

4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land:
Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

Charles Wesley.

"*After Preaching to the Newcastle Colliers*" is the author's title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. The imagery of the hymn, especially of the first verse, seems to have been suggested by the furnace-blasts and glowing pit-heaps which nightly irradiate a large district of country about Newcastle-on-Tyne.

2. THE BIBLE.

680 L. M.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*The Books of Nature and Scripture Compared; or, The Glory and Success of the Gospel.*" Published in 1719. It is the author's version of Psalm xix.

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681 C. M.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Isaac Watts.

From the author's version of the *Psalms of David*, 1719. It is based on Ps. cxix. 9: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." "*Instruction from Scripture*" is the author's title.

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682 L. M.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessèd truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope, our comfort, stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*The Excellency of Christ's Religion.*" From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707.

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683 C. M.

FATHER of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

2 While in thy word we search for thee,
(We search with trembling awe,)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear:
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know;
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*Before Reading the Scriptures.*" Unaltered and entire from *Hymns and Sacred Songs*, 1740.

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684 C. M.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. *John Fawcett.*

From the author's *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, 1782. This hymn is based on Ps. cxix. 105: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." The above are verses one, five, and six from an original of six stanzas.

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685 C. M.

THE counsels of redeeming grace
The sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

2 Here light descending from above
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love
Our ardent wishes meet.

3 Our num'rous griefs are here redressed,
And all our wants supplied;
Naught we can ask to make us blest
Is in this book denied.

4 For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind,
O may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find!

Samuel Stennett.

Title: "*Riches of God's Word*," contributed to *Rippon's Selection*, 1787. The first two stanzas are omitted:

1 Let avarice, from shore to shore,
Her favorite God pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

2 Her mines of knowledge, love, and joy,
Are opened to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

In verse one, line two, the author wrote "These" instead of "The."

---

686 C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast:
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele.

"*The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures*" is the title of this in the author's *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional*, 1760. These are verses one, three, four, nine, eleven, and twelve of an original having twelve stanzas.

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687 S. M.

JESUS, the word bestow,
The true immortal seed;
The gospel then shall greatly grow
And all the land o'erspread,—

2 Through earth extended wide
Shall mightily prevail,
Destroy the works of self and pride,
And shake the gates of hell.

3 Its energy exert
In the believing soul;
Diffuse thy grace through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

4 Its utmost virtue show
In pure consummate love,
And fill with all thy life below,
And give us thrones above.

Charles Wesley.

"*So mightily grew the word of God, and prevailed,*" is the author's title to this as he left it in manuscript. It is based on Acts xix. 20. It was first published in the supplement to the *Wesleyan Collection*, 1830.

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688 7s, 6s, D.

O WORD of God incarnate,
O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,
O light of our dark sky;

We praise thee for the radiance
That from the hallowed page,
A lantern to our footsteps,
Shines on from age to age.

2 The church from thee, her Master,
Received the gift divine;
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of thee, the living Word.

3 O make thy church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old:
O teach thy wand'ring pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

William Walsham How.

This hymn was written in 1867, and published in the 1872 edition of the author's *Psalms and Hymns*.

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3. ERECTION OF CHURCHES.

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689 8s, 7s. D.

CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner Stone,
Chosen of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Zion's help forever,
And her confidence alone.

2 To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day;
With thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear thy servants as they pray;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

3 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee forever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.

From the Latin. Tr. by *John Mason Neale.*

This is a translation of the Latin hymn "*Urbs beata Hirusalem.*" It was first published in *The Hymnal Noted*, 1851. The translator wrote in verse one, lines two, three, and four:

"And the precious Corner-stone,
Who the two-fold walls surmounting
Binds them closely into one."

In verse two, line four, "people" instead of "servants," and line six, "for aye" instead of "alway." In verse three, lines two, three, four, and six:

"That they supplicate to gain
Here to have and hold forever
Those good things their prayers obtain,
. . . . . .
With thy blessed ones to reign."

The second and fifth stanzas of Dr. Neale's translation are omitted above.

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690 S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great:
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Church is the Honor and Safety of a Nation*," from the author's *The Psalms of David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament*, 1719. It is based on Ps. xlviii. 1-8. Three stanzas have been omitted. There is evidently a reference to the destruction of the Spanish Armada in one of the omitted stanzas:

5 When navies, tall and proud,
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

---

691 C. M.

BEHOLD the sure Foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*Christ the sure Foundation of His Church.*" It is based on Ps. cxviii. 22, 23: "The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner. This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes." Watts wrote in verse two, line two, "And saints" and "the," instead of "We now" and "thy;" line three, "They" and "their" instead of "We" and "our:" and line four, "shall they" instead of "can we." It appeared in the supplement to the hymn book, edited by Dr. Nathan Bangs, 1836.

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692 7s.

ON this stone, now laid with prayer,
Let thy church rise, strong and fair;
Ever, Lord, thy name be known,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

2 Let thy holy Child, who came
Man from error to reclaim,
And for sinners to atone,
Bless, with thee, this corner-stone.

3 May thy Spirit here give rest
To the heart by sin oppressed,
And the seeds of truth be sown,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

4 Open wide, O God, thy door,
For the outcast and the poor,
Who can call no house their own,
Where we lay this corner-stone.

John Pierpont.

From *Airs of Palestine and Other Poems*, 1849. Prepared for the laying of the corner-stone of the Suffolk Street Chapel, Boston, built specially for the benefit of the poor, May 23, 1839. The author wrote in the second stanza, line one, "holy child" instead of "holy Child," line three, "the sinner" instead of "for sinners," and line four, "With thee, bless" instead of "Bless, with thee." The third stanza is adapted from the author's third and fourth:

3 Let the spirit from above,
That once hovered like a dove
O'er the Jordan, hither flown
Hover o'er this Corner Stone.

4 In the sinner's troubled breast,
In the heart by care oppressed,
Let the seeds of truth be sown
Where we've laid this Corner Stone.

The use of the small initial letters in the words "Child" and "Spirit" as the author wrote them shows the Unitarian cast of the original hymn. The original sixth stanza is here omitted.

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693 L. M.

BEHOLD thy temple, God of grace,
The house that we have reared for thee,
Regard it as thy resting-place,
And fill it with thy majesty.

2 When from its altar shall arise
Joint supplication to thy name,
Deign to accept the sacrifice,
Thyself our answ'ring God proclaim.

3 And when from hence the voice of praise
Shall lift its triumphs to thy throne,
Show thy acceptance of our lays,
By making all thy glory known.

4 When here thy ministers shall stand,
To speak what thou shalt bid them say,
Maintain thy cause with thine own hand,
And give thy truth a winning way.

5 Now, therefore, O our God, arise!
In this thy resting-place appear;
And let thy people's longing eyes
Behold thee fix thy dwelling here.

Phœbe Palmer.

This hymn is not found in any other Church collection. In the former edition of the Hymn Book it was accredited to "Palmer" simply. There are only two Palmers known as authors of hymns—Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, an eminently pious woman, known in the history of American Methodism as a devout and earnest advocate of the doctrine of "Christian Perfection," and Dr. Ray Palmer author of "My faith looks up to thee" and several other beautiful hymns. In 1846, when our former Hymn Book was compiled, Dr. Ray Palmer had not yet appeared as the author of hymns. It was therefore not written by him. When the Methodist Church on Mulberry Street, New York City, was dedicated, Mrs. Phœbe Palmer wrote a hymn for the occasion, the first line of which was "To thee, thou high and lofty One." We conclude, therefore, that it was from this hymn that the above hymn was taken by the compilers of the former Hymn Book.

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694 L. M.

AND will the great, eternal God,
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne,
Avow our temple for his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praise;
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

3 These walls we to thy honor raise,
Long may they echo to thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

4 And in the great, decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here!

Philip Doddridge.

This hymn was written for a sermon on Psalm lxxxvii. 5: "And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest himself shall establish her." It bore the title: "*The Church the Birth-place of the Saints; and God's Care of it.*" The following stanzas of the original are omitted above:

3 Our Father's watchful Care we bless
Which guards our Synagogues in Peace,
That no tumultuous Foes invade,
To fill our Worshipers with Dread.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

It is found in the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

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695 L. M.

THE perfect world, by Adam trod,
Was the first temple built by God:
His fiat laid the corner-stone,
And heaved its pillars one by one.

2 He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad expanse of azure sky;
He spread its pavement, green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light.

3 The mountains in their places stood,
The sea, the sky; and all was good;
And when its first pure praises rang,
"The morning stars together sang."

4 Lord, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
And earth, and sky, a house for thee;
But in thy sight our offering stands,
A humbler temple, "made with hands."

Nathaniel P. Willis.

Title: "*Dedication Hymn.*" It was composed for use at the dedication of Hanover Street Church, Boston. It is from the author's *Sacred Poems*. The author wrote in verse two, line two, "illimitable" instead of "expanse of azure." The date assigned to it is 1826, at which time the author was in his twentieth year.

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696 7s.

LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;

Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest;

3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah!—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah!—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

James Montgomery.

This exceptionally fine and appropriate dedication hymn was written "*On Opening a Place for Worship.*" It is from the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

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697 6s & 4s.

COME, O thou God of grace,
Dwell in this holy place,
E'en now descend!
This temple, reared to thee,
O may it ever be
Filled with thy majesty,
Till time shall end!

2 Be in each song of praise
Which here thy people raise
With hearts aflame!
Let every anthem rise
Like incense to the skies,
A joyful sacrifice,
To thy blest name!

3 Speak, O eternal Lord,
Out of thy living word,
O give success!
Do thou the truth impart
Unto each waiting heart;
Source of all strength thou art,
Thy gospel bless!

4 To the great One and Three
Glory and praises be
In love now given!
Glad songs to thee we sing,
Glad hearts to thee we bring,
Till we our God and King
Shall praise in heaven!

William Edwin Evans.

This hymn was written for the dedication of Park Place Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Richmond, Va., by the author, who was then pastor of the church. The church was built largely by the liberality of James B. Pace, and was dedicated in 1886, the dedication sermon being preached by Rev. John E. Edwards, D.D., of the Virginia Conference.

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4. EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

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698 L. M. 6 l.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry;
The good desired and wanted most,
Out of thy richest grace supply!
The sacred discipline be given
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind:
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

3 Unite the pair so long disjoined,
Knowledge and vital piety:
Learning and holiness combined,
And truth and love, let all men see,
In those whom up to thee we give,
Thine, wholly thine, to die and live!

Charles Wesley.

This hymn on "*Learning and Holiness Combined*" was written to be sung "At the Opening of a School in Kingswood," and is one of the author's *Hymns for Children*, 1763. The original contains six stanzas.

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699 6s & 4s.

SHEPHERD of tender youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways;
Christ our triumphant King,
We come thy name to sing;

Hither our children bring
To shout thy praise.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife:
Thou dost thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love;
While in our mortal pain
None calls on thee in vain;
Help thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

4 Ever be thou our guide,
Our shepherd and our pride,
Our staff and song:
Jesus, thou Christ of God,
By thy perennial word
Lead us where thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we thy praises high,
And joyful sing:
Infants, and the glad throng
Who to thy Church belong,
Unite to swell the song
To Christ our King.

Clement of Alexandria. Tr. by *H. M. Dexter.*

This is supposed to be the oldest Christian hymn extant. There was a fitness in Clement's writing a hymn to the "Shepherd of tender youth," as he was for many years at the head of the first Christian school known to have been established in the early Church—the celebrated Catechetical School of Alexandria. The original Greek is found at the close of his *Pædagogus*, with the title "*Hymn of the Saviour Christ.*" It was written about 200 A.D. The following is a word-for-word rendering of the first verse of the original:

"Bridle of colts unbroken;
Wing of birds unwandering;
Helm of ships trusty;
Shepherd of lambs royal;
Thy simple
Children assemble
To praise holily,
To hymn guilelessly,
With innocent mouths,
The children's Leader, Christ."

The above translation was made by Dr. Dexter in 1846 while he was pastor of a church in Manchester, N. H. It was first published in the *Congregationalist* of Boston, December 21, 1849.

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700 8s, 7s.

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share,—

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way:

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

William A. Muhlenberg.

Title: "*Baptism of Infants.*" This is one of a number of hymns which were admitted into the Hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church in 1826 by a committee of which the author was one.

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701 8s, 7s & 4.

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy Anne Thrupp.

From *A Selection of Hymns and Poetry for the Use of Infant and Juvenile Schools and Families*, 1838. It is not entirely certain that Miss Thrupp is the author of this hymn. It has been attributed to H. F. Lyte and others.

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702 C. M.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine,—

6 Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Reginald Heber.

Title: "*Christ a Pattern for Children.*" From *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, 1827. It was written in 1812. It is founded on Luke ii. 40: "And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him."

703 C. M.

WHILE we with fear and hope survey
This youthful, blooming throng,
And little know th' eventful way
Their steps may pass along,—

2 One day is as a thousand years,
Eternal God, to thee,
And present to thine eye appears
Their whole futurity.

3 Thou seest temptation's subtle thread,
Or torture's fiery test:
Mid scenes of pleasure, or of dread,
Screen thou th' unguarded breast.

4 Saviour! through each portentous change,
And dangers yet untrod,
Where'er they rest, where'er they range,
Be thou their present God!

Anne Gilbert.

From the author's *Hymns for Sunday School Anniversaries*, 1853.

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704 C. M.

MERCY, descending from above,
In softests accents pleads:
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes!

2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek their Saviour's face.

4 Almighty God! thine influence shed,
To aid this blest design;
The honor of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

Joseph Straphan.

From *Rippon's Selection*, 1787, where it bears the title "*Sunday School.*" The original contained six stanzas, one of the omitted stanzas being:

3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth,
And show the mind which went astray
The Way, the Life, the Truth.

705 C. M.

O HOW can they look up to heaven,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothed the poor man's pang,
Nor dried the orphan's tear?

2 The dread omnipotence of Heaven
We every hour provoke;
Yet still the mercy of our God
Withholds th' avenging stroke:

3 And Christ was still the healing friend
Of poverty and pain;
And never did imploring wretch
His garment touch in vain.

4 May we with humble effort take
Example from above;
And thence the active lesson learn
Of charity and love!

Simon Browne.

From the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs in Three Books*, London, 1720. Two stanzas are omitted:

5 But chiefly be the labour ours
To shade the early plant;
To guard from ignorance and guilt
The infancy of want;—

6 To graft the virtues, ere the bud
The canker-worm has gnawed,
And teach the rescued child to lisp
Its gratitude to God.

5. THE SEASONS.

706 10, 5, 11.

COME, let us anew Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear!
His adorable will Let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream; Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown, The moment is gone:
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

Charles Wesley.

This is Charles Wesley's celebrated New-Year hymn. It is one of his seven *Hymns for New-Year's-Day*, 1750—"price one penny." This was a favorite meter with the Wesleys and the early Methodists, though seldom used in our day. In the first line of verse three the author wrote "might" instead of "may." It is otherwise unaltered and entire. This is the hymn always sung at the close of the watch-night services among the Methodists.

The Rev. John Fletcher, of Madeley, was a man of great simplicity of living. He one morning visited a school of young ladies, and sat with them during the breakfast hour: at its close he invited them all to visit him the next morning at the vicarage at seven o'clock. On their arrival, Mr. Fletcher took his basin of bread and milk, and asked the girls to look at his watch and tell him how much time he took for breakfast. When he had finished they said, "Just a minute and a-half." The vicar then said, "My dear girls, we have fifty-eight minutes of the hour left, let us sing—

"'Our life is a dream—our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.'"

He gave them a lecture on the value of time, and the worth of the soul, and after praying with them at eight o'clock, they returned to school more deeply impressed than ever before.—*Tyerman's "Life of Fletcher."*

707 C. M.

LET me alone another year,
In honor of thy Son,
Who doth my Advocate appear
Before thy gracious throne.

2 Thou hast vouchsafed a longer space,
And spared the barren tree,
Because for me my Saviour prays,
And pleads his death for me.

3 Time to repent thou dost bestow;
But O the power impart!
And let my eyes with tears o'erflow,
And break my stubborn heart.

4 Forgiveness on my conscience seal;
Bestow thy promised rest;
With purest love thy servant fill,
And number with the blest.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*A Hymn of Preparation for Death.*" From *Hymns of Preparation for Death*, 1772. Two stanzas are omitted:

4 I'd nail my passions to the cross,
Where my Redeemer died;
And all things count but shame and loss,
For Jesus crucified.

5 Giver of penitential pain,
Before that cross I lie,
In grief determined to remain
Till thou thy blood apply.

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708 C. M.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on—
And that important day,
When all that mortal life hath done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift-advancing year;
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
Its great concern to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
To give the year to thee.

Philip Doddridge.

"*Reflections on our Waste of Years*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns*, 1755. It is based on Psalm xc. 9: "For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told." In the first verse the author wrote "bounds" and "rounds," and in the last verse "*And* give." One stanza is omitted:

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my smiling soul
To joy, that never dies.

709 S. M.

OUR few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears
When past—but as a day!—

2 A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

3 Lord, through another year
If thou permit our stay,
With diligence may we pursue
The true and living way.

Benjamin Beddome.

A "*New Year*" hymn and meditation from *Hymns Adapted to Public Worship or Family Devotion*, 1818. The author wrote "*my* few," "*my* stay," etc., instead of "*Our* few," etc.

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710 7s. D.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little,—none can know.

2 As the wingèd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find,—
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind,—
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

John Newton.

A New Year hymn with the title "*Time How Swift*," printed without alteration from the original as found in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

711 C. M. D.

SING to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs:
His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care:
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are:
Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To seek thy face above.

3 Our residue of days or hours,
Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee;
Till Jesus in the clouds appear
To saints on earth forgiven,
And bring the grand sabbatic year,
The jubilee of heaven.

Charles Wesley.

"*For New-Years' Day*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns for New-Years' Day*, 1750.

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712 S. M.

O LORD, in mercy spare
The herbage of the field;
And, under thy paternal care,
May it abundance yield.

2 Restrain the burning ray,
And grant refreshing rains;
Restore the verdure from decay,
And drench the parchèd plains.

3 Then we our praise will show
To our preserver, God;
Our songs of melody shall flow,
And spread his name abroad.

Benjamin Beddome.

This is from the author's *Hymns Adapted to Public Worship or Family Devotion*, 1818. It is especially adapted to use in seasons of drouth. It is a prayer for rain. The theology that finds no place in its creed for prayer for sickness, for rain, and for similar objects, is not scriptural. If these are articles of our faith, as they must be, then our public worship should and does need such hymns as this. The theology which teaches that the God of nature may never interrupt or modify His own laws, for the good of his creatures and in answer to their prayers, can have no place for a doctrine of Divine Providence, and very little need of prayer or public worship of any sort.

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713 C. M.

GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
Pour out at his command
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'rers sing.

4 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The various months thy goodness crowns:
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

"*The Blessings of the Spring; or, God gives Rain—A Psalm for the Husbandman,*" is the title of this in the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719. It is based on Psalm lxv. 9, 10: "Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it. Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof." One stanza of the original is omitted:

5 The barren clods, refreshed with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parching grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

714 7s.

SEE the corn again in ear,
How the fields and valleys smile,
Harvest now is drawing near,
To repay the farmer's toil.

2 Gracious Lord, secure the crop,
Satisfy the poor with food;
In thy mercy is our hope,
We have sinned, but thou art good.

3 Let the praise be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is ours;
He in season still affords
Kindly heat and gentle showers.

4 By his care the produce thrives,
Waving o'er the furrowed lands;
And when harvest-time arrives,
Ready for the reaper stands.

John Newton.

This is the only specific "Summer" hymn in the Book. It is from the *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

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715 8s & 7s.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground,
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:

2 "Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

3 "What though yet no losses grieve you—
Gay with health and many a grace—
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place."

4 On the Tree of Life eternal,
Lord, let all our hopes be stayed!
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

George Horne.

The author of this hymn lived from 1730 to 1792. The hymn is found in no other collection, and it seems to be the only one known to have been written by the author.

716 L. M.

ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With op'ning light, and ev'ning shade.

3 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still we will make thy mercies known
Around thy board, around our own.

4 O may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more!

Philip Doddridge.

This hymn "*For New-Year's Day*" is based on Ps. lxv. 11: "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness." The second, third, and fourth stanzas are omitted:

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll
Thy hand supports the steady pole:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

It is from the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

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717 C. M.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all, with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord:

2 Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify;
And promise, in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make,
Be ever kept in mind:
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow;
And if thou art well pleased to hear,
Come down, and meet us now!

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

Charles Wesley.

From *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. It is based on Jer. l. 5: "Come, and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten."

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718 C. M.

AND now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Awake, my soul! with utmost care
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes? how sure? how fair?
What is thy great concern?

3 Behold, another year begins!
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

Simon Browne.

From the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs in Three Books*, 1720.

719 S. M.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear,—

2 Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray:

3 To pray, and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When, robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heaven come down,

4 Th' immortal Son of man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

5 O may we all be found,
Obedient to his word:
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
And looking for our Lord!

6 O may we thus insure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest!

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*For the Watchnight.*" First published in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. The author wrote in the fifth stanza, first line, "thus" instead of "all." One double stanza, the third, is omitted:

3 To damp our earthly joys,
T' increase our gracious fears,
For ever let th' archangel's voice
Be sounding in our ears
The solemn midnight cry,
"Ye dead, the Judge is come;
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

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6. NATIONAL SOLEMNITIES.

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720 L. M.

O RIGHTEOUS God, thou Judge supreme,
We tremble at thy dreadful name!
And all our crying guilt we own,
In dust and tears, before thy throne.

2 Justly might this polluted land
Prove all the vengeance of thy hand;
And, bathed in heaven, thy sword might come,
To drink our blood, and seal our doom.

3 Yet hast thou not a remnant here,
Whose souls are filled with pious fear?
O bring thy wonted mercy nigh,
While prostrate at thy feet they lie!

4 Behold their tears, attend their moan,
Nor turn away their secret groan:
With these we join our humble prayer;
Our nation shield, our country spare.

Philip Doddridge.

"*Of Lamenting National Sins*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns*, 1755. It is based on Ezek. ix. 4–6. The second, third, fourth, and eighth stanzas of the original are omitted above.

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721 C. M.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land—
The land we love the most!

2 O guard our shores from every foe!
With peace our borders bless,
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Here may religion shed her light
On days of rest and toil;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native soil.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting Friend!

John Rendell Wreford.

"*A Prayer for Our Country*" is the original title of this hymn, which is said to have been composed as a national hymn for England about the time of Queen Victoria's coronation in 1837, at which time it was published along "with other loyal and patriotic pieces" by the author. It was included in Beard's Unitarian *Collection*, 1837, and was first published in America in Sewall's *Collection*, 1845. Verse two, line three, the author wrote:

"*With prosperous times our cities crown.*"

Two stanzas, the second and fifth, have been omitted:

2 Our fathers' sepulchers are here,
And here our kindred dwell;
Our children too!—how should we love
Another land so well?

5 Here may religion pure and mild
Upon our Sabbaths smile;
And piety and virtue reign,
And bless our native isle.

---

722 8s & 7s.

DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliv'rance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
In thy holy place we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that mercy veil transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

Thomas Cotterill.

In Dr. Hatfield's *Poets of the Church* (1888), this hymn is credited to Thomas Cotterill. It first appeared in *The Christian Observer* in 1804 with the signature "C. F." It there had two additional stanzas; and line three of verse two read: "Fasting, praying, *weeping*, mourning."

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723 S. M.

THROUGH all the lofty sky,
Through all th' inferior ground,
Th' Almighty Maker shines confessed,
And pours his blessings round.

2 Each year the teeming earth
With flowers and fruits is crowned;
And grass, and herbs, and harvests grow,
And send their joys around.

3 The world of waters yields
A rich supply of food,
And distant lands their treasures send
Upon the rolling flood.

4 To serve and bless our land
The elements conspire;
And mercies mix themselves with earth—
With ocean, air, and fire.

5 O that the sons of men
To God their songs would raise,
And celebrate his power and love
In never-ceasing praise!

Thomas Gibbons.

Dr. Gibbons's *Sermons* published in 1762 have a hymn to each sermon. His first collection of hymns was published in 1769, and his second in 1784. In one of these the above hymn first appeared. It is not found in other Church collections.

724 7s. D.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;—

2 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;
These to thee, O God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow,
And for these our souls now raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Anna Laetitia Barbauld.

This beautiful thanksgiving hymn has nine stanzas in the original, which, in its wide enumeration of the things for which we should thank and praise God, reminds one of the thanksgiving psalms of David. Instead of the last half of the second stanza, the author wrote:

"For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use."

The only other verbal changes are in the fourth stanza. The author wrote "*my* God," "*my* soul," "*shall* raise." The changes made adapt it better to public worship. It seems to be based on Hab. iii. 17, 18: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." From the *Poems of Anna Laetitia Aikin*, 1773.

725 7s. D.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.
Blessings from his lib'ral hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by him no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

2 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

Nathan Strong. (Alt.)

"*A Thanksgiving Hymn*" is the title of this in the *Hartford Selection*, edited in 1799 by Dr. Strong and others. Several lines have been changed. In verse one, line four, the author wrote:

"*Praise to heav'n's Almighty King.*"

Verses two, lines two, three, and four:

"*Pour* around this happy land;
Let our hearts beneath his sway,
Hail the bright, triumphant day."

Verse three, lines two, three, and four:

"*Subjects* cheerfully obey,
Here we feel *no tyrant's* rod,
Here we own and worship God."

Verse four, line four:

"And the *heav'nly* notes prolong."

The omitted stanzas are significant:

3 Lo! the trembling nations stand,
Smote by thy avenging hand,
O'er the wide extended plains,
Awful desolation reigns.

4 Yet to thee our joys ascend,
Thou hast been our heav'nly friend!
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Peace and freedom bless our shore.

726 L. M.

WE thank thee, Lord of heaven and earth,
Who hast preserved us from our birth;
Redeemed us oft from death and dread,
And with thy gifts our table spread.

2 We thank thee for thy still small voice,
Which oft has checked our wayward choice:
For life preserved, for senses clear,
And for our friendships, doubly dear.

3 Thy providence has been our stay,
When other helps were far away;

Our constant guide through every stage,
From infancy to riper age.

4 How shall we half our task fulfill?
We thank thee for thy mind and will,
For present joys, for blessings past,
And for the hope of heaven at last.

Cottle. (?)

We know nothing of the authorship or origin of this hymn. In the former edition of the Hymn Book it is accredited to "Cottle." We can find nothing of this hymn or of Cottle as a writer of hymns in any work on the subject of hymnology. This hymn is not found in any other Church collection.

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727 L. M.

GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.

3 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.

4 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In danger still our guardian be:
O spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

Alfred Alexander Woodhull.

This "*Thanksgiving Hymn*" was first published in the Presbyterian *Psalms and Hymns*, in 1828. The first line of the original is "God of the passing year! to thee" instead of "Great God," etc. The author of the hymn has long been thought unknown, but Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield, an acknowledged authority in hymnology, accredits it as above. There have been alterations in every verse. The fifth stanza of the original is omitted above:

5 When foes without and foes within,
With threatening ills our land have pressed,
Thou hast our nation's bulwark been,
And, smiling, sent us peaceful rest.

The author was only eighteen years old when he wrote this hymn, if it be rightly accredited above.

728 6s & 4s.

MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Samuel Francis Smith.

This truly national hymn, which American patriotism will never suffer to die, was written in February, 1832, while the author was a student at Andover Theological Seminary. It was first sung at a Fourth of July celebration for children in Park Street Church, Boston.

"This song," says the author, "was written in 1832. I found the tune ('America') in a German music-book brought to this country by the late Mr. William C. Woodbridge, and put into my hands by Lowell Mason, Esq., 'because,' he said, 'I could read German books and he could not.' It is not, however, a translation, but the expression of my thought at the moment of glancing at the tune." Of this tune we have already treated more fully under "Come, thou Almighty King." (See Hymn No. 1.)

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729 6s, & 4s.

GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,

Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

From the German. Tr. by *Charles T. Brooks.* Alt. by *J. S. Dwight.*

According to Putnam's *Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith* (Boston, 1875), the credit of writing this hymn belongs not exclusively to Rev. J. S. Dwight. It was translated from the German by the Rev. Charles Timothy Brooks while a member of the Divinity School at Cambridge, Mass. Soon after that it was altered in some of its lines, especially those of the last stanza, by Rev. J. S. Dwight, and came into popular use.

7. ON A VOYAGE.

730 7s. D.

LORD, whom winds and seas obey,
Guide us through the wat'ry way;
In the hollow of thy hand
Hide, and bring us safe to land.
Jesus, let our faithful mind
Rest, on thee alone reclined;
Every anxious thought repress,
Keep our souls in perfect peace.

2 Keep the souls whom now we leave;
Bid them to each other cleave;
Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
Bid them come by faith to thee.
Save till all these tempests end,
All who on thy love depend;
Waft our happy spirits o'er;
Land us on the heavenly shore.

Charles Wesley.

"*On Going on Shipboard*" is the title of this hymn which was left in manuscript, and was probably written, according to Stevenson, on one of the occasions when the author was leaving Bristol for Wales, or London, or Cornwall. The manuscript of this hymn is in the library of the Theological Institute at Richmond.

731 C. M.

HOW are thy servants blessed, O Lord,
How sure is their defense!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence!

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, whilst thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

Joseph Addison.

This hymn first appeared in the *Spectator* in 1812, in connection with an article on "The Sea," with the statement that it was "made by a gentleman upon the conclusion of his travels;" and hence it is commonly called "*The Traveler's Hymn.*" In the author's travels in the year 1700 he encountered dangers by land and by sea, as well as Roman pestilence and Alpine glacier. He was caught in a violent storm off the coast of Italy, and all was given up for lost. While the captain of the vessel in despair of life was confessing his sins to a Capuchin friar on board, the English traveler was undergoing an experience that was to find pious expression in this magnificent hymn of trust and praise and thanksgiving for preservation. It takes a deep and trying experience to break up the fountains of the human heart and prepare one to produce a hymn so full of the spirit of true devotion. The sweetest and noblest hymns, as indeed most of that which is best in all poesy,

have been wrung out of the human heart by severe trials of some kind. There would be very little of real value in hymnology if none of God's children were called upon to pass through the deep waters and "under the rod." This hymn originally had ten stanzas. The omitted stanzas are the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth of the original, and are as follows:

3 Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
Made every region please:
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

4 Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou sawest the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

5 Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

6 Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
While in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.

PART II.

FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

SECTION I.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

732 S. M. D.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name;
Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove:
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.

2 Not in the name of pride
Or selfishness we meet;
From nature's paths we turn aside,
And worldly thoughts forget:
We meet the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.

3 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
The mighty comfort feel!
O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice
In hope of perfect love!

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, where it bears the title "*At Meeting of Friends.*" The author wrote "joy" instead of "health" in the second stanza; and "O! might" instead of "O may" in the sixth verse. The closing double stanza is omitted:

4 Thou wilt to us make known
Thy nature and thy name,
Us, who our utmost Saviour own
From every touch of blame,
From every word and deed,
From every thought unclean,
Our Jesus till our souls are freed
From all remains of sin.

---

733 C. M.

ALL praise to our redeeming Lord,
Who joins us by his grace,
And bids us, each to each restored,
Together seek his face.

2 He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows
In purest streams of love.

4 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel,
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

5 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!

Charles Wesley.

"*At Meeting of Friends*" is the title of this in the author's *Redemption Hymns*, 1747. It is one of Wesley's finest hymns, written in his happiest vein, and is justly a great favorite, especially at religious reunions and Conference gatherings. One stanza of the original is omitted above:

4 E'en now we speak and think the same,
And cordially agree,
United all through Jesus' name
In perfect harmony.

---

734 C. M.

OUR God is love; and all his saints
His image bear below:
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

2 Teach us to love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee;
None who are truly born of God
Can live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
With bonds of love our hearts unite,
With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the unbelieving world
See how true Christians love;
And glorify our Saviour's grace,
And seek that grace to prove.

Thomas Cotterill.

Title: "*For Christian Love.*" The author, who was so given to altering the hymns of others, has in turn had his own hymns much altered by others. Thus verse two originally read:

"*O may we* love each other, Lord,
As we are loved by thee;
For none are truly born of God
Who live in enmity."

Verse three, lines three and four read:

"*The cords* of love our hearts *should bind*
The law of love inflame."

And verse four:

"So shall the *vain contentious* world
Our peaceful lives approve,
And wondering say, as they of old,
See how *these* Christians love."

---

735 C. M.

HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part!
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven who finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain.

"*The Grace of Christian Love*" is the title of this in the author's *Walworth Hymns*, 1792. The author wrote in verse one, line two, "that" instead of "who;" in verse four, line one, "when" instead of "Let;" line two, "flows" instead of "flow;" line three, "When" instead of "And;" and in line four, "glows" instead of "glow."

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736 L. M.

SAVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,
And own thee faithful to thy word:
We hear thy voice, and open now
Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly Guest,
Delight in what thyself hast given:
On thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart thy heaven.

3 Smell the sweet odor of our prayers,
Our sacrifice of praise approve;
And treasure up our gracious tears,
And rest in thy redeeming love.

4 O let us on thy fullness feed!
And eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood!
Jesus, thy blood is drink indeed,
Jesus, thy flesh is angels' food.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*Unto the Angel of the Church of the Laodiceans.*" From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. These are the first four stanzas of a hymn containing thirty-six stanzas. It is based on Rev. iii. 20: "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

737 7s. D.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine!
Give we all with one accord
Glory to our common Lord;
Hands, and hearts, and voices, raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above;
Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive:
Let the purer flame revive,
Such as in the martyrs glowed,
Dying champions for their God.
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land;
We our dying Lord confess,
We are Jesus' witnesses.

3 Witnesses that Christ hath died,
We with him are crucified:
Christ hath burst the bands of death,
We his quick'ning Spirit breathe:
Christ is now gone up on high;
Thither all our wishes fly;—
Sits at God's right hand above;
There with him we reign in love!

Charles Wesley.

"*The Love-Feast*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740, being taken from part of the original, which is in five parts and contains twenty-two stanzas.

---

738 S. M.

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting place above
The cheerless waters found,—

2 O cease my wand'ring soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe shalt thou abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

William Augustus Muhlenberg.

From *Hymns Appended to the Protestant Episcopal Prayer-Book*, 1826. The author's last stanza is omitted:

5 And when the waves of ire,
Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire;
Then rest on Zion's hill.

---

739 C. M.

JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep!
For O the wolf is nigh!

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm:
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree:
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

Charles Wesley.

"*For Believers*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. One stanza is omitted.

7 Keep us till then in perfect peace,
And call us each to prove
An endless age of heavenly bliss,
An endless age of love.

---

740 C. M.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The Church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee, in thy glorious realm, they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We, in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

Charles Wesley.

This is one of the author's *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745. In the original, lines three and four read:

"Walking in all *thy* ways *we* find
Our heaven on earth begun."

---

741 10s, 11s.

O TELL me no more Of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er:
A country I've found Where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, In paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive:
My soul don't delay—He calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know What he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go:
Lo, onward I move To a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win From death, hell, and sin,
Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.

John Gambold.

From the author's *Works*, 1823. In verse three, line three, the author wrote "And but Christ" instead of "To a city;" and in verse five, line three, "Lo," instead of "So." Two stanzas are omitted:

6 Perhaps for his name, Poor dust that I am,
Some works I shall finish with glad loving aim.
I still (which is best) Shall in his dear breast
As at the beginning find pardon and rest.

7 And now I'm in care. My neighbors may share
These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, And death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

The hymn, as arranged by the author, contained fourteen three-line stanzas.

---

742 C. M.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

6 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

Charles Wesley.

"*A Prayer for Persons Joined in Fellowship*"—A hymn in four parts found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. The first part begins, "Try us, O God, and search the ground." This is the fourth part. Three stanzas are omitted:

6 This is the bond of perfectness,
The spotless charity;
O let us (still we pray) possess
The mind that was in thee!

7 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove:
Our souls the change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love!

8 With ease our souls thro' death shall glide
Into their paradise;
And thence on wings of angels ride,
Triumphant through the skies.

---

743 7s. D.

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.
Join us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine;
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou, who fillest all in all!

2 Move, and actuate, and guide;
Divers gifts to each divide;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfill;
Never from our office move,
Needful to each other prove;—
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care;
Every member feel its share.
Many are we now and one,
We who Jesus have put on:
Names, and sects, and parties fall;
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

Charles Wesley.

In *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740, there is a poem of thirty-nine stanzas, divided into six parts, titled "*The Communion of Saints.*" This is taken from part four, which has five double stanzas, the second being omitted entirely, and the third above being made out of the fourth and fifth.

744 7s. D.

FATHER, at thy footstool see
Those who now are one in thee;
Draw us by thy grace alone;
Give, O give us to thy Son.
Jesus, Friend of human kind,
Let us in thy name be joined;
Each to each unite and bless,
Keep us still in perfect peace.

2 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
Shed thine overshadowing love;
Love, the sealing grace, impart;
Dwell within our single heart.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost:
Let us in thine image rise;
Give us back our paradise!

Charles Wesley.

"*For Christian Friends*" is the title in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, of fifty-five hymns, of which this is the third. Two stanzas are omitted:

5 Made like the first happy pair,
Let us here thy nature share,
Holy, pure, and perfect be,
Transcripts of the Trinity.

6 Foremost of created things,
Nearest the great King of kings,
Standing as at first we stood,
Made a little less than God!

---

745 11s.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to the soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for heaven, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
Home, home, etc.

3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, etc.

4 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Endue me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find, even now, a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, etc.

5 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.
Home, home, etc.

David Denham.

The author's title: "*The Saint's Sweet Home.*" Based on Psalm lxxiii. 24: "Afterward receive me to glory." In the last line of the refrain the author wrote "*Receive* me, dear Saviour, *in* glory;" also "indulge" instead of "endue" in verse four, and in verse five "*But* in thy *fair* image." This hymn is found in the *Christian Lyre*, published in this country in 1830. The third stanza is omitted:

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

---

746 7s.

GOD of love, that hear'st the prayer,
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end.

2 Save us in the prosp'rous hour,
From the flatt'ring tempter's power;
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.

3 Never let the world break in,
Fix a mighty gulf between:
Keep us humble and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.

4 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know or seek beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

Charles Wesley.

The first and fifth of six double stanzas composing No. 15 of the author's *Hymns for those that Seek and those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*, 1747. In the last line of the first verse the author wrote "*Save* us, save us to the end!"

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747 C. M.

GIVER of concord, Prince of peace,
Meek, lamb-like Son of God,
Bid our unruly passions cease,
By thine atoning blood.

2 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindness sweetly write her law,
And love command our hearts.

3 Saviour, look down with pitying eyes,
Our jarring wills control;
Let cordial, kind affections rise,
And harmonize the soul.

4 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force the heathen world to say,
"See how these Christians love!"

Charles Wesley.

The first, fourth, seventh, and ninth stanzas of a hymn of nine stanzas in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740, under the title, "*Little Children, Love One Another.*" In the last line of the first verse the author wrote: "O quench them with thy blood!"

748 C. M.

LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren who agree!
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 When streams of love, from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole,—

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill;
Where God his mildest glory shows
And makes his grace distill.

Isaac Watts.

"*Brotherly Love*" is the title of this hymn in the author's *Psalms of David*, 1719. It is based on the one hundred and thirty-third Psalm: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

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749 C. M. D.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found:
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest!

2 Lonely, I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

James Montgomery.

This hymn was written on the occasion of the author's restoration, after years of restless heart-wanderings, to membership in the Moravian Church at Fulneck in 1814. In this hymn he accurately portrays his own experience. (See also the hymn beginning "O where shall rest be found?") Its original title as published was "*Choosing the Heritage of God's People.*" The last stanza is omitted:

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp, or power;
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour:
"Follow me;" I know thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice;
Light thy burden now to me.

From the author's *Original Hymns*, 1853.

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750 C. M.

TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve:
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow;
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

Charles Wesley.

"*A Prayer for Persons Joined in Fellowship*" is the title of this most valuable and heartsearching hymn in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. It is the first of the four parts of a long hymn. In verse five, line four, the author wrote "sinless" instead of "spotless."

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751 S. M.

BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett.

"*Brotherly Love*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, 1782. After spending a few years as pastor of a humble Baptist Church at Wainsgate, in Yorkshire, Dr. Fawcett accepted a call to London. His farewell sermon had been preached, his goods and books were packed and in wagons, and the eve of his departure had come. But when face to face with the trial of leaving the endeared people who clung about him, he could not withstand the urgency of "Christian love," and amid tears of commingled grief and love he ordered the wagons unloaded, the furniture replaced, and dispatched a letter to London recalling his acceptance. The tender ties that bound him to his loving people were only severed by death. It was the above touching incident that called forth this beautiful and universally popular hymn from the author.

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752 C. M.

GOD of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace;
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Through thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in Jesus joined,
We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsists as in us all one soul;
No power can make us twain;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll,
To sever us in vain.

5 Our life is hid with Christ in God!
Our Life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
On all his members here.

6 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through;
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

Charles Wesley.

This is the last hymn in *Redemption Hymns*, 1747. Title: "*At Parting of Friends.*" The first, fifth, sixth, seventh, tenth and fifteenth stanzas of the original sixteen are given above. In verse five the author wrote:

"And *spread* his glory all abroad
In all his members here."

---

753 C. M.

WITNESS, ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break,—

2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

Benjamin Beddome.

This is a hymn suitable to be sung on the occasion of receiving members into the Church. The doctrine taught in the second stanza is one that needs to be emphasized—viz., that the vow is a life-vow of obedience to Christ. It is not to be taken up and laid aside at pleasure. The backslider breaks a solemn life-vow. Some seem to

think that if they cease to become Christians and withdraw from the Church, no harm is done—as if the vow and obligation were one that might be cast aside at pleasure. Not so: God converts no one—God can convert no one—on any other condition than that of an absolute life-vow of faith and obedience to him; and if this vow be necessarily for life, surely the vow taken upon joining the Church is equally binding for life. The latter is only a public declaration of the former, taken in private to God. Only those will desire to break their Church-vow who have already committed the greater sin of breaking their vow to God.

It is from the author's *Hymns Adapted to Public Worship or Family Devotion* (1818), where it bears the appropriate title, "*Joining the Church.*"

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754 C. M. D.

OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heaven on earth begun.
Our hearts have burned while Jesus spoke,
And glowed with sacred fire,
He stopped, and talked, and fed, and blessed,
And filled th' enlarged desire.

2 We're soldiers fighting for our God,
Let trembling cowards fly;
We'll stand unshaken, firm, and fixed,
With Christ to live and die.
Let devils rage, and hell assail,
We'll fight our passage through;
Let foes unite, and friends desert,
We'll seize the crown in view.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We wait to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain:
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
But pour the mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God!

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown—
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own—
May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory into glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

William Edward Miller.

This hymn was written in 1800. It is based on Col. ii. 2: "That their hearts might be comforted, being knit together in love." Also Luke xxiv. 32: "And they said one to another, Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"

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755 C. M. D.

LIFT up your hearts to things above,
Ye foll'wers of the Lamb,
And join with us to praise his love,
And glorify his name.
To Jesus' name give thanks and sing,
Whose mercies never end:
Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord is King!
The King is now our friend!

2 We for his sake count all things loss,
On earthly good look down;
And joyfully sustain the cross,
Till we receive the crown.
O let us stir each other up,
Our faith by works t' approve,
By holy, purifying hope,
And the sweet task of love.

Charles Wesley.

"*At Parting of Christian Friends*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. These are verses one and two, and four and five from a hymn of twelve single stanzas.

SECTION II.

PRAYER.

756 7s.

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend:
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond.

Title: "*A Hymn to be Sung at Public Worship.*" From the author's *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, 1745. The original hymn has eight double stanzas. The author wrote line four, verse five, as follows:

"Strong in faith, in love and hope;"

He wrote in verse six, line one, "those who" instead of "all may," and in line two, "God sincere" instead of "gracious God."

757 L. M.

BLEST hour, when mortal man retires
To hold communion with his God;
To send to Heaven his warm desires,
And listen to the sacred word.

2 Blest hour, when God himself draws nigh,
Well pleased his people's voice to hear;
To hush the penitential sigh,
And wipe away the mourner's tear.

3 Blest hour, for where the Lord resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given;
And mortals find his earthly courts
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

4 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest
Amid the hours of worldly care;
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour, the hour of prayer.

5 And when my hours of prayer are past,
And this frail tenement decays,
Then may I spend in heaven at last
A never-ending hour of praise.

Thomas Raffles.

This hymn is said to have appeared in *The Amulet* in 1828.

758 C. M.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps
Beneath the shades of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

John Aikman Wallace.

This most valuable hymn on "*The Efficacy of Prayer*" first appeared in a somewhat different form from that above in the *Scottish Christian Herald*, in 1839.

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759 C. M. D.

WHY, dearest Lord, can I not pray,
And why am I not free?
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from thee.
The world that looks so dull all day
Crowds on my mind at prayer,
And plans that ask no thought but then
Wake up and meet me there.

2 I cannot pray; yet, Lord, thou knowest
The pain it is to me
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
Thus torn away from thee.
Had I, dear Lord, no pleasure found
But in the thought of thee,
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
A truer liberty.

3 Yet thou art often present, Lord,
In weak, distracted prayer;
A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds thee there.
For prayer that humbles sets the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord, it hangs on thee.

4 My Saviour, why should I complain,
And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things,
Thy peace dwells far within.
These surface troubles come and go
Like rufflings of the sea;
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but thee.

Frederick William Faber.

"*Distractions in Prayer*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns* (published in various editions from 1848 to 1884), where it has fourteen single stanzas. The first two lines of the original read:

"Ah dearest Lord! I cannot pray,
My fancy is not free."

The sixth line of verse one reads:

"Glows bright on me at prayer."

In verse three, line one, the author wrote "oft *most* present." The following stanzas of the original are omitted above:

3 All nature one full fountain seems
Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
And makes a deluge round.

4 Old voices murmur in my ear,
New hopes start into life,
And past and future gaily blend
In one bewitching strife.

5 My very flesh has restless fits;
My changeful limbs conspire,
With all these phantoms of the mind,
My inner self to tire.

7 Sweet Jesus! teach me how to prize
These tedious hours when I,
Foolish and mute before thy Face,
In helpless worship lie.

8 Prayer was not meant for luxury
Or selfish pastime sweet;
It is the prostrate creature's place
At his Creator's feet.

12 The heart that on self-sacrifice
Is covetously bent,
Will bless thy chastening hand that makes
Its prayer its punishment.

---

760 C. M.

SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are joined;
We wait according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 With us thou art assembled here,
But O thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,
And these dry bones shall live;
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,
"The Holy Ghost receive."

Charles Wesley.

"*At Meeting of Friends*" is the author's title of this in his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. There are four additional stanzas:

5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus the Crucified,
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

6 Cause us the record to receive;
Speak, and the tokens show:
"O be not faithless, but believe
In me who died for you."

7 Lord, I believe for me, e'en me,
Thy wounds were opened wide;
I see the prints, I more than see
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

8 I cannot fear, I cannot doubt,
I feel the sprinkled blood;
Let every soul with me cry out,
"Thou art my Lord, my God."

---

761 S. M.

THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart:
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my anxious heart.

2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*For Believers in an Hurry of Business.*" From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. The original hymn contains three double stanzas, of which the first is omitted:

1 Help, Lord, the busy foe
Is as a flood come in!
Lift up a standard, and o'erthrow
This soul-distracting sin:
This sudden tide of care
Stem by that bloody tree,
Nor let the rising torrent bear
My soul away from Thee.

---

762 S. M.

OUR Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now:
Thy name be hallowed far and near;
To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine shall forever be
Glory and power divine;
The scepter, throne, and majesty,
Of heaven and earth, are thine.

6 Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
"All for his sake be done."

James Montgomery.

This is one of the happiest of the many attempts made to put the Lord's Prayer into a hymn. It is surpassed in brevity and conformity to the original, by that of Adoniram Judson (see No. 781), though not in poetic smoothness and beauty. It is from the author's *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

763 S. M.

TO God your every want
In instant prayer display:
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing, pray.

2 His mercy now implore;
And now show forth his praise;
In shouts, or silent awe, adore
His miracles of grace.

3 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees;
And spread your hearts and hands abroad,
And pray for Sion's peace.

4 Your guides and brethren bear
Forever on your mind;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer
In grasping all mankind.

Charles Wesley.

This is from a poem of sixteen double stanzas found in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, under the Scripture title: "*The Whole Armour of God*" (Ephesians vi. 13). The first two stanzas of this poem are found in the hymn beginning "Soldiers of Christ, arise." The above are the second half of the twelfth, the second half of the fourteenth, and the fifteenth stanza entire.

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764 C. M.

SHEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day:
To all thy tempted foll'wers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!

3 The spirit of interceding grace,
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart—
I will not let thee go:—

5 I will not let thee go unless
Thou tell thy name to me,
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

6 Then let me, on the mountain top,
Behold thy open face;
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

Charles Wesley.

"*Desiring to Pray*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. Verses three, four, and five get their imagery from the wrestling of Jacob with the angel at Peniel, Gen. xxxii. 24-32.

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765 C. M.

MY God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know;
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge my iniquity:
Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?
Answer, if mine thou art!
Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Behold! for me the Victim bleeds,
His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

Charles Wesley.

"*After a Relapse into Sin*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740. In verse one, line three, Wesley wrote "One drop of blood on me let fall" instead of "Thy purifying blood apply." The original hymn has twelve stanzas.

---

766 L. M.

WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words? Ah! think again:
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

William Cowper.

"*Exhortation to Prayer*" is the title to this in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. The fourth stanza of the original is omitted:

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed.

Cowper was noted for his power in public prayer. Said one who knew him well: "Of all the men I ever heard pray, no one equaled Mr. Cowper." One who knew the sweetness of closet prayer, as he did, and who was always in his place at the week-night cottage prayer-meetings of his pastor, as he was, might be expected to have power in public prayer.

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767 L. M.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed;
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell.

This is from the author's *Selection of Psalms and Hymns Suited to the Services of the Church of England*, 1831. In verse two, line four, the author wrote "blood-*stained;*" in verse three, line one, "There is a *spot*;" in verse five, line two, "And *time* and sense *seem all* no more;" and in the last line "And" instead of "While." The last stanza of the original is omitted:

6 Oh! may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, stiff, and still;
My bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat.

---

768 L. M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts, proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper.

The cottage prayer-meeting conducted by Newton and Cowper outgrew the capacity of the room where it was held. In 1769 it was moved to the "Great House," which occasion called forth this hymn from Cowper's pen. Its title in the *Olney Collection* (1779) is: "*On Opening a Place for Social Prayer.*" Two stanzas are omitted:

5 Behold at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come thou, and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm; nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

769 C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered, or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watch-word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery.

This, the most popular of all Montgomery's hymns, was written in 1818, at the request of Rev. E. Bickersteth, for his *Treatise on Prayer*. Its title is, "*What is Prayer?*" and it is really not a hymn proper, but a didactic poem on the true nature of prayer. The last stanza alone takes the form of a hymn of worship and serves to adapt the whole for use as such in public services of the Church. The author says he received directly and indirectly more expressions of appreciation of this hymn than any he ever wrote. George John Stevenson, of London, author of a companion volume explanatory and illustrative of the Wesleyan Hymn Book, has an autograph copy of this hymn which the poet presented to him not long before his death.

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770 C. M.

FOUNTAIN of life, to all below
Let thy salvation roll;
Water, replenish, and o'erflow
Every believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
Us weary sinners take;
Jesus, fulfill thy gracious word,
For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
And we shall flow to thee,
While down the stream of time we glide
To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
Of joy the swelling flood;
Wafted by thee, with willing heart,
We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
Into thy fullness fall;
Be lost and swallowed up in thee,
Our God, our all in all.

Charles Wesley.

"*Entering into the Congregation*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742.

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771 C. M.

BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heavenward our every wish aspires:
For all thy mercy's store
The sole return thy love requires
Is, that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask; we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will:
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again;
With all thy fullness fill!

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be, with Christ in God.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739, where it bears the title "*Grace After Meat.*"

772 L. M.

GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father, and my God!
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travelers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 E'en life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished from thee, Lord!

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise:
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*Longing After God; or, The Love of God Better than Life.*" First published in 1719. The author wrote in verse four, line one, "My" instead of "E'en;" line two, "taste of" and "could" instead of "lasting" and "can;" line three, "'Twould but" instead of "Yea, 'twould;" line four, "the" instead of "thee." The original has eight stanzas. This hymn is based on Ps. lxiii.

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773 L. M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men in mercy stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

3 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes in our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

4 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour!

Michael Bruce.

The intercession of our great High Priest the ground of our confidence in approaching a throne of heavenly grace is the thought expressed in this hymn, which is based on Heb. iv. 14–16: "Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." This hymn in the former edition of the Hymn Book was wrongly accredited to Logan.

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774 L. M.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Joseph Hart.

"*Pray Without Ceasing*" is the author's title of this in the *Appendix to Hart's Hymns on Various Subjects*, 1762. It is based upon 1 Thess. v. 17: "Pray without ceasing." The author wrote in verse one, line one, "was" instead of "is;" line four, "For only while they pray" instead of "They learn to pray when first;" in verse two, line four, "The remedy's before thee," instead of "In every case still watch and;" in verse four, line four, "Ask what thou wilt" instead of "Ask but in faith." Two stanzas are omitted:

2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites:
He speaks as prompted from within,
The Spirit his petition writes:
And Christ receives and gives it in.

3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
When Christ stands waiting for thy prayer?
My soul, thou hast a Friend on high,
Arise, and try thy interest there.

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775 C. M.

COME quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own;
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thy everlasting throne.

2 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

Charles Wesley.

One of seven hymns found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, under the title "*After a Recovery.*" The original contains eighteen stanzas, the above being the last two. It begins, "O my Advocate above." In the first line the author wrote "Come quickly *then*, *my* Lord," and in the first line of verse two "*receive* thy right."

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776 C. M.

O BLESSÈD, blessèd sounds of grace,
Still echoing in my ear!
Glad is the hour, and loved the place—
But whence my sudden fear?

2 What if a sternly righteous doom
Have sealed this call my last?
Before me sickness—death—a tomb;
Behind, th' unpardoned past.

3 My Sabbath suns may all have set,
My Sabbath scenes be o'er;
The place, at least, where we are met,
May know my steps no more.

4 The prophet of the cross may ne'er
Again preach peace to me;
The voice of interceding prayer
A farewell voice may be.

5 But, Saviour, canst thou say, "Farewell?"
Or, Holy Spirit, thou?
Or must I leave thy house for hell?
O save me, save me now!

6 While yet the life-proclaiming word
Doth through my conscience thrill,
Breathe life; and lo! divinely stirred,
I can repent, I will.

William Maelardie Bunting.

"This," says George John Stevenson, "is one of those graceful compositions from the pen of the accomplished William M. Bunting, with the title, '*Hymn After Sermon on Sunday Evening.*' How often that devout man of God relieved his mind on the Sabbath, when the heart was full of the love of God, by writing a hymn!" There are two additional stanzas in the original.

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777 S. M.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

2 Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

4 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

5 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

6 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Charles Wesley.

"*A Poor Sinner*" is the title of the original poem of seven double stanzas from which this is taken and which is found in *Psalms and Hymns*, 1741. The above are the first, third, and fourth stanzas.

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778 8s & 7s. D.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee:
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art—
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a King;
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley.

Unaltered and entire from the author's *Hymns for the Nativity of Our Lord*, 1744. "The Desire of all nations shall come." Haggai ii. 7.

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779 S. M.

O MAY thy powerful word
Inspire a feeble worm
To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
And take it as by storm!

2 O may we all improve
The grace already given,
To seize the crown of perfect love,
And scale the mount of heaven!

Charles Wesley.

"*The Kingdom of Heaven Suffereth Violence*" is the title of this in the author's *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. It is based on Matt. xi. 12: "And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

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780 C. M.

THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

Jane Crewdson.

The author of this tender hymn was an invalid for many years before she died, and through "fellowship of suffering" was prepared to write for the comfort of other suffering ones. Only trial, pain, and sorrow can wring out of the human heart a song like this. It was written in 1860. The first verse has been changed. As originally written it was:

"There's not a grief, however light,
Too light for sympathy:
There's not a care, however slight,
Too slight to bring to thee."

And in verse two, line three, she wrote:

"For *he who* bore the greater load."

These alterations were probably made by Dr. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, Head Master of Shrewsbury School, and President of the Royal College of Preceptors. In 1860 he edited the *Psalter* in English verse.

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781 C. M.

OUR Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

3 Into temptation lead us not;
From evil set us free;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power
And glory, ever be.

Adoniram Judson.

Almost any hymn by this saintly and apostolic missionary would be entitled to a place in the hymnals of the Christian Church. But authorship and intrinsic merit alike unite to give this a place in this collection. This exquisite versification of the Lord's Prayer is dated by the author, "Prison, Ava, March, 1825." It was written while he was a prisoner at Ava, in Burmah, undergoing the most cruel privations, suffering the agonies of disease, and in daily peril of a savage death. The hymn contains but sixty-eight words. Dr. Judson himself says it is comprised in fewer words than the original Greek, and in only two more than the common English version. (See Matt. vi. 9-13.) About the same time that Judson was putting the Lord's Prayer into verse in far-off Burmah, Montgomery was doing the same thing at his quiet home in Sheffield, England. (See No. 762.) Both hymns are dated 1825.

782 7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer:
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King:
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast:
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

John Newton.

Title: "*Ask what I shall give thee,*" 1 Kings iii. 5. The last three stanzas have been omitted:

5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

"This hymn," says George John Stevenson, "owes much of its present popularity to the fact that for some years Pastor C. H. Spurgeon used to have the first, or second, or both those verses, plaintively chanted Sabbath after Sabbath, just before he offered the prayer with his congregation. In this way tens of thousands of persons have learned it, and once learned it is never likely to be forgotten." It is from the *Olney Collection*, 1779.

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783 7s.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow:
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name;
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.

3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy:
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free:
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many days have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen;
Yet have been upheld till now!
Who could hold me up but thou?

6 Thou hast helped in every need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

7 No; I must maintain my hold;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

John Newton.

Title: "*Nay, I cannot let thee go.*" Based on Genesis xxxii. 24-27: "And Jacob was left alone: and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day. . . . And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob." From the *Olney Collection*, 1779.

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784 7s.

THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden. (Alt.)

Title: "*Secret Prayer.*" It appeared in *The Union Harmony* in 1793 with the signature "H." It is an alteration of a hymn of six stanzas, L. M., beginning:

"All those who seek a throne of grace."

Some of the pieces signed "H." appear in a later edition credited to Holden, and it is therefore very safely concluded that Holden is the author of this also. He is most favorably known to the Christian world as the author of one of the grandest and noblest tunes ever written for congregational singing—"Coronation." But one who can write of prayer and of God's omnipresence as the author of the above hymn does, proves himself to be a Christian and a poet as well as the composer of one of our finest tunes.

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785 7s.

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart.

2 Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom:
Son of God, appear! appear!
To thy human temples come.

3 Come in this accepted hour:
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in:
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin.

4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less:
Be thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

Charles Wesley.

"*For those that wait for full Redemption*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. The author wrote "Thou art" instead of "Be thou" in verse two, line seven. The third stanza is omitted:

3 Whom but Thee have we in heaven
Whom have we on earth but Thee?
Only Thou to us be given,
All besides is vanity:
Grant us love, we ask no more,
Every other gift remove;
Pleasure, fame, and wealth, and power,
Still we all enjoy in love.

786 C. M.

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God in persons three,
Bring back the heavenly blessing lost,
By all mankind and me.

2 Thy favor, and thy nature too,
To me, to all restore:
Forgive, and after God renew,
And keep us evermore.

3 Eternal Sun of righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glories of thy face
Upon my heart to shine.

4 Light, in thy light, O may I see,
Thy grace and mercy prove!
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by thee,
The God of pard'ning love.

5 Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.

6 That all-comprising peace bestow
On me, through grace forgiven:
The joys of holiness below,
And then the joys of heaven!

Charles Wesley.

"*The Lord Bless thee and Keep thee*" is the title of this hymn which is taken from the author's *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762, and is based on the Old Testament benediction found in Numbers vi. 23-26: "On this wise ye shall bless the children of Israel, saying unto them, The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

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787 8s & 7s.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Surely once thy garden flourished,
Every plant looked gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourished—
Happy seasons we have seen.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see:
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

John Newton.

"*Prayer for a Revival*" is the title of this hymn in the *Olney Collection*, 1779. Ps. lxxxv. 6: "Wilt thou not revive us again: that thy people may rejoice in thee?" Hos. xiv. 7: "They shall revive as the corn." The last two stanzas have been omitted, with loss to the hymn:

5 Dearest Saviour! hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

6 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.

"It is singular that no one has remarked the imagery of this hymn. The man who wrote it was formerly employed in planting lime and lemon trees upon his master's plantation at the mouth of the Sherbro River, in Africa. When the slips that he had set in the ground were 'no higher than a young gooseberry bush,' his master sneeringly said to him: 'Who knows but by the time these trees grow up and bear, you may go home to England, obtain the command of a ship, and return to reap the fruit of your labors? We see strange things sometimes happen.' It was meant, and understood, as a contemptuous speech, but John Newton really did return, in command of a ship, and with some hope of heaven in his heart, and saw these same trees grown to stature and bearing fruit."

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788 S. M.

COME to the morning prayer,
Come, let us kneel and pray;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff,
To walk with God all day.

2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is the shelter from the heat,
When smites the sun by day.

3 At evening, shut thy door,
Round the home altar pray;
And finding there the house of God
With prayer thus close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
O it is sweet to say,
"I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord,
With thee to watch and pray."

James Montgomery.

This is a bright, enlivening hymn of invitation to prayer suitable to family-worship and social meetings. The last line of the third stanza in the original is: "*At heaven's gate* close the day." This third stanza had a striking application to the author's own death. The day before he died he had appeared as well as usual. In the evening worship at the home altar he led in prayer with an earnestness and pathos that excited special attention. The next morning he was found insensible upon the floor, and during the day quietly breathed his last. How literally verified was his hymn:

"At evening, shut thy door,
Round the home altar pray;
And, finding there the house of God,
At heaven's gate close the day."

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789 L. M.

SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known:
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;

And shout, while passing through the air,
"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

William W. Walford.

Mr. Butterworth, in his *Story of the Hymns*, says: "This hymn was written by Rev. Mr. Walford, an English blind preacher; and was given to the public in 1849."

The second stanza of the original is omitted above:

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy joy I feel, the bliss I share,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desire for thy return;
With such I hasten to the place
Where God, my Saviour, shows his face,
And gladly take my station there,
To wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

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790 8s & 4.

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

"*The Hour of Prayer*" is the author's title of this beautiful hymn. It was written in 1834, and was first published in the Appendix of the *Invalid's Hymn Book*, edition of 1835. The third stanza of the original is omitted above:

3 For then a Day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from thee
Than earth can know.

PART III.

FOR DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

SECTION I.

THE FAMILY.

791 L. M.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
High praise to the eternal King.

3 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

This is a part of Bishop Ken's famous "*Morning Hymn*," the original of which contains fourteen stanzas. This and its companion, the no less admired *Evening and Midnight Hymns* (see Nos. 800 and 821), enjoy the enviable distinction of having furnished, at least in English-speaking countries, *The Doxology* of the Christian Church. These two hymns, it is interesting to note, were originally written for the use of the students in Winchester College. As early as 1674 Bishop Ken published a *Manual of Prayers for the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College*. This book had gone through thirty-two editions by 1799. The earliest edition that contained the above three hymns was that of 1695. In this work he thus counsels the young men: "Be sure to sing the Morning and Evening Hymns in your chamber, devoutly remembering that the Psalmist upon happy experience assures you that it is a good thing to tell of the loving-kindness of the Lord early in the morning and of his truth in the night season." These hymns seem first to have been printed on sheets of paper and sent to each student's room.

The author used to sing this hymn every morning upon waking, playing the accompaniment with his lute. In obedience to his expressed wish, when he died he was buried at sunrise, and the singing of this hymn was almost the only ceremony that took place. He is buried in the churchyard at Frome, under the east window of the church, and nothing but a simple iron railing marks his resting-place. But one who is embalmed in the affections of the Christian Church, as he is, needs no marble shaft to perpetuate his memory or to mark his resting-place as long as his grand doxology shall continue to be sung the world around.

792 L. M.

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

2 New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this, and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble.

"*Morning*" is the title of this in the author's *Christian Year*, 1827. It comprises verses six, seven, eight, fourteen, and sixteen of a poem of sixteen stanzas. It is based upon Lam. iii. 22, 23: "His compassions fail not. They are new every morning."

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793 C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye,—

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts.

"*For the Lord's Day Morning*" is the title of this in *The Psalms of David, Imitated in the Language of the New Testament*, 1719. This is Watts's rendering of Ps. v. 3–8: "My voice thou shalt hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up. For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness; neither shall evil dwell with thee. The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity. Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man. But as for me, I will come into thy house in the multitude of thy mercy; and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple. Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face."

---

794 S. M.

WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-Star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2 O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice
Which shade the universe!

3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day;
Or Jesus' blood, like evening dew,
Wash all its stains away!

5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.

6 To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit—One in Three—
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

This "*Morning Hymn*" is found in a *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* published by John Wesley in 1741. The authorship of this hymn is uncertain. We follow the editors of the *Hymnal* of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who accredit it to John Wesley—perhaps on the ground that it is only half-rhymed, which poetic blemish is not true of any stanza known to have been written by Charles Wesley. The celebrated "*Lumen est umbra Dei*" of Plato may have suggested the beautiful thought contained in the third line of the first stanza.

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795 S. M.

SEE how the morning sun
Pursues his shining way,
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing;
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near!

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

Elizabeth Scott.

"*A Morning Hymn*" is the title of this in the author's manuscript volume of *Poems*, 1740. These verses are taken from an original of nine stanzas. The hymn begins:

"Awake, my drowsy soul;"

In the first stanza, line one, the author wrote "Mounting Sun" instead of "morning sun." She also wrote the first two lines of verse four as follows:

"Thus, then my Life anew,
Lord, I Devote to Thee."

---

796 C. M.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,—
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,
But yet his wrath delays.

4 O God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light!
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

Isaac Watts.

Title: "*A Morning Song.*" From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. The author wrote in verse one, line four, "rolls" instead of "rules;" and in verse four, line one, "Dear" instead of "O." Two stanzas are omitted:

4 On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand,
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

---

797 C. M.

GIVER and guardian of my sleep,
To praise thy name I wake:
Still, Lord, thy helpless servant keep,
For thine own mercy's sake.

2 The blessing of another day
I thankfully receive:
O may I only thee obey,
And to thy glory live!

3 Upon me lay thy mighty hand,
My words and thoughts restrain;
Bow my whole soul to thy command,
Nor let my faith be vain.

4 Pris'ner of hope, I wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring;
When all I am shall own thy power,
And call my Jesus King.

Charles Wesley.

"*At Waking*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, being the first, second, fifth, and sixth stanzas of a hymn of fourteen stanzas.

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798 C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day;
Unfold thy drowsy eyes,
And burst the pond'rous chain that loads
Thine active faculties.

2 God's guardian shield was round me spread
In my defenseless sleep:
Let him have all my waking hours
Who doth my slumbers keep.

3 Pardon, O God, my former sloth,
And arm my soul with grace;
As rising now, I seal my vows
To prosecute thy ways.

4 Bright Sun of righteousness arise;
Thy radiant beams display,
And guide my dark, bewildered soul,
To everlasting day.

Philip Doddridge.

"*A Morning Hymn to be Used at Awakening and Rising*" is the title which the author gave to this hymn. It is said that it was his custom to rise every morning at five o'clock and begin the day by singing this hymn as an act of devotion. Stanzas three, four, and five of the original are omitted:

3 The Work of each immortal Soul—
Attentive Care demands;
Think, then, what painful Labors wait
The faithful Pastor's Hands.

4 My moments fly with wingèd Pace,
And swift my Hours are hurled;
And Death, with rapid March, comes on,
T' unveil th' eternal World.

5 I for this Hour must give Account,
Before God's awful Throne:
Let not this Hour neglected pass,
As Thousands more have done.

From the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

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799 C. M.

O GOD, who madest earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Give ear to this thy family,
And help us when we pray!

2 For wild the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
To view the rocky shore!

3 The cross our Master bore for us
For him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair.

4 Then, mercy on our failings, Lord!
Our sinking faith renew;
And when thy sorrows visit us,
O send thy patience too!

Reginald Heber.

From *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year*, 1827. This hymn is not found in any other modern Church collection.

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800 L. M.

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive, me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

This is Bishop Ken's famous "*Evening Hymn*," which, with his no less famous "*Morning Hymn*," appeared in his *Manual of Prayers* in 1695. The original contains twelve stanzas, of which the above are the first four and the twelfth. For other interesting facts see note under Nos. 791 and 821 and also under the Doxology.

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801 7s. D.

OMNIPRESENT God! whose aid
No one ever asked in vain,
Be this night about my bed,
Every evil thought restrain:
Lay thy hand upon my soul,
God of my unguarded hours!
All my enemies control,
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.

2 O thou jealous God! come down;
God of spotless purity;
Claim and seize me for thine own,
Consecrate my heart to thee:
Under thy protection take;
Songs in the night season give:
Let me sleep to thee, and wake;
Let me die to thee, and live.

Charles Wesley.

Author's title: "*At Lying Down.*" From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. It is one of the author's "*Hymns for Believers.*" The original contains eight double stanzas, the above being the first and the fourth.

802 8s, 7s.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watcheth where thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

From the author's *Sacred Lyrics*, published in 1820. For many years, it is said, this beautiful Sabbath-evening hymn constituted a part of the service of the Church at Howerton, a suburb of London, where the author lived and died. He is said to have composed it after reading in Salt's *Travels in Abyssinia* these words: "All night their short evening hymn, *Jesus forgive us*, stole through the camp."

---

803 S. M.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear:
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near!

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us, while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

John Leland.

"*Evening Hymn*" is the title of this in *The Writings of the Late Elder John Leland; Including Some Events in his life written by himself*, 1845. This is the only one of the author's hymns which is now in use. The original has in verse three, line one, "all" instead of "safe." One stanza of the original is omitted above:

4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

---

804 L. M.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Isaac Watts.

"*An Evening Hymn*" is the author's title of this in his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. Two stanzas are omitted:

4 In vain the sons of earth and hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 Faith in his name forbids my fear,
O may my presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

---

805 L. M.

HOW do thy mercies close me round!
Forever be thy name adored;
I blush in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of man,
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But, lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone!
What can the Rock of ages move?
Safe in thine arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love!

Charles Wesley.

"*At Lying Down*" is the title of this in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. There are six additional stanzas.

---

806 C. M.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield myself to thy command;
To thee devote my nights and days:
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*A Song for Morning and Evening.*" From *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. It is based upon Lam. iii. 22: "They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness" and Isaiah xlv. 7: "I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the Lord do all these things."

---

807 C. M.

NOW from the altar of our hearts
Let warmest thanks arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 This day God was our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide;
His care was on our weakness shown,
His mercies multiplied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

4 New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

John Mason.

"*A Song of Praise for the Evening.*" from the author's *Spiritual Songs, or Songs of Praise to Almighty God*, 1683. This has several alterations from the original:

1 Now from the Altar of my Heart,
Let *Incense-Flames* arise;
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine Evening Sacrifice.
Awake, my Love: Awake, my Joy;
Awake my Heart and Tongue:
Sleep not: when Mercies loudly call,
Break forth into a Song.

2 Man's Life's a Book of History,
The Leaves thereof are Days,
The Letters Mercies closely joined,
The Title is thy Praise.
This Day God was *my* Sun and Shield,
My Keeper and *my* Guide.
His care was on my *Frailty* shewn.
His Mercies Multiply'd.

The closing lines, following the fourth stanza above, are:

Lord of my Time, whose Hand hath set
New Time upon my Score:
Then shall I praise for all my Time,
When Time shall be no more.

---

808 C. M.

THOU, Lord, hast blest my going out,
O bless my coming in!
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.

2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread;
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And screen my naked head.

3 To thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare:
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.

4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart!
Here let me give my wand'rings o'er,
By giving thee my heart!

Charles Wesley.

This is entitled "*After a Journey*" in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

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809 7s.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon from us the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

George W. Doane.

Author's title, "*Evening.*" The original, found in *Songs by the Way*, 1824, has the first person *singular* in the first and third stanzas. The fourth stanza is omitted:

"Thou, who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye."

---

810 C. M.

DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard:
And still to drive my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.

3 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest;
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

Isaac Watts.

"*An Evening Song*" from the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 1707. Three stanzas are omitted:

2 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around.
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll.

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear cross I flee.
And to thy grace my soul resign
To be renewed by thee.

---

811 P. M.

FADING, still fading, the last beam is shining,
Father in heaven, the day is declining;
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night:
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
Shield me from danger, save me from crime!
Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy, thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord.

2 Father in heaven, oh, hear when we call!
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;
Feeble and fainting, we trust in thy might;
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light;
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns,
Wake in thine arms when morning returns.
Father, have mercy, &c.

Author Unknown.

Nothing definite is known concerning the origin and authorship of this hymn. In *Carmina Sanctorum* (1885) its date is given as 1830, and its authorship as unknown. In Dr. C. S. Robinson's *Spiritual Songs* (1878) it is credited to "Huntington," though in his *Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, published about the same time, or a little later, it is entered as anonymous. The only Huntington known as a writer of hymns is Miss Ellen M. Huntington, now Mrs. Gates of Elizabeth, N. J., author of the popular piece titled "*The Hymn of*

the Soul" ("I will sing you a song of that beautiful land," etc.); but if she were the author, it would not be entered as of unknown authorship in so many collections.

---

812 C. M.

SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest!

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

John Berridge.

This "*Wedding Hymn*" first appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* for August, 1775. This is the only wedding hymn that finds a place in this collection. Its author was an old bachelor. The hymn is also found in his *Zion's Songs*, 1785, in the preface of which are these words, suggestive of the marriage at Cana of Galilee: "My Saviour and my God, accept this mite of love which is cast into thy treasury. Give it a blessing, and it shall be blessed. What is water in the hymns turn thou into wine."

---

813 5s, 6s, 9s.

COME away to the skies, My beloved arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born:
On this festival day, Come exulting away,
And with singing to Sion return.

2 We have laid up our love And our treasure above,
Though our bodies continue below:
The redeemed of our Lord, We remember his word,
And with singing to paradise go.

Charles Wesley.

This hymn, titled "*On the Birthday of a Friend*," is taken from the author's *Family Hymns*, 1767, and was written Oct. 12, 1755, it being his wife's twenty-ninth birthday. There are six additional stanzas.

814 Six 7s.

GENTLE stranger, fearless come
To our quiet, happy home;
Bud of being, beauteous flower,
Sprung to birth this smiling hour,
While upon thy form we gaze,
Grateful thoughts to heaven we raise.

2 Saviour, from thy heavenly throne
Smile upon this little one;
Let thy Spirit be its guide,
Let its wants be well supplied;
Cleanse it by thy precious blood,
Fit it for thy high abode.

Author Unknown.

This hymn, celebrating the birth of a child, is the only one of the kind in the Hymn-Book. The exuberant feelings of joy and gratitude which it expresses remind one of the Old Testament representations of Hebrew home-life in the times when the Messiah was yet to come as the seed of the woman. Though it is not customary in this country and in these times to be as demonstrative on such occasions as in former times in oriental countries, yet doubtless the feelings of parents and friends are not different now from what they were then; and if so, these lines, which give happy and pious expression to these feelings, may be serviceable in giving to gratitude and joy a spirit of religious devotion.

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815 7s. 6 l.

WHEREFORE should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead?
He to early rest is gone,
He to paradise is fled:
I shall go to him, but he
Never shall return to me.

2 God forbids his longer stay,
God recalls the precious loan,
God hath taken him away,
From my bosom to his own:
Surely what he wills is best,
Happy in his will, I rest.

3 Faith cries out, It is the Lord!
Let him do as seems him good:
Be thy holy name adored,
Take the gift awhile bestowed;
Take the child no longer mine,
Thine he is, for ever thine.

Charles Wesley.

"*On the Death of a Child*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749. The first verse is based on 2 Sam. xii. 23: "But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

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816 7s.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree:
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

3 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy Church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

5 Let us, then, with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

Charles Wesley.

"*For a Family*" is the author's title to this hymn. It is one of his "Hymns for Believers" found in the 1749 edition of his *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. The author wrote the first couplet of the fourth stanza thus:

"Let us *each for* other care,
Each *his brother's* burden bear."

The last two lines of the first stanza and the first two of the second are omitted above:

Show thyself the Prince of peace;
Bid our jars for ever cease.

By thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove;

---

817 S. M.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distills,
And all the air is love.

Isaac Watts.

Author's title: "*Communion of Saints, or Love and Worship in a Family.*" First published in 1719. One stanza is omitted:

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.

It is Dr. Watts's version of Psalms cxxxiii.: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" etc.

SECTION II.

THE CLOSET.

818 C. M. D.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings the favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear—
That heart will rest on thee.

Helen Maria Williams.

From the author's *Poems*, published in two volumes in 1786. The author wrote in verse one, line five, "powers" instead of "power," and in verse three, line six, "low'ring" instead of "gath'ring." The original is composed of six single stanzas.

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819 C. M. D.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

William Cowper.

There are six stanzas in the original. The above are the first two unaltered. The omitted stanzas are:

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And all harmonious names in one,
My Saviour! thou art mine!

6 The thanks I owe thee, and the love
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

This hymn is very appropriate to the section on "*Closet Meditation*." The circumstances of its origin are peculiarly interesting. Dr. Cotton, the kind-hearted and Christian physician in charge of the St. Alban's asylum, in permitting Cowper to leave, advised him to locate in a quiet village away from the strife and tumult of the world. His brother, then studying at Cambridge, wanted him to be near him, and so Huntingdon, a quiet village near at hand, was selected as an abiding place for the future poet and sweet, sad singer. The departure of his brother for Cambridge left him feeling quite lonely among strangers. On Saturday in the quiet even-tide he retired to the "calm retreat" and "silent shade" of a neighboring wood for meditation and prayer. The Lord met with him and blessed him with a gracious and glorious manifestation of his presence and love. The next day, being the Sabbath, he worshiped with the people of God in the public sanctuary for

the first time since his conversion. His heart was so happy and so full that he found it difficult to restrain his emotions. As soon as the service had ended he hastened away to the quiet and holy retreat that had proved to him "the secret place of the Most High" the evening before. Another blessing came. "How shall I express what the Lord did for me," he wrote, "except by saying that he made all his goodness to pass before me? I seemed to speak to him face to face, as a man converseth with his friend, except that my speech was only in tears of joy and groanings which cannot be uttered. I could say indeed with Jacob, not how *dreadful* but how *lovely* is this place!—this is none other than the house of God." This experience gave birth to the hymn above. It is from the *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

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820 C. M.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
When none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

Phœbe Hinsdale Brown.

Few hymns have a more interesting history than this "Twilight Hymn." It was not originally written as a hymn. The authoress having no place or opportunity for retirement in her humble little house, crowded as it was with little children, was accustomed at the twilight hour to retire to a grove near by for religious meditation and prayer. A wealthy lady-neighbor, being utterly incapable of appreciating the object of these visits, imputed an immoral motive to them. Mrs. Brown, stinging under the accusation, went home and wrote the following:

AN APOLOGY FOR MY TWILIGHT RAMBLES,

Addressed to a Lady.

(Ellington, August, 1818.)

Yes, when the toilsome day is gone,
And night with banners gray,
Steals silently the glade along
In twilight's soft array,

I love to steal awhile away
From little ones and care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In gratitude and prayer.

I love to feast on Nature's scenes
When falls the evening dew,
And dwell upon her silent themes,
Forever rich and new.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all God's promises to plead
Where none can see or hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future ones implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

I love to meditate on death!
When shall his message come,
With friendly smiles to steal my breath,
And take an exile home?

I love by faith to take a view
Of blissful scenes in Heaven:
The sight doth all my strength renew,
While here by storms I'm driven.

I love this silent twilight hour
Far better than the rest;
It is, of all the twenty-four,
The happiest and the best.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

The following is Mrs. Brown's own account of the origin of this beautiful and popular hymn: "It was in Ellington that I wrote the 'Twilight Hymn.' My baby daughter was in my arms when I wrote it. I had been out on a visit to Dr. Hyde's, and several were present. After tea one of my neighbors, who I had ever felt was my superior in every way, came and sat down near me, chatting with another lady, without noticing me. Just as I was rising to go home, she turned suddenly upon me, and said: 'Mrs. Brown, why do you come up at evening so near our house, and then go back without coming in? If you want any thing, why don't you come in and ask for it? I could not think who it was, and sent my girl down the garden to see; and she said it was you—that you came to the fence, but, seeing her, turned quickly away,

muttering something to yourself.' There was something in her manner, more than her words, that grieved me. I went home, and that evening was left alone. After my children were all in bed, except my baby, I sat down in the kitchen, with my child in my arms, when the grief of my heart burst forth in a flood of tears. I took pen and paper, and gave vent to my oppressed heart in what I called 'My Apology for my Twilight Rambles, addressed to a Lady.' It will be found in its original form in an old manuscript among my papers. In preparing it (some years after) for Nettleton's *Village Hymns* (1824), some three or four verses were suppressed and a few expressions altered. In the original the first stanza was:

'I love to steal awhile away
From *little ones and* care.'

This was strictly true. I had four little children; a small unfinished house; a sick sister in the only finished room; and there was not a place, above or below, where I could retire for devotion, without a liability to be interrupted. There was no retired room, rock, or grove where I could go as in former days; but there was no dwelling between our house and the one where that lady lived. Her garden extended down a good way below her house, which stood on a beautiful eminence. The garden was highly cultivated, with fruits and flowers. I loved to smell the fragrance of both (though I could not see them), when I could do so without neglecting duty; and I used to steal away from all within doors, and, going out of our gate, stroll along under the elms that were planted for shade on each side of the road. And, as there was seldom any one passing that way after dark, I felt quite retired and alone with God. I often walked quite up that beautiful garden, and snuffed the fragrance of the peach, the grape, and the ripening apple, if not the flowers. I never saw any one in the garden, and felt that I could have the privilege of that walk and those few moments of uninterrupted communion with God without encroaching upon any one; but, after once knowing that my steps were watched and made the subject of remark and censure, I never could enjoy it as I had done. I have often thought Satan had tried his best to prevent me from prayer, by depriving me of a place to pray."

For this hymn her son wrote the tune called "Monson," and Wm. B. Bradbury the tune called "Brown." One of these "little ones" became Rev. S. R. Brown, D.D., the first Christian missionary from America to Japan.

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821 L. M.

MY God, I now from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take:
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

2 Blest angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high;
You, joyful, hymn the Ever-blest,
Before the throne, and never rest.

3 I with your choir celestial join,
In off'ring up a hymn divine;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell

4 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own sacrifice:
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

Thomas Ken.

This "*Midnight Hymn*" is one of Bishop Ken's three celebrated hymns. See note under his *Morning Hymn* (No. 791) and *Evening Hymn* (No. 800)—also under the L. M. Doxology.

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822 L. M.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy bounteous store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

"*Evening*" is the title which this beautiful hymn bears in the author's *Christian Year*, 1827. This hymn is composed of the third, seventh, eighth, and last three stanzas of the original, which contains fourteen stanzas. It is based upon Luke xxiv. 29: "Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." This hymn, as sung to the tune "Hursley," has come to be one of the favorites of the Christian Church.

A young lady of lovely Christian character lay seriously ill in her chamber. Her mother and loved ones were about her. The room seemed to her to be growing dark. She asked them to raise the curtains and let in the light. But, alas, the curtains were already raised and it was broad-open daylight. It was the night of death that had come, and she knew it not. As she kept asking them to let in the light they had to tell her the nature of the darkness that was gathering about her. But she was not dismayed. With a sweet, quiet, plaintive voice she began singing her favorite hymn:

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

The eyes of all in the room suffused with tears as the sweet singer's tremulous voice continued:

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

She had often sung this song to the delight of the home-circle, but now it seemed, like the song of the dying swan, the sweetest she had ever sung. Her countenance lighted up with a beauty and radiance that came not from earth as she sung once more in feebler but more heavenly strains:

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

And with these fitting words the sweet voice was hushed in death which ceased not to sing,

Till, in the ocean of God's love,
She lost herself in heaven above.

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823 L. M.

O GOD, my God, my all thou art!
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enliv'ning power, display.

2 For thee my thirsty soul doth pant,
While in this desert land I live;
And hungry as I am, and faint,
Thy love alone can comfort give.

3 More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ,
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

4 In blessing thee with grateful songs,
My happy life shall glide away;
The praise that to thy name belongs,
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

From the Spanish. Tr. by *John Wesley.*

As this hymn is said to have been written by John Wesley while he was in America it is strange that he does not give it a place in his *Psalms and Hymns* published at Charleston, S. C., in 1737, which was his first published Hymn-Book. It first appeared in *Psalms and Hymns* (London, 1738), where it has ten stanzas. It is based on parts of the sixty-third Psalm: "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is. . . . Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee. Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name; . . . and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips." The author of the Spanish original is unknown.

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824 L. M.

O THOU great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep recess,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.

2 Through all the mazes of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be searched and purified.

3 Then with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer;
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.

Philip Doddridge.

"*Communing with our Hearts*" is the title of this hymn, which is based on Ps. iv. 4: "Stand in awe, and sin not: commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still."

This is No. 29 in the author's *Hymns*, 1755. The first two stanzas are omitted:

1 Return, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home;
Retired and silent seek them there,
True conquest is ourselves t' o'ercome,
True strength to break the tempter's snare.

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825 L. M.

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

Charles Wesley.

This fragment is composed of the first and fourth stanzas of the original, which contains six stanzas and is found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, with the title "*Before Work.*"

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826 8s, 7s.

SILENTLY the shades of evening
Gather round my lonely door;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

2 O the lost, the unforgotten!
Though the world be oft forgot—
O the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
We, still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair haven
We may hope to gain at last.

Christopher C. Cox.

This sad, sweet strain of music and meditation is said to have been first published in a newspaper about 1840, from which it found its way into various hymn-collections.

827 L. M.

O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away:
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day, &c.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Happy day, &c.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest:
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast?
Happy day, &c.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
Happy day, &c.

Philip Doddridge.

"Blessed is the man," says James Montgomery, "who can take the words of this hymn and make them his own from similar experience." Original title: "*Rejoicing in our Covenant Engagements to God.*" It is based on 2 Chronicles xv. 15: "And all Judea rejoiced at the oath; for they had sworn with all their heart, and sought him with their whole desire; and he was found of them: and the Lord gave them rest round about." From the author's *Hymns*, 1755.

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828 10s.

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte.

"*Light at Eventide*" is the title of this truly beautiful hymn in the author's *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1858. It is based on Luke xxiv. 29: "Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." Three verses of the original are omitted. The circumstances under which this hymn was written are full of interest. For twenty-four years the author had been curate of Brixham, Devonshire, England, but failing health required a change of climate. He himself tells how he deprecated being divorced from the ocean, the friend and playmate of his childhood, and it can only be conjectured how painful to a heart so highly susceptible was the prospect of being torn from his hardy, seafaring flock. He lingered with them until life was fast ebbing, and then writes "The swallows are preparing for flight and inviting me to accompany them; and yet, alas! while I talk of flying, I am just able to crawl." Thus frail and feeble he rallied to preach a farewell sermon to his fond people, and once more to administer to them the Lord's Supper. After closing the deep solemnities of the communion he dragged himself wearily back to his couch, and there, that very evening, sent forth this hymn on its consoling mission. He had before prayed:

"And grant me, swan-like, my last breath to spend
In song that may not die."

This deathless hymn was God's answer to his prayer. The Christian Church will never let it die.

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829 L. M.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
Now will I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God;
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

Samuel Davies.

Original title: "*Self-Dedication at the Table of the Lord.*" "This hymn is a rich legacy to the Christian Church." (Nutter.) "There are few hymns of consecration which are finer than the one before us." (Duffield.) The second and fifth stanzas of the original are omitted:

2 Here, Lord, my Flesh, my Soul, my All,
I yield to Thee beyond Recall;
Accept thine own, so long withheld,
Accept what I so freely yield!

5 Be thou the Witness of my Vow,
Angels and Men attest it too,
That to thy Board I now repair,
And seal the sacred Contract there.

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830 L. M.

ANGEL of covenanted grace,
Come, and thy healing power infuse;
Descend in thine own time, and bless,
And give the means their hallowed use.

2 Obedient to thy will alone,
To thee in means I calmly fly;

My life, I know, is not my own,
To God I live, to God I die.

3 Thy holy will be ever mine:
If thou on earth detain me still,
I bow, and bless the grace divine,—
I suffer all thy holy will.

4 I come, if thou my strength restore,
To serve thee with my strength renewed;
Grant me but this, I ask no more—
To spend and to be spent for God.

Charles Wesley.

This is the first of three hymns in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749, under the title, "*For One that is Sick, Before Using the Means of Recovery.*" Two stanzas are omitted:

1 Virtue Divine, balsamic Word,
All-quickening, all-informing soul,
By whom *Bethesda's* waters stirred,
Could make the various lazars whole.

4 In heaven my heart and treasure is,
Yet while I sojourn here beneath,
I dare not wish for my release,
Or once indulge the lust of death.

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831 L. M.

GOD of my life, through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo through the heavenly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round the throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give
Long as a deathless soul shall live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

Philip Doddridge.

Author's title: "*Praising God through the Whole of our Existence.*" Based on Ps. cxlvi. 2: "While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being." This is one of Doddridge's best hymns. The third and fourth stanzas are often quoted by dying believers.

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832 C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

2 O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there!

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ:
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercies shall adore.

6 Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Joseph Addison.

This is a hymn of gratitude. It first appeared in 1712 in the *Spectator*, in connection with an article in which is the following sentiment: "If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker. The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from His hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Any blessing we enjoy, by what means soever derived, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and the Father of mercies." It contained originally thirteen verses, the third to the ninth, inclu-

sive, being here omitted. Taken altogether it will be seen that it surveys the whole course of human life, and recognizes at every period the evidences of God's lovingkindness and tender mercy, and breathes throughout the spirit of gratitude, thanksgiving and praise. As the seven stanzas omitted were left out only because the hymn was too long for use, and not because they were in any sense inferior in Christian sentiment or poetic fervor, we may here properly give place to them. Indeed, to appreciate the hymn for its real worth, it should be read without abbreviation or alteration from the original.

3 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Hast doubled all my store.

Josiah Quincy, formerly President of Harvard College, lived to be ninety-two years of age. He had kept a journal for many years. He was accustomed to sit in the morning in a large chair with a broad arm to it, which served as a desk upon which he wrote his diary. July 1, 1864, he sat down in his chair as usual. His daughter brought his journal. He at first declined to undertake his wonted task, but his daughter urged him not to abandon it. He took the book, and wrote the first verse of that grateful hymn of Addison:

"When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported by the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise."

The weary head dropped upon the bosom. The volume was ended The aged pilgrim's course was finished.

833 C. M.

FATHER, into thy hands alone
I have my all restored;
My all thy property I own,
The steward of the Lord.

2 Hereafter none can take away
My life, or goods, or fame;
Ready at thy command to lay
Them down I always am.

3 Confiding in thy only love,
Through Him who died for me,
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to thee.

4 Determined all thy will t' obey,
Thy blessings I restore;
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praise thee evermore.

Charles Wesley.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745, being one of those "*Concerning the Sacrifice of our Persons.*" One stanza is omitted:

4 Take when thou wilt into thy hands,
And as thou wilt require;
Resume by the Sabean bands,
Or the devouring fire.

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834 7s, 6s, 7, 8.

LO! I come with joy to do
The Master's blessèd will—
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part;
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.

2 Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil:
Kept in peace by Jesus' name,
Supported by his smile;
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward:
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

Charles Wesley.

Title: "*For a Believer in Worldly Business.*" From *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ,*

1747. The original contains six stanzas. The last four are omitted. It is based on the Scripture narrative concerning Martha and Mary as found in Luke x. 38–42.

835 L. M. 61.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart!
O could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

Charles Wesley.

"*A Last Wish*" is the title which the author gave to these lines, the last of his poetic utterances. They were written in March, 1788. They were written by the author on his death-bed. He called his wife to him, and she wrote down as he dictated. This fragment is the sweet singer's last song on earth. It was doubtless continued and completed on the other shore. What a noble sentiment with which to close a life that has been consecrated to God!

836 7s.

READY for my earthen bed,
Let me rest my fainting head,
Welcome life's expected close,
Sink in permanent repose.

2 Jesus' blood, to which I fly,
Doth my conscience purify,
Signs my weary soul's release,
Bids me now depart in peace.

3 Thus do I my bed prepare;
O how soft when Christ is there!
Calm I lay my body down,
Rise to an immortal crown.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. It is based on Job xvii. 13: "I have made my bed." The original is in two double stanzas. The third stanza above is composed of the first two and the last two lines of the second stanza of the original. The omitted lines are:

"There my breathless Saviour laid
Turns it to a spicy bed:
Resting in His power to save,
Looking now beyond the grave."

837 S. M.

EQUIP me for the war,
And teach my hands to fight;
My simple, upright heart prepare,
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my every thought;
My whole of sin remove;
Let all my works in thee be wrought,
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!
And let my knowing zeal be joined
With perfect charity.

4 O may I love like thee!
In all thy footsteps tread!
Thou hatest all iniquity,
But nothing thou hast made.

5 O may I learn the art,
With meekness to reprove;
To hate the sin with all my heart,
But still the sinner love.

Charles Wesley.

"*The Lord's Controversy*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love*. 1741. The original contains twenty-six double stanzas. The first above is the second of the original, and loses something of its significance and force by being separated from the first stanza of the original, which is:

1 O ALL-ATONING Lamb,
O Saviour of mankind,
If every soul may in Thy name
With me salvation find;
If thou hast chosen me
To testify Thy grace,
(That vast unfathomable sea
Which covers all our race,)
"Equip me for the war," etc.

The "controversy" in the poet's mind was evidently over the doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation. This long hymn strenuously opposes that doctrine, and strongly sets forth the doctrine of an unlimited atonement in Christ. But the above stanzas, presented alone, make a hymn, not on this subject, but for a minister of the gospel concerning his work.

838 L. M.

JESUS, the weary wand'rer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear:
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill:

Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

3 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh!
So shall each murm'ring thought be gone;
And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

4 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace!"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still!"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

Charles Wesley.

Author's title: "*In Affliction.*" From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. The first and last stanzas of the original hymn are omitted:

1 Eternal Beam of Light Divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love;
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath, and heaven above;

6 O death! where is thy sting? Where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave?
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

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839 C. P. M.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

2 This happiness in part is mine,
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love!
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lightened of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

4 No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness:
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.

5 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise:
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

6 There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

7 I come—thy servant, Lord, replies—
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest!
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

John Wesley.

This hymn has been much admired, and, as a religious lyric, is truly worthy of all the praise it has received. It is one of the few hymns by John Wesley which are entirely original, most of his hymns being translations from the German. The seventh stanza is especially fine and beautiful. It was quoted by the saintly Mrs. Fletcher on her death-bed with telling effect. Two stanzas, inappropriate for congregational singing, have been omitted:

4 I have no sharer of my heart,
To rob my Saviour of a part,
And desecrate the whole:
Only betrothed to Christ am I,
And wait His coming from the sky,
To wed my happy soul.

5 I have no babes to hold me here;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim:
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesus' name.

Putting these stanzas in their proper place, and reading the whole hymn through, one will very naturally, and perhaps justly, conclude that some such experience must have led the author to write this hymn as led Dr. Watts to write the hymn beginning, "How vain are all things here below," and Dr. Muhlenberg to write, "I would not live alway." In less than five years thereafter, however, the author, being then in his forty-eighth year, was married. It was written in 1746, and first published in *Hymns for Those that Seek and Those that Have Redemption in the Blood of Jesus Christ*, London, 1747.

840 8s, 7s. D.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go!
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy great Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest:
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Charles Wesley.

"*For One Departing*" is the title of this in the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

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841 8s, 7s. D.

O THE hour when this material
Shall have vanished as a cloud,
When amid the wide ethereal
All th' invisible shall crowd,—
And the naked soul, surrounded
With realities unknown,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
Feel herself with God *alone!*

2 In that sudden, strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?
Angels, guard the new immortal,
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting-place.

3 Will she, then, with fond emotion,
Aught of human love retain?
Or, absorbed in pure devotion,
Will no earthly trace remain?
Can the grave those ties dissever,
With the very heart-strings twined?
Must she part, and part forever,
With the friends she leaves behind?

4 No: the past she still remembers;
Faith and hope, surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
Which must rise and live anew:
For the widowed, lonely spirit,
Waiting to be clothed afresh,
Longs perfection to inherit,
And to triumph in the flesh.

5 Angels, let the ransomed stranger
In your tender care be blest;
Hoping, trusting, safe from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest—
Till the trump, which shakes creation,
Through the circling heavens shall roll,
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

6 Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O thou merciful All-seeing!
Beam around my spirit there.
Jesus, blessèd Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod:
Thou, the Judge, the Consummator!
Shepherd of the fold of God!

7 Blessèd fold! no foe can enter;
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their center,
And their shield, Omnipotence.
Blessèd! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away;
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.

8 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder;
Louder chorals shake the skies;
Hades' gates are burst asunder;
See! the new-clothed myriads rise.
Thought, repress thy weak endeavor;
Here must reason prostrate fall:
O th' ineffable *forever*,
And th' eternal ALL IN ALL!

Josiah Conder.

It is a very high compliment to this hymn to record that, notwithstanding the fact that it is rarely if ever sung, and was the longest hymn in the old Hymn Book, yet no one on the large Committee of Revision or the Board of Bishops expressed any desire to have it either omitted or abridged in preparing the new book. This hymn is one of three by the author which appeared in Dr. W. B. Collyer's *Collection* in 1812, at which time the author was only 23 years old.

842 7s, 8s, 6s.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath—
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

Alexander Pope.

This favorite ode is a free version of the Emperor Hadrian's *Address to his Soul when Dying*. The original Latin is:

"*Animula vagula, blandula,*
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos."

These lines have been happily rendered thus:

"Thou wandering, pleasant, little breath,
The body's host and guest,
Where now dost thou abide beneath?
So naked, chill, and pale in death;
Without thy wonted jest!"

The Emperor wrote in dim and timid uncertainty; but Pope in a more Christian strain speaks definitely of heaven, and concluded with the Scripture quotation of confident triumph:

"O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?"

In a letter written at the time, the author acknowledges his indebtedness to his classic predecessors. He says: "You have it, as Cowley calls it, just warm from the brain; it came to me the first moment I waked this morning. Yet you'll see it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Hadrian, but also the fine fragment of Sappho."

This "fine fragment" is of great literary interest because of its high antiquity (about 600 B. C.) and because, on account of its poetic excellence, it has been referred to by writers, and has influenced the poets in all ages. It is a most vivid and thrilling description of the overpowering effects of the passion of love. Its proper title is "To the Beloved Fair." Plutarch, Strabo, and Athenæus refer to it, and Longinus in his work on *The Sublime* quotes it. Its influence is seen in Horace's *Ode to Lydia*, and in Virgil's *Æneid*, Book IV.; Catullus has translated it, and Lucretius has imitated it in his Third Book. It has often been translated into English. Pope's second stanza follows the last stanza of Sappho; we give the free and diffuse translation of Sappho by Ambrose Phillips, as given in the *Spectator* for November 15, 1711:

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled;
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sank, and died away.

From Pope's correspondence we learn that on November 7, 1712, he sent a letter to Mr. Steele for insertion in the *Spectator*, on the subject of Hadrian's last words. This letter contains a translation, in two four-line verses, of those words. The verses begin: "Ah fleeting spirit! wandering fire," etc. They are very inferior to the piece, "Vital spark," etc., but contain the germ of it. On December 4 of the same year Steele wrote to Pope, asking him to make of those words an ode in two or three stanzas for music. He replied immediately, saying that he had done as required, and sent the piece above, "Vital spark," etc., as the result.

SUPPLEMENT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

843 C. M. D.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all the day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

Horatius Bonar.

This is from the author's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857. No change from the original except in last line: "Till *all my journey's* done" for "Till *traveling days are* done." Author's title: "*The Voice from Galilee.*"

844

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!"

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

This hymn first appeared in the *Family Treasury*, edited by Dr. Arnot. It was reprinted in the *Christian Age* of London, in the columns of which Mr. Ira D. Sankey first saw it. The tune to which it is always sung suggested itself to his mind during a religious service where the subject for meditation and discussion was "The Good Shepherd," and he sang it at a gospel meeting in the Free Assembly Hall at Edinburgh, May 16, 1874, before he had as yet written the tune down. Perhaps no hymn sung by Mr. Sankey in his evangelistic meetings, held in connection with Mr. Moody, ever moved popular audiences more powerfully than did this for several years after he first began singing it; nor will it likely ever lose its effectiveness as long as there are "lost sheep of the house of Israel" to hear it sung.

845

SAY, where is thy refuge, my brother,
And what is thy prospect to-day?
Why toil for the wealth that will perish,
The treasures that rust and decay?
O think of thy soul, that forever
Must live on eternity's shore,
When thou in the dust art forgotten,
When pleasures can charm thee no more.

Refrain.

'Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful the cost,
To gain the whole world, if thy soul should be lost!

2 The Master is calling thee, brother,
In tones of compassion and love,
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon,
And lay up thy treasure above:
O kneel at the cross where he suffered,
To ransom thy soul from the grave;
The arm of his mercy will hold thee,
The arm that is mighty to save.

3 The summer is waning, my brother,
Repent, ere the season is past:
God's goodness to thee is extended,
As long as the day-beam shall last;
Then slight not the warning repeated
With all the bright moments that roll,
Nor say, when the harvest is ended,
That no one hath cared for thy soul.

Fanny J. Crosby.

This is one of the "Gospel Hymns." It is based on Matthew xvi. 26: "What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

846

JESUS, gracious One, calleth now to thee,
"Come, O sinner, come!"
Calls so tenderly, calls so lovingly,
"*Now*, O sinner, come."
Words of peace and blessing,
Christ's own love confessing.

Refrain.

Hear the sweet voice of Jesus,
Full, full of love;
Calling tenderly, calling lovingly,
"Come, O sinner, come."

2 Still he waits for thee, pleading patiently,
"Come, O come to me!"
"Heavy-laden one, I thy grief have borne,
Come and rest in me."
Words with love o'erflowing,
Life and bliss bestowing.

3 Weary, sin-sick soul, called so graciously,
Canst thou dare refuse?
Mercy offered thee, freely, tenderly,
Wilt thou still abuse?
Come, for time is flying,
Haste, thy lamp is dying.

Mrs. S. A. Collins.

One of the "Gospel Hymns," based on Isaiah xlii. 6: "I the Lord have called thee."

847

ARE you staying, safely staying,
In the tender Shepherd's peaceful fold?
No, I'm straying, sadly straying,
On the lonely mountains, dark and cold.

Refrain.

On your ear his loving tones are falling,
For he seeks you, wheresoe'er you roam;
Hear him calling, sweetly calling,
As he bids his wandering sheep come home.

2 Are you hearing, gladly hearing,
How he bids his folded flock rejoice?
No, I'm fearing, sadly fearing—
I have followed far the stranger's voice.

3 Are you roaming, longer roaming,
In the cold, dark night of doubt and sin?
No, I'm coming, quickly coming!
Open door, make haste to let me in!

Mary B. C. Slade.

This hymn has been erroneously attributed to Rev. J. H. Martin. It was written by Mrs. Slade in response to a request by Prof. R. M. McIntosh that she prepare for him a hymn on the parable of the lost sheep. "Hear Him Calling" is the title under which this hymn was published.

848

THE mistakes of my life have been many,
But the sins of my heart have been more;
And I scarcely can see for my weeping,
But I'll knock at the open door.

Refrain.

I know I am sinful and unworthy,
And now I feel it more and more,
But Jesus invites me to come in, come in;
I will enter the open door.

2 I am lowest of those who would love him;
I am weakest of those who would pray;
But I come to him as he has bidden,
And I know he'll not say me nay.

3 My mistakes his free grace now will cover,
And my sins he will wash all away;
And the feet that now stumble and falter,
Soon may enter the gate of day.

4 The mistakes of my life have been many,
And my spirit is weary with sin;
Though I scarcely can see for my weeping,
Yet the Saviour will let me in.

Urania Locke Bailey.

This is one of the most beautiful and effective of the modern hymns of its class. It is based on Rev. iii. 8: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door."

849

L. M. 61.

MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace:
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

Edward Mote.

From the author's *Hymns of Praise*, 1836, where it bears the title, "*The Immutable Basis of a Sinner's Hope.*" The hymn has been considerably altered from the original, which contained six stanzas.

850

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me,
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me,
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou 'rt calling, O call me,
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless:—
Magnify them all in me,
Even me.

6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, O bless me,
Even me.

Elizabeth Codner.

One stanza is omitted:

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
O! forgive, and rescue me,
Even me.

This hymn was written in 1860, and published as a leaflet in 1861. It has attained such widespread popularity and usefulness and is so serviceable in revival meetings that we give in full the author's account of its origin: "A party of young friends over whom I was watching with anxious hope attended a meeting in which details were given of a revival work in Ireland. They came back greatly impressed. My fear was lest they should be satisfied to let their own fleece remain dry; and I pressed upon them the privilege and responsibility of getting a share in the outpoured blessing. On the Sunday following, not being well enough to get out, I had a time of quiet communion. Those children were still on my heart, and I longed to press upon them an earnest individual appeal. Without effort, words seemed to be given to me, and they took the form of a hymn. I had no thought of sending it beyond the limits of my own circle, but, passing it on to one and another, it became a word of power, and I then published it as a leaflet. Of its future history, I can only say, the Lord took it quite out of my own hands. It was read from pulpits, circulated by tens of thousands, and blessed in a remarkable degree. Every now and then some sweet token was sent to cheer me in a somewhat isolated life, of its influence upon souls. Now it would be tidings from afar of a young officer dying in India, and sending home his Bible with the hymn pasted on the fly-leaf, as the precious memorial of that which brought him to the Lord. Then came the story of a poor outcast gathered into the fold by the same means. Then came to me a letter given me by Mr. E. P. Hammond, which he had received, and in which were the words, 'Thank you for singing that hymn "Even Me;" for it was the singing of that hymn that saved me. I was a lost woman, a wicked mother. I have stolen, and lied, and been so bad to my dear innocent children. Friendless, I attended your inquiry meeting, but no one came to me because of the crowd. But on Saturday afternoon, at the First Presbyterian Church, when they all sang that hymn together, those beautiful words, "Let some drops now fall on me," and also those, "Blessing others, O bless me," it seemed to reach my very soul. I thought Jesus can accept me—"even me," and it brought me to his feet, and I feel the burden of sin removed. Can you wonder that I love those words, and I love to hear them sung?'

"The original rendering has in a variety of instances been departed from; to some alterations I have consented, but always prefer that the words remain unchanged from the form in which at first God so richly blessed them. The point of the hymn, in its close individual application, is in the *Even me* at the end of the verse. I thankfully commit them to whoever desires to use them in the services of our blessed Master."

The singing leader in an American Sunday-school was a man of skeptical tendencies—moral and upright, though far from being a Christian. One Sunday this hymn was commenced as usual, but when the leader came to the passage

"Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to thee,"

his voice quivered, his frame shook, and in anguish he cried out, "Pray for me." It was a scene of thrilling interest, and earnest prayers then went up from teachers and scholars, that he who had so long sung the sweet songs of Zion without feeling their power might now sing with the spirit and the understanding. He was happily converted, and is now a faithful Christian.

851

I NEED thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

Refrain.

I need thee, O I need thee;
Every hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to thee.

2 I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son!

Annie Sherwood Hawks.

Rev. Robert Lowry, author of the popular tune to which this hymn is commonly sung, says in a letter to Rev. C. S. Nutter, author of *Hymn Studies:* "'I Need Thee Every Hour' was written by Mrs. Annie S. Hawks, in 1872, in Brooklyn, N. Y. I believe it was the expression of her own experience. It came to me in the form of five simple stanzas, to which I added the chorus to make it more serviceable. It inspired me at its first reading. It first appeared in a small collection of original songs prepared for the National Baptist Sunday-school Association, held in Cincinnati, in November, 1872, and was sung on that occasion."

852

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Refrain.

Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit;
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?

Fanny J. Crosby.

One of the most popular of the "Gospel Hymns," and perhaps the favorite of Fanny Crosby's numerous songs.

853

THERE is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

Refrain.

O depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me?
Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.

3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love him more in heaven.

Lydia Baxter.

On the last night of 1873 Maggie Lindsay of Aberdeen, Scotland, was happily converted at the great Moody and Sankey revival at Edinburgh. It was the singing of this hymn that had most powerfully impressed her and influenced her to come to Christ. On January 27, 1874, she spent her last evening in Edinburgh with her governess and sister, and on returning from the meeting the latter said to her, "Maggie, I am to give you a text on leaving us; it is one of the words of Jesus, 'Lo, I am with you alway.'" The next morning she took the train for Aberdeen. A fearful railroad collision took place. Maggie was left for several hours lying on the bank. She was at last taken up on a stretcher, and removed to a cottage near by. It was supposed she was reading her much-loved hymn, as the leaf was turned down at the words, "The gate ajar for me," and the pages of the book were stained with her own heart's blood. Lying on that stretcher, with both limbs broken, a fractured skull, and other internal injuries, she could yet *sing with bleeding lips* the hymn:—

"There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.
O depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?"

"For *me!* for *me!* for *me!*" she sang plaintively, to the uncontrollable emotion of those who were beside her.

Amid all her sufferings she never murmured. Her chief concern was for the effect which the sight of her poor scarred face would have on her mother, who could not reach her before seven in the evening. She was twelve hours alone among strangers; "alone—yet not alone," she said, "for Jesus is here! He has been with me *alway*. He has kept his word."

At last, unable to utter another word, whenever a hymn was sung there was a gurgling sound in her throat, as if she was trying to join in the song of praise.

Mr. Sankey, writing of her, says: "I am persuaded that already the story of her patient suffering and triumphant death has been the means under God of bringing some to the feet of Jesus; and that the sweet testimony which she bore, even while her feet were passing through the cold waters of Jordan, 'Jesus has kept his word' will cheer many a pilgrim on the way to that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

Beyond the river's brink I'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

---

854 S. M. D.

I WAS a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole:
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled,
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home!

Horatius Bonar.

The author's title in his *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1st series, 1857, is "*Lost but Found.*" One stanza, the third, of the original has been omitted:

3 They spoke in tender love;
They raised their drooping head:
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.
They washed my filth away;
They made me clean and fair:
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer!

The third, fifth, seventh, and eighth lines of the second stanza begin with the word "*They*" instead of "He."

The last stanza has suffered at the hand of revisers. It originally read:

I *was* a wandering sheep,
I *would not* be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, *I love the* fold!
I was a wayward child;
I *once preferred* to roam,
But now I love my Father's voice,—
I love, I love his home.

The following incident is narrated by Long in his *History of the Hymns:* "During a revival in a female seminary in Massachusetts, many of the pupils had shown the natural 'enmity' of the 'carnal mind' to spiritual things. Helen B—— was among those who noticed the Spirit's work only by a curling lip and a scornful laugh.

"It seemed in vain to talk with her, or seek to induce her to attend a prayer-meeting. Christians could do nothing more than to pray for her.

"One evening, however, as a praying band had gathered, the door opened, and Helen B—— entered. Her eyes were downcast, and her face was calm and very pale. There was something in her look which told of an inward struggle. She took her seat silently, and the exercises of the meeting proceeded. A few lines were sung, two or three prayers offered, and then, as was their custom, each repeated a few verses of some favorite hymn. One followed another in succession, until it came to the turn of the new-comer. There was a pause, and a

perfect silence, and then, without lifting her eyes from the floor, she commenced,

'I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold.'

"Her voice was low, but distinct, and every word, as she uttered it, thrilled the hearts of the listeners. She repeated one stanza after another of that beautiful hymn of Bonar, and not an eye save her own was dry, as, with sweet emphasis, she pronounced the last lines:

'No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice—
I love, I love his home.'

"That single hymn told all. The wandering sheep, the proud and wayward child, had returned."

---

855 S. M. D.

"ALL things are ready," come,
Come to the supper spread;
Come, rich and poor, come, old and young,
Come, and be richly fed.
"All things are ready," come,
The invitation's given,
Through him who now in glory sits
At God's right hand in heaven.

2 "All things are ready," come,
The door is open wide;
O feast upon the love of God,
For Christ, his Son, has died.
"All things are ready," come,
To-morrow may not be;
O sinner, come, the Saviour waits
This hour to welcome thee.

Albert Midlane.

From the author's *Gospel Echoes; or, Help to the Heralds of Salvation*, 1865. One verse of the original has been omitted:

4 "All things are ready," come.
All hind'rance is removed;
And God, in Christ, his precious love
To fallen man has proved.

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856 7s, 6s.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul.

Refrain.

There's a balm in Gilead
To make the wounded whole;
There's power enough in Jesus
To cure a sin-sick soul.

2 Next door to death he found me,
And snatched me from the grave,
To tell to all around me
His wondrous power to save.

3 The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.

4 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
And madness, all combined;
And none but a believer
The least relief can find.

5 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.

6 Come, then, to this Physician;
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition;
'Tis only—look and live!

John Newton

This hymn on "*The Great Physician*" was written by Newton to celebrate his conversion. He had been one of the worst of sinners. It is based on Isa. xlv. 22: "Look unto me, and be ye saved." Also on Jer. viii. 22: "Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" Two stanzas are omitted:

3 From men, great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

4 At length, this great Physician—
How matchless is His grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view Him—
For sin my sight had sealed—
Then bade me look unto him;
I looked, and I was healed.

857

LORD Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe:
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Refrain.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies,
And help me to make a complete sacrifice;
I give up myself, and whatever I know:
O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessèd Lord, at thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing; I see thy blood flow:
O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st No:
O wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

James Nicholson.

This beautiful consecration hymn is based on Ps. li. 7: "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

858

I HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee:
For cleansing in thy precious blood,
That flowed on Calvary.

Refrain.

I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless, all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms,
The blessèd work within,
By adding grace, to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.

Lewis Hartsough.

This seems to be the most popular of the author's hymns. It was first published in *Hallowed Songs*. It is based on Matt. xi. 28: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

859

I WAS once far away from the Saviour,
And as vile as a sinner could be;
I wondered if Christ the Redeemer
Could save a poor sinner like me.

2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see,
And the thought filled my heart with sadness,
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

3 And then, in that dark, lonely hour,
A voice whispered sweetly to me,
Saying, Christ the Redeemer has power,
To save a poor sinner like me.

4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And O what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

Charles J. Butler.

The experience of a soul in passing from darkness to light is very well told in this hymn.

860

BLESSÈD assurance, Jesus is mine!
O what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

Refrain.

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,
Angels descending, bring from above,
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Fanny Crosby has perhaps written a larger number of hymns such as this than any living female writer. Considering how large this number is (perhaps three thousand), her hymns are meritorious and worthy of the popularity they enjoy.

861

L. M.

HE leadeth me! O blessèd thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Refrain.

He leadeth me, leadeth me;
He leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes, mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes, where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

Joseph Henry Gilmore.

This popular hymn was written at the close of a lecture on the twenty-third Psalm delivered in the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia.

A gentleman stepped into his house, and threw himself down to rest. The past was dark and cheerless, the future naught but gloom. His very soul wrung in agony, for the face of God was hidden, and there seemed nothing reserved for him but blank despair. In an adjoining room his little girl was playing, not knowing her father was near. Soon in sweetest tones these words broke on his ear:

> He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
> O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
> Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
> Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

The words arrested his attention, and his eyes suffused with tears as the song proceeded:

> Sometimes, mid scenes of darkest gloom,
> Sometimes, where Eden's bowers bloom—
> By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
> Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

It was enough; the clouds broke, the light of heaven shone in, and peace flowed upon his soul like a river. Through that little child he had learned the lesson of trust. Surely she was God's angel of peace!—*N. Y. Advocate.*

862

MASTER, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh;
"Carest thou not that we perish?"
How canst thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threat'ning
A grave in the angry deep?

Refrain.

"The winds and the waves shall obey my will,
Peace, be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
No water can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies;
They all shall sweetly obey my will;
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!"

2 Master, with anguish of spirit,
I bow in my grief to-day;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
O waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
And I perish! I perish, dear Master!
O hasten, and take control!

3 Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast:
Linger, O blessèd Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,
And rest on the blissful shore.

Mary A. Baker.

This beautiful hymn is based on Mark iv. 37-39: "And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full. And he was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow: and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish? And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm."

The occasion of the writing of this hymn was as follows: The authoress had a favorite invalid brother whom she had tenderly cared for. He was sent to the distant South in hope of curing his disease, consumption, but he grew worse and finally died. Circumstances prevented the affectionate sister from going to him. Out of the bitterness of her sorrow came this beautiful and tender hymn. The tune is happily in every way adapted to its sentiments.

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863 6s, 4s, 6s.

FADE, fade, each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine;
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine;
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine;
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine;
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine;
Lost in this dawning bright,
Jesus is mine;
All that my soul has tried
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine;
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

Jane Catherine Bonar.

This hymn was "inserted by special permission" in Wilson's *Service of Praise* (London, 1867), and is there accredited to Mrs. Horatius Bonar, whose maiden name was Jane Catherine Lundie.

864

I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

Refrain.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee;
Blest Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

William McDonald.

In a letter to the author, dated Monrovia, Cal., Jan. 31, 1889, the writer of this hymn says: "The hymn was written in 1870, in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., while I was pastor in that city. I had felt the need of a hymn to aid seekers of heart purity while at the altar. I desired something, simple in expression, true to experience, and ending in the fullness of love. The *tune* composed by Mr. Fischer, with the first two lines of the *chorus*, I had seen, and was much pleased with their simplicity. And as I was sitting in my study one day, the line of thought came rushing into my mind, and I began to write, and in a few moments the hymn was on paper. It was first sung at a National Camp-meeting, held at Hamilton, Mass., June 22, 1870. It has been translated into many languages, and sung all round the globe."

865

IN some way or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way;
And yet, in *his own* way,
"The Lord will provide."

2 At some time or other
The Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time;
And yet, in *his own* time,
"The Lord will provide."

3 Despond then no longer:
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on then right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook.

Of the origin of this valuable hymn on divine providence we have no information.

866

JESUS, keep me near the cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all, a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

Refrain.

In the cross, in the cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

Fanny J. Crosby.

This is one of the "Gospel Hymns."

867

O SOMETIMES the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul.

Refrain.

O then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

2 O sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;

But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessèd shadow, how sweet!

3 O near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

E. Johnson.

This is one of the most popular of modern hymns. Words and tune seem well adapted to each other, and have helped to comfort many a sad heart. It is based on Ps. lxi. 2: "When my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

868

SWEETLY, Lord, have we heard thee calling,
Come, follow me!
And we see where thy foot-prints falling,
Lead us to thee.

Refrain.

Foot-prints of Jesus, that make the pathway glow;
We will follow the steps of Jesus where'er they go.

2 Though they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains,
Seeking his sheep;
Or along by Siloam's fountains,
Helping the weak.

3 If they lead through the temple holy,
Preaching the word;
Or in homes of the poor and lowly,
Serving the Lord.

4 Though, dear Lord, in thy pathway keeping,
We follow thee;
Through the gloom of that place of weeping,
Gethsemane!

5 If thy way and its sorrows bearing,
We go again,
Up the slope of the hill-side, bearing
Our cross of pain.

6 By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,
We shall walk with the glad immortals
Heaven's golden street.

7 Then at last, when on high he sees us,
Our journey done,
We will rest where the steps of Jesus
End at his throne.

Mary B. C. Slade.

This is a hymn which, without any excellence in its poetry, has gained widespread popularity.

869

WE praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

Refrain.

Hallelujah! thine the glory,
Hallelujah! Amen.
Hallelujah! thine the glory,
Revive us again.

2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

William Paton Mackay.

This hymn was written in 1866. It is based on Hab. iii. 2: "O Lord, revive thy work."

870

MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hastened at the early dawn,
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For awhile she ling'ring stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,

Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice;
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

John Newton.

"*Weeping Mary*" is the title of this in the author's *Olney Hymns*, 1779. It is based on the narrative found in John xx. 11-16.

871

WHAT wondrous love is this,
O my soul!
That caused the Lord of bliss
To send this precious peace
To my soul!

2 When I was sinking down,
Sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown,
For my soul.

3 Ye winged seraphs, fly,
Bear the news:
Like comets through the sky,
Fill vast eternity
With the news.

4 Ye friends of Zion's King,
Join the praise:
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each tuneful string,
In his praise.

5 To God, and to the Lamb,
I will sing:
Who is the great I AM,
While millions join the theme,
I will sing.

6 And when from death I'm free,
I'll sing on:
I'll sing and joyful be,
And through eternity
I'll sing on.

Author Unknown.

This hymn was often sung with telling effect in the days of our fathers. It will recall many recollections and associations to the older ministers and members of our Church.

872

THOU my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with thee.

Refrain.

Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee;
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with thee.

2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Not for fame my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.

Refrain.

Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with thee.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

Refrain.

Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee;
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

This hymn on "walking with God" is one of the "Gospel Hymns," and is based on Ps. lxxiii. 28: "It is good for me to draw near to God."

873

I AM thine, O Lord; I have heard thy voice,
And it told thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to thee.

Refrain.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
To the cross where thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
To thy precious bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in thine.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I can not know
Till I cross the narrow sea;
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

This was written in 1875. It is one of the "Gospel Hymns," based on Heb. x. 22: "Let us draw near with a true heart."

874

WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven.

This hymn fills a needed place, and embodies a devotional sentiment not found in any other hymn. It is justly one of the most popular of modern hymns in social meetings. It is a sermon in a song. Its simplicity is its strength. It has been erroneously attributed to Dr. Horatius Bonar, but the above authorship is the correct one.

875

I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

Refrain.

I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story;
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.

And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be—the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

Kate Hankey.

This hymn on "*The old, old Story*" is justly a great favorite in Sunday-school, Revival, and Social meetings.

876

TAKE the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it, then, where'er you go.

Refrain.

Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

Lydia Baxter.

The author of this hymn was an invalid confined to her room for many years, during which she exhibited not only a sweet spirit of resignation, but a Christian cheerfulness and joy not often seen even among those who are never called on to suffer. The secret of this constant cheerfulness and sunshine of spirit is revealed in the sentiment contained in the above hymn.

877

BY faith I view my Saviour dying
On the tree, on the tree;
To every nation he is crying,
Look to me, look to me.
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear;
Hark, hark, what precious words I hear:
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2 Jesus, the Lord of life, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free:
Soon as I in his name believed,
His pard'ning grace my soul received,
And was from sin and death retrieved:
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 This precious truth, ye sinners hear it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
Ye ministers of God declare it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free:
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free,
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

Richard Jukes.

This is one of the "old hymns" revised. It was very popular many years ago.

878

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to thee,
Let thy precious blood applied,
Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

Refrain.

Every day, every hour,
Let me feel thy cleansing power;
May thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to thee.

2 Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

Fanny J. Crosby.

One of the most popular of the "Gospel Hymns."

879 11s.

MY home is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials appear?
Be hushed, my dark spirit, the worst that can come,
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.

Refrain.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for heaven, my home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled;
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not recline upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them forever on Jesus's breast.

4 Afflictions may try me—they cannot destroy;
One vision of home turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears that flow from mine eyes
But sweeten my hope of that home in the skies.

5 Let trouble and danger my progress oppose,
They can only make heaven more bright at the close;
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One moment in glory will make up for all.

Author Unknown.

We have no information concerning the origin or authorship of this hymn.

880

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

Refrain.

For O we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says "Come," and there's our home,
Forever, O forever!

David Nelson.

This hymn was improvised in 1835 to be sung to the tune of "Lord Ullin's Daughter," of which Mr. Root's tune is only a variation.

In his later efforts at preaching Dr. Nelson was subject to slight epileptic attacks, when for a few minutes his thoughts would leave him and he would become bewildered. When he had recovered he would go on with his discourse. He seemed like one looking eagerly at the shining shore beyond the river as he stood beckoning to his hearers to come and take a view of that delightful land to him so near. It was while in the inspiration of this faith and hope that he composed this beautiful hymn "Shining Shore," now so often sung. He had none of the riches of this world to bind him here. But he cared not, for he *knew* there was a mansion for him beyond. It was a privilege to visit him in his last hours of sickness and behold his face as it lighted up with a heavenly glow when that hymn was sung:

"My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly
Those hours of toil and danger."

And then to see him join in the chorus:

"For O we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

"Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home
Forever, O forever!"

If the unselfish life, the unwavering faith and the writings of such a man as Dr. Nelson, who was once an infidel, do not convince others of the reality of pure religion, such a death ought to remove every remaining doubt.

881

O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessèd Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me not give o'er;
And, if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Shall ever with him live.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu:
Then, O my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
O cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray:
Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And, when the combat's ended,
You'll reign with him above.

John Leland.

Many years ago this hymn was a great favorite among our people.

882

WE speak of the land of the blest,
A country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?

Refrain.

To be there, to be there,
O what must it be to be there?
To be there, to be there,
O what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessèd above,
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?

5 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
Then shortly we also shall *know*,
And *feel* what it is to be there?

Elizabeth Mills.

The author of this hymn died when only twenty-four years of age. She wrote the above hymn only a few weeks before she died. It was suggested to her mind by the remark of a friend, "We speak of heaven, but O to be there!"

883

WE'RE traveling home to heaven above,
Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God;
And millions more are on the road,
Will you go?

2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conq'ror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
Will you go?

3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go?
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go?

4 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go?
The Lord is waiting to receive,
If thou wilt on him now believe,
Thy troubled conscience he'll relieve,
Come, believe.

5 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again,
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt my salvation see,
Come to me."

6 O could I hear some sinner say,
"I will go,
I'll start this moment on my way,
Let me go!
My old companions, fare you well,
I will not go with you to hell,
With Jesus Christ I mean to dwell,
Let me go! fare you well!"

Richard Jukes.

This hymn was sung in the days of our fathers with telling effect. Three stanzas are omitted·

2 We're going to walk the plains of light,
Will you go?
Where perfect day excludes the night:
Will you go?
Our sun will there no more go down,
In that blest world of great renown,
Our days of mourning past and gone.
Will you go?

4 We're going where tears will never flow,
Will you go?
And sorrow we no more shall know;
Will you go?
There, there the saints shall die no more,
But live with Christ in heaven secure,
Their God and Saviour to adore,
Will you go?

6 The way to heaven is free for all,
Will you go?
For Jew and Gentile, great and small,
Will you go?
Make up your mind, give God your heart,
With every sin and idol part,
And now for glory make a start.
Will you go?

884

I AM far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aften-whiles,
For the langed for hame-bringin', an' my Father's welcome smiles;
I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see
The gowden gates of heav'n an' my ain countrie.
The earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mony tinted fresh and gay;
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countrie.

2 I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King,
To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring;
Wi' een, an' wi' hearts running owre we shall see
The King in his beauty, in our ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, and my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
For his bluid hath made me white, and his hand shall dry mine e'e,
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

3 Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast,
For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' he carries them himsel', to his ain countrie.

He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.

4 So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we may a' gang in gladness to our ain countrie.
I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langed for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles;
I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see
The gowden gates of heaven, an' my ain countrie.

Mary Lee Demarest.

"*My Ain Countrie*" is the author's title to this beautiful hymn, which expresses so plaintively the longing of a weary soul for heaven. It was written at Croton Falls, N. Y., one Sabbath evening in 1860, and was first published in the N. Y. *Observer* in December, 1861.

885

TOGETHER let us sweetly live,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
Together let us sweetly die,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

Refrain.

O Canaan, bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan, it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2 If you get there before I do,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

3 Part of my friends the prize have won,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
And I'm resolved to follow on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

4 Then come with me, beloved friend,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
The joys of heaven shall never end,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

5 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
While higher still our joys shall rise,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

John Newland Maffit.

This hymn, which has not much claim to poetry, was doubtless suggested by the closing stanza of Charles Wesley's hymn beginning "Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep:"

"Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky."

886

8s, 7s.

ONLY waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the light of earth is faded
From the hearts once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
These last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then, from out the gathered darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,

By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Frances Laughton Mace.

This hymn was first published in the Waterville (Maine) *Mail*, Sept. 7, 1854, by "Inez," under which *nom de plume* the author, then but a school-girl, made several contributions to this paper. The poem was suggested to the author by hearing a poor old man in an almshouse say, in reply to a question as to what he was doing, "Only waiting." The author writes: "Nothing was further from my thoughts, when I sent these simple lines to the *Waterville Mail*, than that they would ever receive more than a passing notice of the readers of that paper."

Besides several alterations one stanza has been omitted:

3 Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered
Weary, poor, and desolate;
Even now I hear their footsteps,
And their voices far away,
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

887

6s, 5s.

WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

Alaric Alexander Watts, Samuel Francis Smith.

Only the first of the above stanzas is by Watts, being taken from an irregular poem in his *Poetical Sketches*, 1822. The other verses were composed by S. F. Smith at the request of Lowel Mason, who gave him the first stanza and asked him to write three others of the same meter.

888

JOYFULLY, joyfully onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as we come,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."
Soon with our pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits we go:
Pilgrims and strangers no more shall we roam,
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before,
Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer us through death's chilling gloom,
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear,
Harps of the blessèd, your voices we hear;
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,—
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home."

3 Death with his weapon may soon lay us low,
Safe in our Saviour, we fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully will we go home:
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be conquered, his scepter be gone;
Over the plains of blest Canaan we'll roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, with Christ at home.

William Hunter.

This probably first appeared in the author's *Select Melodies*, Pittsburg, 1838.

889

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

Refrain.

Love, rest, and home!
Sweet, sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.

3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.

4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.

Horatius Bonar.

"A Little While" is the author's title to this hymn as it appeared in the first series of his *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1867. Two stanzas of the original are omitted:—

3 Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.

4 Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.

890

UP to the bountiful Giver of life,—
Gathering home! gathering home!
Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife,
The dear ones are gathering home.

Refrain.

Gathering home! gathering home!
Never to sorrow more, never to roam,
Gathering home! gathering home!
God's children are gathering home.

2 Up to the city where falleth no night,—
Gathering home! gathering home!
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light,
The dear ones are gathering home.

3 Up to the beautiful mansions above,—
Gathering home! gathering home!
Safe in the arms of his infinite love,
The dear ones are gathering home.

Mariana B. Slade.

This hymn has been accredited to Mary B. C. Slade, the mother of Miss Mariana; but Prof. McIntosh, for whom it was written, informs us that it was written by the daughter at the mother's request. It is a sweet, tender, beautiful song, especially appropriate on funeral occasions. The author was living in Brooklyn, N. Y. when she wrote this hymn She has since married.

891

HARK! a voice from Eden stealing,
Such as but to angels known;
Hope its song of cheer is singing,
"It is better further on."

Refrain.

It is better further on,
It is better further on,
It is better further on,
It is better further on.

2 Hope is singing, still is singing,
Softly in an under-tone;
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better further on."

3 Night and day it sings the same song;
Sings it when I sit alone;
Sings it so the heart may hear it,
"It is better further on."

4 On the grave it sits and sings it,
Sings it when the heart would groan;
Sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better further on."

5 Further on! O how much further?
Count the mile-stones one by one;
No, no counting—only trusting,
"It is better further on."

James Nicholson.

We have no information concerning the origin and authorship of this very fine hymn. We have seen it accredited to James Nicholson, and we so give it here; but we think this authorship more than doubtful. The following extract from "Springdale Abbey; or, Extracts from the Diaries and Letters of an English Preacher" (1869), is followed by the quotation of this hymn:

"There is certainly great truth in Pope's expression 'Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest.' Am I not myself an illustration of this truth? How often do I hope for that long, bright, calm day when there shall be no weight on my brain, and no aching in my heart! In my day-dreams don't I see a neat cottage home somewhere in a flowery dell, or on a high hill-side, shaded with foliage that is green forever, and overlooking landscapes on which the sun shines as if he could not go away? How much peace and cheerfulness and love I shall enjoy some day! No wolf at the door; no storm battering on the roof; no shadow broadening on the hearth! All this is to be on the yet unrealized morrow. And how this hope draws one along! We would die in this cold, bleak winter, if this hope did not sing of the summer that is to be."

892

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band;
Singing, "Glory, glory, glory be to God on high."

2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,—
How came those children there?
Singing, "Glory, glory, glory be to God on high."

3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin,
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing, "Glory, glory, glory be to God on high."

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb;
Singing, "Glory, glory, glory be to God on high."

Anne Shepherd Houlditch.

This hymn is very popular with children. One stanza is omitted:

2 In the flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade;
Singing, "Glory, glory, glory be to God on high."

893

7s.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live,
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys shall be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

Mary Masters.

"*Short Ejaculation*" is the title of this piece in the author's *Familiar Letters and Poems upon Several Occasions*, 1755, where it has only six lines. The last two lines have been added by another hand to extend the piece to two stanzas.

894

MY latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

Refrain.

O come, angel band!
Come, and around me stand!
O bear me away on your snowy wings,
To my immortal home.

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings:
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O bear my longing heart to him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

Jefferson Hascall.

This was written in 1861 "in fifteen minutes." It was a great favorite with Bishop Marvin and Dr. A. L. P. Green.

895

MY heavenly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

Refrain.

I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot, to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

William Hunter.

This was first published in the author's *Select Melodies*, 1838; but he revised it for the M. E. Hymnal of 1877, from which the above is taken. One stanza is omitted:

3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

"On January 10, 1860, the Pemberton Mill, a large cotton factory at Lawrence, Mass., suddenly fell in ruins, burying the operatives in the *debris*. Some were rescued alive; others would have been, but a broken lantern set the ruins on fire, and the rescuers were driven from their work. As they turned away, it is said that they distinctly heard some imprisoned girls, who had been brought up in Sunday-school, singing this hymn:

"'I'm going home to die no more.'"

896

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there

Refrain.

In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

The following is the author's account of the origin of this popular hymn:

"The story of the origin of the hymn, 'The Sweet By and By,' is a short one and soon told. From 1861 to 1871 I resided in Elkhart, Wis., where I kept an apothecary store. And during that period was associated with Joseph P. Webster, a music teacher, in the production of musical works, I composing the words, and he the music. Our first publication was the 'Signet Ring,' our second 'The Beatitudes,' our third 'The Sunday-school Cantata,' and our fourth and last 'The Great Rebellion.' It was in the fall of 1874, when we were at work on 'The Signet Ring,' that we composed 'The Sweet By and By.' It was composed for that work, and published first in it. And this was the way we happened to compose it. Webster was an extremely sensitive and melancholy man, and very prone to think that others had slighted him. He was always imagining that some old friend had spoken to him coolly, and then dropping into bottomless despondency about it, until some casual meeting afterward dispelled the illusion. After awhile I understood this weakness so well that I knew how to take it, and it gave me no trouble at all. On the contrary, I used to aid him in getting over those spells, generally by putting him to work, which, I learned by experi-

ence, was sure to relieve him. So one day in the fall of 1874—I could give you the day if I had the copyright here—I was standing at my desk in my drug-store writing up my books, when in came Webster, looking uncommonly blue. I knew at a glance what ailed him, but said to him, pleasantly, 'Webster, what is the matter with you?' 'Ah,' he said, 'nothing much. It will be all right by and by.' 'That is so,' I said; 'and what is the reason that wouldn't be a good subject for a song—By and by?' With that I snatched up a piece of paper and went to writing, and within fifteen minutes I handed him the paper with these words written on it:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we may see it afar,
And the Father stands over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

"We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

"To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise;
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

"'There,' I said 'write a tune for that.' Webster looked it over, and then turned to a man named Bright, in the store, and said: 'Hand me my fiddle over the counter, please.' The fiddle was passed to him, and he went to work at once to make a tune. And I hardly think it was more than thirty minutes from the time when he came into the store that he and I were singing together the words and music just as you see them here, on the ninetieth page of 'The Signet Ring.' We liked them very much, and were singing our song, off and on, the rest of the day. Toward evening Uncle Crosby, as we used to call him, my wife's uncle, came into the store, and we sang it to him. He was deeply affected by it, and when it was ended the spirit of propheey came over him, and he said, 'That piece is immortal.' And he was right."

897

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 O that home of the soul! in my visions and dreams
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

4 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again!

Ellen Huntington Gates.

We have no information concerning the origin of this popular hymn.

898

I'M a pilgrim and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing.

Refrain.

I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 Of that city, to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.

3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
O my longing heart, my longing heart is there;
Here in this country, so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered, forlorn and weary.

Mary Palmer Dana.

This was written in 1841. The author was then Mrs. Dana, though she has since become Mrs. Shindler. She has published several volumes.

899

SAY, brothers, will you meet us,
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
Say, brothers, will you meet us,
On Canaan's happy shore?

Refrain.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Forever, evermore!

2 By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where parting is no more.

3 Jesus lives and reigns forever,
Jesus lives and reigns forever,
Jesus lives and reigns forever,
On Canaan's happy shore.

Author Unknown.

This hymn was very popular at revivals many years ago. It will recall to many an old Methodist incidents of his early days, when people sung more with the spirit than with the understanding.

900

I SAW a wayworn trav'ler
In tattered garments clad,
And, struggling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad;
His back was laden heavy,
His strength was almost gone,
Yet he shouted as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come."

Refrain.

Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory I shall wear.

2 The summer sun was shining,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow:
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come."

3 The songsters in the arbor
That stood beside the way
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay:
His watch-word being "Onward!"
He stopped his ears and ran,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come."

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below:
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, "Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!"

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er that narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
"Deliverance has come!"

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, "Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore."
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, "Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!"

John B. Matthias.

This is a vivid picture of a wayworn pilgrim, and is sometimes sung with telling effect.

901

I HAVE read of a beautiful city,
Far away in the kingdom of God;
I have read how its walls are of jasper,
How its streets are all golden and broad.
In the midst of the street is life's river,
Clear as crystal and pure to behold;
But not half of that city's bright glory
To mortals has ever been told.

Refrain.

Not half has ever been told,
Not half has ever been told;
Not half of that city's bright glory
To mortals has ever been told.

2 I have read of bright mansions in heaven,
Which the Saviour has gone to prepare;
And the saints who on earth have been faithful,
Rest forever with Christ over there;
There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow;
The inhabitants never grow old;
But not half of the wonderful story
To mortals has ever been told.

3 I have read of white robes for the righteous,
Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,
When our Father shall bid them "Come, enter,
And my glory eternally share;"
How the righteous are evermore blessèd
As they walk through the streets of pure gold;
But not half of the wonderful story
To mortals has ever been told.

4 I have read of a Christ so forgiving
That vile sinners may ask and receive
Peace and pardon for every transgression,
If when asking they only believe.
I have read how he'll guide and protect us,
If for safety we enter his fold;
But not half of his goodness and mercy
To mortals has ever been told.

John Burch Atchinson.

"This hymn has been sung the world over and has gone into several languages"—so writes Mr. O. F. Presbrey, the composer of the popular tune to which the hymn is sung.

902

IN the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

Refrain.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you:
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But, in that celestial center,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumphs as ye go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
Ye shall find an entrance through.

Samuel Young Harmer.

We have no information concerning the origin of this popular hymn, which has often brought rest to weary souls.

903

WE shall sleep, but not forever,
There will be a glorious dawn!
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn!
From the deepest caves of ocean,
From the desert and the plain,
From the valley and the mountain,
Countless throngs shall rise again.

Refrain.

We shall sleep, but not forever,
There will be a glorious dawn!
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn!

2 When we see a precious blossom,
That we 'tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair!
'Round its little grave we linger,
'Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.

3 We shall sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessèd be the Lord that taketh,
Blessèd be the Lord that gave.
In the bright, eternal city
Death can never, never come!
In his own good time he'll call us
From our rest to home, sweet home.

Mary A. Kidder.

This beautiful hymn is worthy of the popularity it enjoys.

904

OUR Lord is now rejected,
And by the world disowned,
By the many still neglected,
And by the few enthroned,
But soon He'll come in glory,
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming by and by.

Refrain.

O the crowning day is coming,
Is coming by and by,
When our Lord shall come in power
And glory from on high;
O the glorious sight will gladden
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

2 The heavens shall glow with splendor,
But brighter far than they
The saints shall shine in glory
As Christ shall them array:
That beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

3 Our pain shall then be over,
We'll sin and sigh no more,
Behind us all of sorrow,
And naught but joy before,
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

4 Let all that look for, hasten
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way,
By gathering in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die;
For the crowning day is coming by and by.

Et Nathan.

One of the "Gospel Hymns."

905

O THINK of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

Refrain.

Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there.

2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

Refrain.

Over there, over there,
O think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Refrain.

Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

Refrain.

Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

D. W. C. Huntington.

We have no information concerning this popular hymn. Its author is a well-known minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, living in the State of New York.

906

IT may be far, it may be near;
There is a hope, there is a fear;
But in the future waiting, I
Shall Jesus see, yes, by and by.

Refrain.

By and by, yes, by and by,
By and by, yes, by and by;
But in the future waiting, I
Shall Jesus see, yes, by and by.

2 Impatient soul, and murmuring heart,
Thy murmuring cease, and bear thy part
Of pain and labor on life's road,
For soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.

Refrain.

By and by, yes, by and by,
By and by, yes, by and by;
There's pain and labor on life's road,
But soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.

3 Yes, "by and by" will soon be now,
And God shall wipe each tear-stained brow;
The Lamb shall feed them from the throne,
To living fountains lead his own.

Refrain.

By and by, yes, by and by,
By and by, yes, by and by;
The Lamb shall feed them from the throne:
To living fountains lead his own.

4 O verdant fields! O shining shore!
The Lamb of God spreads wide the door;
Ah, golden city, surely I
Shall see thy glories by and by!

Refrain.

By and by, yes, by and by,
By and by, yes, by and by;
Ah, golden city! surely I
Shall see thy glories "by and by."

Author Unknown.

This piece was found in a newspaper by Prof. McIntosh, who wrote for it the tune to which it is commonly sung.

907

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

2 The glory! the glory! around him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth!

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven!

Henry Hart Milman.

"*The Last Day*" is the title of this hymn for the "Second Sunday in Advent," which was written while the author was professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford, and was contributed to Bishop Heber's *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Service of the Year*, 1827.

908

LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

Refrain.

Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Saviour!
Is sufficient for me;

For thy promise is written
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 O that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh,
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,
Yes, my name's written there.

Mary A. Kidder.

"*Is My Name Written There?*" is the title of this popular hymn, which is based on Luke x. 20: "Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."

909

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen his kind looks when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above:

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Jemima Luke.

"*The Child's Desire*" is the title of this hymn, which was written in 1841 for a school near which the author lived, and was first published in 1865 in the *Sunday-school Teacher's Magazine*. The following "missionary stanzas" belong to the original:

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

6 I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, the brightest, the best,
When the dear little children, of every clime,
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

910

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies:
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

Annie L. Walker.

This hymn has been attributed to Rev. Sidney Dyer; but he writes: "I have never claimed it, and know not who put my name to it." Mr. H. P. Main is authority for attributing it to Annie L. Walker, of Canada. It is based on John ix. 4: "I must work the work of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work." It was written in 1860.

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911 C. M.

SPEAK gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently, let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

2 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

3 Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let them in peace depart.

4 Speak gently to the erring ones;
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
O win them back again!

5 Speak gently; 'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

G. W. Langford.

This hymn fills a needed place in our Hymn Book. In the *Plymouth Collection* it is attributed to "Bates;" but in Long's *History of the Hymns* it is accredited as above.

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912 C. M. D.

THINK gently of the erring one:
O let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring ones:
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

Miss Fletcher.

This hymn was taken by the Committee of Revision from the *Plymouth Collection*, where it is accredited as above. We can obtain no information concerning its origin.

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913 7s, 6s. D.

GO, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the noon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Put earthly thoughts away,
And, in God's presence kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then, the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above,
Will reach His throne in glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4 O not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The privilege thus given us
To pour our souls in prayer;
Then, when thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And turn thee, in thy gladness,
To him who gave thee all.

Jane Cross Simpson.

If the singing of this hymn will lead to the performance of the duty which it enjoins, it can but be hoped that it will be often sung.

914

O WHAT ship is this that will take us all home?
O glory! hallelujah!
'Tis the old ship of Zion, hallelujah!

2 Come along, come along, and let us go home!
O glory! hallelujah!
Our home is over Jordan, hallelujah!

3 Do you think she will be able to take us all home?
O glory! hallelujah!
No doubt she will be able, hallelujah!

4 She has landed many thousands and can
land as many more!
O glory! hallelujah!
She has landed them in heaven, hallelu-
jah!

This "Old Ship of Zion" is any thing else but good poetry; but it is one of the "old-time" hymns that has not even yet lost its power.

915

FROM all the dark places
Of earth's heathen races,
O see how the thick shadows fly!
The voice of salvation
Awakes every nation,
"Come over and help us," they cry.

Refrain.

The kingdom is coming,
O tell ye the story,
God's banner exalted shall be!
The earth shall be full of his knowledge
and glory,
As waters that cover the sea!

2 The sunlight is glancing
O'er armies advancing
To conquer the kingdoms of sin;
Our Lord shall possess them,
His presence shall bless them,
His beauty shall enter them in.

3 With shouting and singing,
And jubilant ringing,
Their arms of rebellion cast down,
At last every nation,
The Lord of salvation
Their King and Redeemer shall crown!

Mary B. C. Slade.

"*The Kingdom Coming*" is the title of this missionary hymn, which was written by Mrs. Slade for Professor R. M. McIntosh.

916

CHRIST for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring,
With loving zeal;
The poor and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer:
The wayward and the lost,
By reckless passion tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott.

The following is the author's account of the origin of this hymn:

"In the year 1868, Rev. Darius E. Jones requested me to mark for him the published hymns which I would use in a new collection. After a partial performance of this service, near the close of the year, the query arose in mind, 'Can I not write a hymn?' I was then in my fifty-sixth year, had never put two rhymes together, and had taken it for granted that I was as incompetent to write a hymn, or even a stanza, as to work a miracle. However, I resolved that I would try to write a hymn of five stanzas, and proceeded to plan it precisely as I would plan a sermon. I said, the first stanza shall be a recognition of God the Father; the second a recognition of Christ the Redeemer; the third, a prayer to God the Father; the fourth, a prayer to Christ the Redeemer, and the fifth shall blend the two in one address. All this, you understand, without any train of thought in my mind; and a more perfect recipe for wooden stanzas it would be difficult to frame. I went to work to fill out my plan, and the result was the hymn as it now stands, 'Father! I own thy voice.'

"I cannot express to you my surprise when I found that I had written what could actually be *sung*. I sent the hymn to Mr. Jones, who was so much pleased with it that he composed a tune for it, and inserted both in his *Songs for the New Life* (Chicago, 1869). I have not seen the hymn in any other collection, but I retain a natural predilection for it.

"I soon tried my hand again. The Young Men's Christian Associations of Ohio met in one of our churches, with their motto, in evergreen letters, over the pulpit: 'Christ for the World, and the World for Christ.' This suggested the hymn, 'Christ for the world we sing.' It was on my way home from this service, in 1869, walking alone through the streets, that I put together the four stanzas of the hymn."

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917 8s, 7s & 4s.

YES! my native land, I love thee!
All thy scenes I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell!

2 Home! thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell;
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
Can I, can I say, "Farewell?"
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell!
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well;
Far away, ye billows, bear me!
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5 In the deserts let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died—the blessèd Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

Samuel Francis Smith.

This touching "*Missionary's Farewell*" is often sung on the occasion of the departure of missionaries to foreign lands, and rarely fails to bring tears from the eyes of those who remain.

918

GOD be with you till we meet again;
By his counsels, guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

Refrain.

Till we meet, till we meet,
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet,
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings securely hide you;
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you;
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. Rankin.

This "Good-by" (which was probably originally a contraction for "God be with you") hymn is a suitable one with which to close the volume. It is often sung at the parting of friends.

DOXOLOGIES.

919 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken.

This, which is pre-eminently *The Doxology* of the Christian Church, is the closing stanza of both the Morning and the Evening Hymn of Bishop Ken. See Nos. 791 and 800 for historical facts.

No stanza of religious poetry ever written has been so often, so universally, and so heartily sung in the worship of Almighty God as this. The author was accustomed to remark that it would enhance his joy in heaven if when he reached that happy place he might be permitted to hear his songs sung by the faithful on earth:

"And should the well-meant song I leave behind,
With Jesus' lovers some acceptance find,
'Twill heighten even the joys of heaven to know
That, in my verse, saints sing God's praise below."

If saints in heaven can hear the songs of earth, surely then the good bishop's joy is very great.

For many years before he died, he headed all his letters with the words "All glory be to God"—and these are said to have been the last words he ever uttered.

A distinguished Unitarian divine has said that this doxology of Bishop Ken has done more to familiarize the English speaking peoples of the earth with the doctrine of the Trinity than all the theological books ever written.

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920 L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Isaac Watts.

This is Dr. Watt's "Third L. M. Doxology," being No. 32 in Book III. of his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*. It is followed by another attempt:

"Or Thus:

"All glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love,
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove."

---

921 C. M.

NOW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

This is the author's "Third C. M. Doxology," and follows the preceding in his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*. Here likewise he seems not altogether satisfied, and makes another attempt:

"Or Thus:

"Honor to the Almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son."

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922 C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tate and Brady.

From Tate and Brady's *New Version of the Psalms*, 1696.

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923 S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise;
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

Isaac Watts.

This is the author's second attempt at a S. M. doxology, being preceded by "*Or Thus.*" The following is the first attempt:

"Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,

Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too."

It is found in the author's *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, Book III., 1707.

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924 S. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

John Wesley.

This is the closing stanza of "*A Morning Hymn*," found in *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, published by the author in 1741.

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925 8s & 7s.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase:
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise:
When we reach our blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise.

Robert Hawker.

It is not certain that Robert Hawker wrote this. It has been attributed also to Edwin Smythe, Walter Shirley, and to George Burder.

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926 8s & 7s.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other in the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton.

This is a metrical version of the apostolic benediction: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen" (2 Cor. xiii. 14.) It is from the *Olney Hymns*, 1779.

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927 7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Charles Wesley.

From the author's *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1740.

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928 8s, 7s & 4s.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne:
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

William Goode.

From the author's *An Entire New Version of the Book of Psalms*, London. 1811. In the first line he wrote "Lo" instead of "Great," and in the last line, "To *the Three, in Godhead One*."

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929 7s, 6s & 8s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thy Godhead we adore,
Join with the celestial host,
Who praise thee evermore!
Live by earth and heaven adored,
The Three in One, the One in Three:
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
All glory be to thee!

Charles Wesley.

This is the last of twenty-four *Hymns to the Trinity*, published by the author in 1746.

"I wonder if ever a song was sung
But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung
But the thought surpassed the meter!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed!"

"No real poet ever wove in numbers
All his dream; but the diviner part,
Hidden from all the world, spoke to him only
In the voiceless silence of his heart."

BIOGRAPHICAL INDEX

OF THE

AUTHORS OF THE HYMNS.

Adams, Sarah Flower, was born at Cambridge, England, in 1805. Her father, Benjamin Flower, was an author and editor of the Cambridge *Intelligencer*. Her elder sister, Eliza, was a gifted musician and often composed tunes for her hymns. In 1834 she married William Bridges Adams, of London, an eminent engineer, and a man of scientific and literary attainments. She was a member of the Unitarian Church. She died in 1848. She is the author of several hymns, but only one finds a place in this collection:

Nearer, my God, to thee..... 473

Addison, Joseph, whose fame is co-extensive with English literature, was the son of Rev. Launcelot Addison, Dean of Lichfield, England, and was born in 1672. He was educated at Oxford and early developed poetic talent. His literary contributions were made chiefly to the *Tattler*, the *Guardian* and the *Spectator*. He is the author of five hymns, all of which appeared in the *Spectator* in 1712. It has been claimed that Andrew Marvell is the author of two of these hymns ("The spacious firmament, on high," and "When all thy mercies, O my God,") but this claim is not justified by the historical facts which are too lengthy to present here. Addison died in 1719, being a devout and consistent member of the Church of England. His last effort at writing was upon an article on the Christian Religion. At the time of his death he was contemplating a poetic version of the Psalms. "The piety of Addison," says Macaulay, "was in truth of a singularly cheerful kind. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings is gratitude. . . . On that goodness to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life, he relied in the hour of death with a love which casteth out fear." There are five hymns by Addison in this collection:

How are thy servants blest, O Lord..... 731
The Lord my pasture shall prepare..... 40
The spacious firmament on high..... 38
When all thy mercies, O my God..... 832
When rising from the bed of death..... 326

Alexander, James Waddell, an eminent clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, and the son of a no less distinguished divine (Rev. Archibald Alexander, D.D.), was born in Louisa Co., Va., in 1804. After graduating at Princeton College, he entered the ministry and was a pastor in Charlotte Co., Va., and later in Trenton, N. J. He then became a professor in Princeton College, and in 1844 a pastor in New York City. In 1849 he returned to Princeton, becoming a professor in the Theological Seminary, which position he resigned at the end of three years, his heart yearning to get back into the regular work of the ministry. He now became pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City. He died in 1859. The only hymns by Dr. Alexander in this collection are two translations:

Near the cross was Mary weeping..... 98
O Sacred Head, now wounded..... 90

Alford, Henry, was the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and was born in London in 1810. He was educated at Cambridge, and entered the ministry of the Church of England. He was appointed Dean of Canterbury in 1857, which office he held until his death in 1871. He is best known as the author of *The Greek Testament With Notes*. In 1867 he published a collection of hymns entitled *The Year of Praise*, which contained fifty-five of his own composition. His most popular hymn, next to the one given below, is a harvest-hymn beginning, "Come, ye thankful people, come."

Forward! be our watchword..... 574

Allen, James, was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1734. He spent one year at Cambridge University, and in 1752 became an "Inghamite" preacher. Charles Wesley writes of him as follows in his journal for Oct. 17, 1756: "A young preacher of Mr. Ingham's came to spend the evening with me at Mr. Grimshaw's. I found love for him, and wished that all our sons in the gospel were equally modest and discreet." He later joined a sect in Scotland called the "Sandemanians," but soon left them and built a chapel of his own at his native town of Gayle in Yorkshire, where he remained until his death in 1804. He was the editor and chief contributor to what is known as the *Kendal Hymn Book*, published in 1757, to which he issued an *Appendix* in 1761; and after he settled at Gayle he published a small volume titled *Christian Songs*. He has but one hymn in this volume, and it has been much altered and improved by Rev. Walter Shirley.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing..... 400

Anstice, Joseph, was born in Shropshire, England, in 1808. Soon after leaving Oxford University, where he took a high stand as a student, he became Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London. He was a member of the Church of England. He died in 1836, being only 28 years old. It was during the last evenings of his life when he was a great sufferer that he dictated to his wife the hymns (forty-five in number) which were collected and published soon after his death. From this collection the following hymn was taken:

O Lord, how happy should we be..... 563

Atchinson, John Burch, was born in 1840 and died in 1882. He was a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is the author of a few "Gospel Hymns," only one of which is in this collection.

I have read of a beautiful city..... 901

Auber, Harriet, was born in London in 1773, and died in Hertfordshire in 1862. During her long and useful life she wrote much poetry, only a part of which was ever published. She lived a quiet and retired life, and never married. She was a devout member of the Church of England. Her principal work was published in 1829 and was titled *The Spirit of the Psalms; or, a Compressed Volume of the Psalms of David.* From this volume the four hymns contained in this volume are taken:

Ere mountains reared their forms..... 53
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time..... 666
O God, our Strength, to thee our song..... 41
With joy we hail the sacred day..... 254

Bailey, Urania L. Mrs. Bailey was Miss Urania Locke when she wrote the hymn on the "Open Door." She is now deceased. We have no facts concerning her life.

The mistakes of my life have been many..... 848

Baker, Francis. A Roman Catholic priest, bearing this name, lived in England in the early part of the seventeenth century. In the British Museum there is in manuscript a poem bearing the title "A Song by F. B. P. to the Tune of Diana." This hymn seems to be a free translation of the celebrated Latin hymn beginning "Beata urbs, Hirusalem," and the two hymns below seem to be alterations of the song of "F. B. P.," the one by James Boden and the other by David Dickson. It is a mere conjecture, however, that F. B. P." represents "Francis Baker, Priest," the strongest evidence being that "the song by F. B. P." is evidently Romish in its sentiments.

Jerusalem, my happy home..... 649
O Mother dear, Jerusalem..... 648

Baker, Mary A., lives in Chicago, Ill. Miss Baker has succeeded in writing one of the most beautiful of our modern hymns. She is a devout Christian, and, if our information be correct, a member of the Baptist Church.

Master the tempest is raging..... 862

Bakewell, John, a Wesleyan lay-preacher was born at Brailsford in Derbyshire in 1721. He was a man of piety, earnestness, and consecration. He was made a lay-preacher in 1749, and proved to be one of Mr. Wesley's most efficient workers. He was for several years Master of the Greenwich Royal Park Academy. It was in his house that Thomas Olivers wrote his justly famous and much admired hymn, "The God of Abrah'm Praise." He was an eminently useful man, and lived to a ripe old age, being 98 years old when he died in 1819. He was buried in City Road Chapel not far from the tomb of John Wesley. The epitaph upon his tombstone states that "he adorned the doctrines of God our Saviour eighty years, and preached his glorious gospel about seventy years." He composed many hymns "which remain in the manuscript beautifully written," but only one finds a place in modern Church hymnals:

Hail, thou once despisèd Jesus..... 129

Barbauld, Anna Laetitia, the daughter of Rev. John Aiken, D.D., an English dissenting minister and educator, was born in 1743. Amid the cultured surroundings of her home her poetic gifts received all needed encouragement and were duly improved. She published a volume of *Poems* in 1773. The year following she was married to Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a dissenting minister who in addition to his pastorate had charge of a boarding-school, in the management and instruction of which he was assisted by his wife for eleven years, when he became insane, and subsequently committed suicide. Mrs. Barbauld bore her troubles with a truly Christian spirit, continued to exercise her literary and poetic gifts, and after a beautiful old age died in 1825 at her home near London. Her literary *Works* were published the year after her death. Her exquisite little ode to "Life" is universally admired:

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning."

Several of her hymns find a place in modern Church hymnals, but only two are in this collection:

How blest the righteous when he dies..... 602
Praise to God, immortal praise..... 724

Baring-Gould, Sabine, is a clergyman of the Church of England. He was born at Exeter, in 1834; graduated with the M.A. degree at Clare College, Oxford, in 1856; was ordained deacon in 1864, and priest in 1865; became incumbent at Dalton in 1866, and rector at East Mersea in 1871. On the death of his father, Edward Baring-Gould, in 1872 he succeeded to his estate at Lew-Trenchard, Devonshire, which has been the family seat for over three hundred years. He obtained the rectory of Lew-Trenchard in 1881. He is the author of over twenty volumes, and continues to publish. His *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages* is widely known, and many of his other works are on kindred subjects. He has published several volumes of sermons. He has written several hymns. The one here given is perhaps his best:

Onward, Christian soldiers..... 575

Bathurst, William Hiley, was born at Cleve Dale, near Bristol, England, August 28, 1796. He was the son of Charles Bragge, who was Member of Parliament for Bristol and who, upon inheriting his uncle's estate, assumed his name, Bathurst. He graduated at Christ Church College, Oxford, and was ordained a priest of the Church of England in 1819. The following year he became rector of Barwick-in-Elmet, Yorkshire, where he remained thirty-two years. In 1803, upon the death of his elder brother, he succeeded to the family estate of Sidney Park, Gloucestershire, where he died November 25, 1877. His published works are: *Translation of the Georgics of Virgil. Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use* (1851), and *Metrical Thoughts in Verse* (1849).

O for a faith that will not shrink..... 454
Why should our tears in..... 666

Baxter, Lydia, was born in Petersburgh, New York, Sept. 2, 1809. She was converted while very young under the ministry of a Baptist home missionary, and through her religious zeal a Baptist Church was organized in her native town, in which she became an active and useful Sabbath-School teacher. Upon her marriage to Col. John C. Baxter she moved to New York City, where she continued to reside until her death in 1874. She was a woman of extraordinary piety, cheerfulness, and usefulness. Though an invalid for nearly thirty years, often suffering with excruciating pain, yet a shade of sadness seldom passed over her heart or was allowed to enter her happy Christian home. She wrote many songs for the Sunday-School which have attained great popularity. Her productions show that she was endowed with a high degree of poetic ability, and she sanctified her rich gifts of head and heart to the salvation of the young. In 1855 she published *Gems by the Wayside*, a volume of chaste and refined Christian poetry which had a large sale. The two hymns here given are the

most popular of the large number composed by her:

Take the name of Jesus with you..... 876
There is a gate that stands ajar..... 853

Baxter, Richard, an eminent Puritan divine and voluminous author of the seventeenth century, is best known to Christians of the present day by his *Call to the Unconverted* and his *Saint's Everlasting Rest*. When about twenty-five years of age he entered the ministry, and was appointed to the parish of Kidderminster (1640). Here he remained until "for conscience' sake," he, along with many other Non-conformist divines, was driven out from his weeping flock by the "Act of Uniformity" passed in 1662. He now ceased to preach, but being caught holding family prayers "with more than four persons," he was under the conditions of the "Conventicle Act" (1564) arrested and imprisoned for six months. He lived in retirement until 1672, when the "Act of Indulgence" gave him liberty to preach and to publish. But in 1685 the infamous Jeffries had him arrested and shamefully convicted of sedition, the foundation for the charge being found in his *Paraphrase of the New Testament*, for which he was imprisoned two years. He endured this unjust and cruel imprisonment with Christian patience and resignation, which finds illustration in the hymn below. His pastoracy of twenty-two years at Kidderminster was faithful and untiring in the ministry of the Word, and was followed by rich spiritual fruits in the improved lives and characters of his six hundred parishioners. He exemplified his own couplet:

"I preached as though I ne'er should preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men."

He has but one hymn in this collection:

Lord, it belongs not to my care..... 464

Beddome, Benjamin, the son of a Baptist minister, was born in Warwickshire, England, in 1717. In 1737 he was converted, and in 1743 became pastor of a Baptist church at Bourton, in Gloucester. Here he continued to preach for fifty-two years, till his death in 1795. A large congregation in London wished to secure him as their pastor, but he declined all their appeals, giving as his final answer, "I would rather honor God in a station much inferior to that in which he has placed me than intrude myself into a higher without his direction." He preached even after he had to be borne to his pulpit by his devoted parishioners, and only an hour before his death he was engaged in writing a hymn. His hymns were not written for publication, but to be sung at the close of his sermons, or as parts of them, and often for his own pleasure. Fifty of them were published in *Rippon's Selection*, 1787; and a volume entitled *Hymns Adapted to Public Worship or Private Devotion. Now first Published from the Manuscripts of the late Rev. B. Beddome, A.M.*, published in 1818, contained eight hundred and thirty. Eight are found in this collection:

Celestial Dove, come from above..... 179
Come, Holy Spirit, come..... 176
Did Christ o'er sinners weep..... 319
How great the wisdom, power, and grace... 133
O Lord, in mercy spare..... 712
Our few revolving years..... 709
Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will..... 560
Witness, ye men and angels, now..... 753

Bennett, S. Fillmore, is a practicing physician of Richmond, Ill.

There's a land that is fairer than day..... 896

Bernard of Clairvaux, an eminent monk, theologian, scholar, preacher, and poet, was born at Fontaine, near Dijon, in Burgundy, France, in 1091. Aletta, his mother, was a devotedly pious woman, and consecrated her son to God from his birth. "Her death-chamber was his spiritual birthplace." He was educated at Paris. Being naturally fond of seclusion, meditation, and study, and living in the twelfth century, it is not surprising that one so piously inclined as he soon sought a home in the cloister. At twenty-two years of age he entered the small monastery of Citeaux, and later he founded and made famous that of Clairvaux, where by fasting and self-mortification he became an emaciated monk, but with it all one of the most conspicuous and influential characters in Europe. Kings and popes sought his advice. His enthusiasm and impassioned eloquence were all but irresistible. He died August 20, 1153. His life was pure, his faith strong, his love ardent, his courage unflinching, his piety unquestioned. Luther greatly admired him, and thought him "the greatest monk that ever lived." His published works are in five folio volumes. His *Sacred Songs of Praise* have long been the admiration of the Church. Christ crucified was the theme of his preaching and of his song, as the five hymns here given will testify. His love for Christ amounted almost to an ardent passion that was unconscious of using terms of endearment not altogether becoming to so divine a theme.

Jesus, the very thought of thee..... 152
Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts..... 157
O Jesus, Light of all below..... 146
O Sacred Head now wounded..... 90
Of Him who did salvation bring..... 165

Bernard of Cluny, a celebrated monk of the twelfth century, was born of English parents at Morlaix, in Bretagne, France, and died at the monastery of Cluny. Very little is known of him beyond his authorship of a poem titled *De Contemptu Mundi*. "Judging from his writings," says Coles in his *Latin Hymns*, "Bernard must have possessed a spirit almost as dauntless as that of Luther. Apparently actuated by a righteous zeal to correct some of the shocking abuses which everywhere prevailed to the disgrace of the Christian name, he in this poem, with terrible severity and with matchless power of sarcasm, exposes and assails them, and plainly denounces the shameful greed and venality of the Roman court, corrupt from the pope down." Though a monk, he is in greater favor with Protestants than with Roman Catholics. "The heavenly heartache, with the soul enamored of its home in the skies, never, it is safe to say, found a sweeter or more touching expression than in the hymns of Bernard."

Brief life is here our portion..... 654
Jerusalem, the golden..... 652

Berridge, John, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born in Nottinghamshire in 1716. He became Vicar of Everton in 1755, and remained there until his death in 1793. His preaching was at first sadly lacking in spirituality, but being happily converted he became one of the most earnest of the Evangelical clergymen who sympathized with and aided the Methodist revival. Frequent allusions to him are found in the writings of John Wesley, who esteemed him highly and found in him a helpful co-worker. He was never married. In 1785 he published a volume of hymns titled *Zion's Songs*. His "wedding hymn" is the only one that finds a place in this collection:

Since Jesus freely did appear..... 812

Bethune, George Washington, an eminent clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church, was born of pious parents in New York City in 1805; graduated at Dickinson College, Pa., in 1823; studied theology at Princeton Theological Semi-

nary, and was a pastor successively of various churches in New York and Philadelphia. He died in Florence, Italy, in 1862. His only hymn here is a translation from the French of C. H. A. Malan:

It is not death to die..... 627

Blacklock, Thomas, was born at Annan, Scotland, in 1721. Though totally blind from early infancy, his thirst for knowledge was so great that he overcame all obstacles, including poverty, and secured a thorough education at the University of Edinburgh. He entered the ministry of the Established Church of Scotland in 1759, but after only a year or two in the pastoracy he opened a boarding and day school in Edinburgh, where, aided by his wife, he taught for many years pursuing zealously his classical and other studies. His first volume of Poetry was published as early as 1745, with several subsequent editions. He is the author of a favorite Scotch song, "The Braes o' Ballenden." He is the author of the article in the former edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica on "The Education of the Blind." He was especially noted for his ability to describe natural scenery vividly and accurately.

Come, O my soul, in sacred lays..... 12

Boden, James, an English Congregational minister, born at Chester in 1757, in the house formerly occupied by Matthew Henry, the commentator. He professed religion in his sixteenth year and joined the Church of which the great commentator had been pastor. He was a pastor in Sheffield for forty-three years. He was one of the noble band who in 1795 founded the London Missionary Society, and was the last survivor of the original band. He died in 1841. He was a hymn-writer, and published two collections, but it is not certain that he wrote the beautiful and popular hymn which is here assigned to him:

Jerusalem, my happy home..... 649

Boehm, Anthony Wilhelm, was born in 1673, and died in 1722. Nothing is known of him save that he published a volume of translations, in which the following hymn (by Bernard of Clairvaux) appeared:

Of Him who did salvation bring..... 165

Bonar, Horatius, a noted clergyman of the Free Church of Scotland, born at Edinburgh in 1808, and educated at the university located there, entered the ministry in 1837 and became a pastor at Kelso, where he published the famous *Kelso Tracts*. He published quite a number of devotional works in prose and several volumes of hymns, among them *Hymns of Faith and Hope* in three series (1857, 1861, 1866). He was one of that heroic band of noted divines who in 1843 left the State Church and established the Free Church of Scotland. In 1866 he retired from the active work of the ministry. His last pastoral charge was in Edinburgh, where he died July 29, 1889, in his eighty-first year. His old age was crowned with the veneration and love of a large multitude of Christians which was not limited to his own country or Church. He was one of the most popular hymn-writers of the nineteenth century.

A few more years shall roll..... 603
Beyond the smiling and the weeping..... 889
From the cross the blood is falling..... 99
Go, labor on; spend and be spent..... 501
I heard the voice of Jesus say..... 843
I was a wandering sheep..... 851
Rest for the toiling hand..... 628
Thy way, not mine, O Lord..... 530

Bonar, Jane Catherine, the wife of Dr. Horatius Bonar, was the youngest daughter of Rev. Robert Lundie of Kelso, Scotland, and sister of that devotedly pious woman, Mary Lundie Duncan, whose *Memoir* was written by her gifted mother. She was married to Dr. Bonar in 1840, and died at Edinburgh in 1885.

Fade, fade, each earthly joy..... 863

Borthwick, Jane, a literary woman of Scotland, was born in 1813. She and her sister (Mrs. Eric J. Findlater) published in 1854 *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, of which several series appeared later, all being published together in 1862. She is also the author of *Thoughts for Thoughtful Hours*, 1859. Under the signature of "H. L. L." Miss Borthwick has contributed many short poems and hymns to *The Family Treasury*. Her latest works, *Alpine Lyrics*, appeared in 1874. The following hymns are translations:

God calling yet! shall I not hear..... 292
My Jesus, as thou wilt..... 509

Bourignon, Antoinette, a gifted and pious, but eccentric mystic, of the seventeenth century, was born in 1616. Her deformity as an infant was so great that even her parents, it is said, had an aversion to her. She became fascinated at an early age with books of devotion and with a life of celibacy. She twice fled from home to escape marriage, into which relation her parents wished her to enter. Wishing to do good with her worldly means, she took charge of a foundling hospital in 1653. She joined the order of Augustines in 1667, where she attracted great attention by her tracts and discourses. Renouncing Roman Catholicism, she declared herself divinely called to found a new and pure communion. She became an object of persecution, and fled from place to place. She died at Frankfort in 1680. Her works were published in nineteen volumes in 1686. One of her works, "The Light of the World," was translated into English, and met with such a large sale and was of such influence in Great Britain that at one time all the candidates for the Presbyterian ministry were required to disavow all belief in or sympathy with "Bourignonism." The fact that for twenty years she boasted that she had not read a word of the Holy Scripture shows the erratic character of her piety. But by John Wesley's matchless power of translation we have from her a most useful hymn, which was written in 1640 at the time when she renounced the world for a religious life:

Come, Saviour Jesus, from above..... 435

Bowring, Sir John, a distinguished English politician, statesman, foreign minister, and literary man, was born at Exeter, England, in 1792. He held many official positions of responsibility under the English government, and was knighted in 1854. He was a genius in the acquisition of languages. He made translations from no less than thirteen modern languages, mostly of poetry. For many years he represented the English government in China and other portions of the Orient. He was a Unitarian in faith. He died at his seat near Exeter in 1872, being eighty years old. His hymns are found in his *Matins and Vespers* (1823), and in his *Sequel to the Matins* (1825).

God is love: his mercy brightens..... 26
How sweetly flowed the gospel sound..... 74
In the cross of Christ I glory..... 101
Watchman, tell us of the night..... 678

Bridges, Matthew, the younger son of John Bridges, of Wallinglon House, Surrey, England, was born in Essex in 1800. Rev. Charles Bridges, his brother, is well known as a most excellent and useful minister. Like John Henry Newman and Frederick Wm. Faber, he went (in 1846) from the Church of England into the communion of the Roman Catholic Church. He published verses as early as 1825. His *Hymns of The Heart* was published in 1847, and his *Passion of Jesus* in 1852.

Roman Catholic and Ritualistic hymnals abound in his hymns, many of which are said to be "spiritual and beautiful." The date of his death is not known to this writer.

My God, accept my heart this day..... 410

Brooks, Charles Timothy, a Unitarian divine, and a poet and author of more than ordinary ability, was born at Salem, Mass., in 1813; graduated at Harvard College in 1832 and at the Harvard Divinity School in 1835; was pastor of a Unitarian church in Newport, R. I., from 1836 to 1871; published quite a number of volumes, many being translations from the German; he died June 14, 1883.

God bless our native land..... 729

Brown, Phœbe Hinsdale, was the daughter of George Hinsdale, and was born in 1783 at Canaan, N. Y. Her parents dying when she was young and leaving her poor, she was committed to a family where her life was one of hardship and drudgery. She had no education until she was eighteen years of age, and she had no sooner learned to write than she began to compose verses and to write original articles in prose. About this time she was converted and joined the Congregational Church. She did not improve her worldly fortune by marrying Thomas H. Brown, a house-painter of Ellington, Conn. About 1820 she moved to Monson, Mass., where she resided for thirty years, and subsequently moved to Henry, Ill., where she died in 1861. Her "twilight hymn" is a great favorite at prayer-meetings.

I love to steal awhile away..... 820

Browne, Simon, was born in 1680 in Somersetshire, England. He began to preach when only twenty years of age. He was for some years pastor of a large congregation at Plymouth, which he left in 1716 to take charge of the Independent Church in Old Jewry, London. Dr. Isaac Watts was his near neighbor at that time, and to this association is perhaps to be attributed the two hundred and sixty-six hymns which he produced. In 1723 Mr. Browne lost his wife and son. About the same time he killed a highway robber in self-defense. These events combined to produce a very sad effect upon his mind, unsettling his reason at least to the extent of making him the victim of a life-long hypochondriacal malady, under the delusion of which he fancied that he "could not *think*." He, however, wrote an able defense of Christianity, a work on the Trinity, a Dictionary, and the Exposition of the First Epistle to the Corinthians published in Matthew Henry's Commentary. The twenty-three publications of this man who "could not think" justify Toplady's observation that "instead of having no mind, he wrote and reasoned and prayed as if he had two." He died in 1732, beloved and respected of all who knew him.

And now, my soul, another year..... 718
O how can they look up to heaven..... 705

Bruce, Michael, was born in 1746 at Kinnesswood, Kinross County, Scotland. He was the fifth of eight children born to his poor but pious parents. When he was fifteen years of age his parents by exercising the most rigid economy managed to send him to school at the University of Edinburgh. After leaving the university, he taught school first at Gairney Bridge, at a salary of eleven pounds per annum, and then removed to Foresthill, near Alloway, where poverty, hard labor, and the damp room in which he worked combined to break down his spirits and to bring him to an untimely grave in his twenty-second year (1767). This gifted young poet came very near being permanently robbed of the honor he so richly merits, by Rev. John Logan, a plagiarist, who, with a literary dishonesty that has rarely found its equal in the history of literature, claimed the authorship of several of Bruce's choicest productions, among them the two hymns given below. Logan was familiarly associated with Bruce while at the University, and upon his death he secured from his parents, in manuscript, all the poems which he had written and published them, but claimed himself to be the author of the much-admired "Ode to the Cuckoo," and all his hymns. The subject is discussed in the *British Quarterly* for 1875; also by Principal Shairp in *Good Words* for November, 1873.

Behold the mountain of the Lord..... 675
Where high the heavenly temple stands..... 773

Bryant, William Cullen, the eminent American poet, was born at Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3, 1794, and died at his country home at Roslyn, Long Island, near New York City, June 12, 1878, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He entered Williams College in 1810, was admitted to the bar in 1815, became connected with the New York *Evening Post* in 1826, continuing in this position as one of the editors and proprietors until his death. As early as his thirteenth year he wrote poetry that attracted public attention and received high praise. "Thanatopsis," his most popular poem, was published in 1816. Various editions of his poems have been issued—one in 1874 by D. Appleton & Co. Just before his death he published an excellent translation of Homer's *Iliad and Odyssey*. He has written about twenty hymns. The one here given is perhaps his best:

Deem not that they are blest alone..... 531

Bunting, William Maclardie, an eminent Wesleyan divine, was the son of Rev. Jabez Bunting and Sarah Maclardie. He was born in Manchester in 1805, and from his birth was dedicated to the Christian ministry, which sacred vocation he entered at the early age of nineteen. As a man he was cultivated and accomplished, and as a preacher was gifted and popular, though to some tedious. The last seventeen years of his life were spent in suffering and mainly in confinement. He died in 1866. His poetical compositions begin at an early date, one of his best hymns being written when he was only fifteen years of age: "My God, how often hath thine ear To me in willing mercy bowed." Many of his poems were published in the *Wesleyan Magazine* from 1820 to 1840. His best poetry is preserved in a volume published soon after his death, a "*Memoir of his Life and Selections from his Hymns and Poems.*" Quite a number of his hymns are found in the Wesleyan collection, but only one in this:

O blessèd, blessèd sounds of grace..... 776

Burdsall, Richard, a useful and laborious local preacher of the Wesleyan Connection, born in Yorkshire, England, in 1735. His remarkable power of memory enabled him to quote Scripture very freely in preaching. In the pulpit he involuntarily said many witty things which caused his hearers to laugh, but his sermons were otherwise very impressive. He died in 1824.

The voice of free grace cries..... 276

Butler, Charles J., lives in Camden, N. J.

I was once far away from the Saviour..... 859

Cary, Phœbe. Alice and Phœbe Cary hold an honored place among the female poets of America. Phœbe (her sister Alice being four years her senior) was born in the Miami Valley, Ohio, September 4, 1824. The sisters began writing poetry at a very early age. The hymn found in this collection was written by Phœbe when she was only seventeen years old. Their collected *Poems* were first published in 1850. They moved to New York

City in 1852, and soon had bought and paid for with their pens a very delightful home on Twentieth Street, where they lived until their death. The death of the elder sister preceded and hastened that of the younger, which occurred in 1871, while on a visit to Newport, R. I. Miss Cary was at her death a member of the "Church of the Strangers" in New York City. In 1869, in co-operation with her pastor, Dr. Charles F. Deems, she published a collection of sacred songs titled *Hymns for all Christians.*

One sweetly solemn thought 605

Caswall, Edward, is the translator of many popular hymns. He comes of a literary family. His father and a brother were both clergymen of distinction in the Church of England. He was born in Hampshire in 1814; graduated at Brasenose College in 1836; was ordained deacon in the Church of England in 1838; became perpetual curate of Stratford-and-Castle, near Salisbury, in 1840; resigned his ecclesiastical position in the Church of England in 1846 with a view to joining the Roman Catholic Church, which he and his wife did in 1847; became a priest in the Congregation of the Oratory which Cardinal Newman had established at Birmingham, where he remained until his death, January 2, 1878.

Jesus, the very thought of thee 152
My God, I love thee 151
O Jesus, Light of all 146

Cawood, John, was born at Mallock, Derbyshire, England, March 18, 1775. He graduated at Oxford in 1801. He was converted quite young, and became a minister in the Church of England. In 1814 he became "perpetual curate" in Bewdley, Worcestershire, remaining there until his death, November 7, 1852. Of his hymns, about twenty of which have found a place in various hymnals, only one is here given:

Hark, what mean those holy voices 68

Cennick, John, was born in Berkshire, England, in 1718. Being converted in his seventeenth year, he connected himself first with the Methodists and became a preacher among them, and was placed in charge of the Kingswood school; but his theological views undergoing a change, he separated from them in 1741, carrying several members with him and founding an independent society of his own, which, however, was soon gathered into the Whitefield, or Lady Huntingdon, Connection. A few years later he joined the Moravians, and spent most of the remainder of his life in the northern part of Ireland, returning to London in 1755, where he died July 4th of that same year, at the age of thirty-seven. He was a man of sincere and earnest piety. His first hymns were written for the use of the Methodists, and were altered, and probably improved, by the Wesleys. He published *Sacred Hymns* in three parts; parts one and two in Bristol in 1743, and part third in London in 1744. "I would not have any," says Cennick, "who read these hymns look to find either good poetry or fine language, for indeed there is none." To which Dr. Hatfield says: "It was the truth. The few hymns from his pen that are now used have been considerably modified to fit them for the service of song, and are known at present almost wholly in these altered forms. They cannot well be restored." Cennick is the author of the two well-known graces before and after meat, commencing "Be present at our table, Lord," and "We thank thee, Lord, for this one food." On John Wesley's large family teapot, still preserved at City Road, these two graces are printed in large letters.

Children of the heavenly King 458
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone 350

Chandler, John, the son of Rev. John F. Chandler, was born June 16, 1806, at Witley, Surrey, England, where his father was both patron and incumbent of the vicarage. Receiving his M.A. degree at Oxford in 1830, he was ordained deacon in 1831 and priest in 1832. He succeeded his father in 1839, and was also appointed rural dean. He died at Putney in 1876. The vicar of Witley, by virtue of his being also patron of the living, appoints his own successor, and so a third member of the family now holds the vicarage there. Rev. John Brownlow Chandler.

While in the agonies of death 95

Clement of Alexandria, whose real name was Titus Flavius Clemens, was born about 160 A.D., at either Athens or Alexandria, and died about 215. A diligent student of Greek literature and philosophy, he was also as a young man an earnest seeker after the truth, and at length found it in the Christian faith. He traveled far and wide, seeking instruction from Christian teachers. He seemed to have been most influenced by Pantaenus, the head of the celebrated Catechetical School at Alexandria, and succeeded him about 190. While in this position he was ordained a presbyter. He continued to teach and preach at Alexandria until driven away by the persecution of Severus in 202. Origen and Alexander, Bishop of Jerusalem, were both pupils of Clement at Alexandria. The last knowledge of him is in 211, when he bore a letter of commendation and confidence from Bishop Alexander, his former pupil, to the Christians at Antioch. It is not known whether he died in the East or returned to Alexandria. Three of his theological works are extant, also one sermon and one hymn to Christ, which, as found in this collection, owes as much to the translator as it does to the author.

Shepherd of tender youth 699

Clephane, Elizabeth Cæcilia, was a member of the Church of Scotland. Her home was at Melrose. She was born June 10, 1830, and died February 19, 1869, a short time after her little poem had appeared in print. She never lived to hear it sung as a hymn or to receive the thanks of the hundreds who have been led to Christ under the singing of it by Mr. Sankey.

There were ninety and nine 844

Codner, Elizabeth, is the wife of an English clergyman living at Islington, London. She was born in 1835. She devotes much of her time to charitable work. She is the editor of a very useful monthly magazine entitled "Woman's Work in the Great Harvest Field," and is the author also of two excellent tracts, "The Bible in the School Room" and "The Bible in the Kitchen."

Lord, I hear of showers of blessing 850

Collins, S. A. Mrs. Collins lives in Cincinnati, Ohio, and is, if our information is correct, the wife of a clergyman.

Jesus, gracious One, calleth now to thee 846

Collyer, William Bengo, was born at Blackheath, near London, in 1782. At quite an early age he began to "exhort," and when he was only eighteen years old he was requested to take the pastoracy of a well-nigh dead (Presbyterian) Church at Peckham in Surrey. The Church became after that Congregational. When he was ordained in 1801 he had increased the attendance upon the Church tenfold, and many of the gentry and nobility were numbered among his auditors. He received his degree from the University of Edinburgh. He continued pastor of the Church at Peckham until his death in 1854. Those who knew him well described him as a "sincere and devoted pastor and a simple, earnest, and effective preacher." Like Doddridge and Watts, he

often closed his sermons with a hymn written by himself for the occasion. In 1812 he published *Hymns Partly Collected and Partly Original*, in which were fifty-seven of his own composition. The volume was designed as a *Supplement to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns*.

Assembled at thy great command 668
Return, O wanderer, return..... 293

Conder, Josiah, the son of Thomas Conder, a London bookseller, and the grandson of Dr. John Conder, an eminent Dissenting clergyman, was born in 1789. At an early age he lost the sight of his right eye. At the age of fifteen he entered his father's bookstore, where he was thrown much with intellectual people, and this increased and confirmed the interest which he already had in literature. At the early age of twenty-one we find him, conjointly with several other young aspirants for literary fame (one of whom, Eliza Thomas, became his wife), issuing a volume of poetry called *The Associate Minstrels*, which attained sufficient popularity to justify a second edition two years later (1812). This same year he contributed three hymns to Dr. Collyer's collection. In 1814 he obtained control of the *Eclectic Review*, and from this time on he devoted all his time to literature and journalism. In 1832 he started *The Patriot* newspaper, which he continued to edit and publish until his death in 1855. He published several volumes during his life, and these show him to have been a devout and pious believer. His *Congregational Hymn Book*, published in 1836, attained a widespread popularity which lasted for many years. Just before he died he collected all the hymns he had ever written with a view to publication. They were issued the year after his death under the title *Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation*. "His friends included most of the literary and Christian men of eminence living in the first half of the nineteenth century."

Day by day the manna fell..... 558
O the hour when this material..... 841

Cook, M. A. W. Mrs. Cook is now deceased. We have no facts concerning her life.

In some way or other the Lord will..... 865

Cooper, Edward, was born in 1770. His family enjoyed wealth and high social standing. He graduated at All Souls' College, Oxford, in 1792, and became a Fellow of the same college. He became Rector of Hamstall Ridware, and Yoxhall, Staffordshire, in 1809. He died in 1833. His *Practical and Familiar Sermons* (7 vols., 12mo) passed through several editions, and are pronounced by Bickersteth in his *Christian Student*, "plain, sound, and useful." The hymn here accredited to him is assigned to John Cooper in many Church collections; but more recent investigation leads to the conclusion that it was written by Edward Cooper.

Father of heaven, whose love profound..... 50

Cotterill, Thomas, was born at Cannock, Staffordshire, in 1779; graduated at Cambridge in 1801, and entered the ministry of the Church of England. In 1817 he became perpetual curate of St. Paul's at Sheffield, where he spent the rest of his life, teaching a small school part of the time in connection with his pastoral work. It was here that he met and formed an intimate friendship with James Montgomery, the poet and hymn-writer, who helped him in the preparation of a volume of hymns under the following title: *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use, Adapted to the Services of the Church of England*. So popular was this book that it reached its ninth edition by 1819. This work contained one hundred and fifty psalms, and three hundred and sixty-seven hymns; of which Montgomery furnished fifty and Cotterill thirty-two, though the authors' names were not in any cases attached to the hymns. This book brought Cotterill into trouble with the ecclesiastical authorities, and was actually carried into the courts, but the suit was settled through the mediation of the Archbishop, who revised Cotterill's selections and added several of his own, reducing the number to one hundred and forty-six. Cotterill died December 29, 1823. Montgomery's sorrow over his death found expression in the well-known hymn beginning "Friend after friend departs."

Dread Jehovah, God of nations..... 722
Let songs of praises fill the sky..... 170
Our God is love; and all his saints..... 734

Cottle. There are two English poets by the name of Cottle, Amos and Joseph. They were brothers. Amos Cottle, the elder, translated the Icelandic "Edda" into English verse and wrote some original poetry. He died in 1800. The younger, Joseph Cottle, was born in 1770 (or 1774) and died in 1853. He is the author of several volumes in verse, and of "Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey." In his earlier years he was a bookseller and publisher in Bristol. He published the first poems of Coleridge and Southey in 1796, and was a kind friend to them both in their early adversities when "friends were few and fortune frowned;" and Southey in later years made grateful acknowledgment of the debt he owed this kind friend and benefactor. It is probable that Joseph Cottle was the author of the following hymn, but we have not been able to verify its authorship. It is attributed simply to "Cottle" in the former edition of the *Hymn Book*.

We thank thee, Lord of heaven..... 726

Cowper, Frances Maria, was the wife of Major Cowper, and a cousin, through her mother, of William Cowper, the poet. She was a sister of Rev. Martin Madan, a noted compiler of hymns and a most useful minister. She was born in 1727 and died in 1797. It is to be regretted, if she wrote other hymns equal in merit to this one, that we have not more of her hymns:

My span of life will soon be done..... 564

Cowper, William, one of the most popular poets and letter-writers of the English language, was born in Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, in 1731. His father, Rev. John Cowper, was a chaplain to George II. He spent ten years in Westminster School, and then began reading law, but abandoned it for literature after a very brief practice. He became the most distinguished poet of the English language in the latter half of the eighteenth century. His poetic works are too numerous and too well known to need mention here. His life is invested with a peculiar and sorrowful interest, owing to his constitutional tendency to mental and moral despondency, which brought on frequent attacks of insanity. In 1767 he moved to Olney, the home of Rev. John Newton. An intimate friendship between the two at once began. Cowper was a constant and prayerful attendant upon Newton's Church services, especially his cottage prayer-meetings, for which nearly all of his hymns were written at Newton's request. The *Olney Hymns* (1779) was their joint production, seventy-eight of them coming from Cowper. He also translated many of the hymns of Madame Guyon, two of which are found in this volume. He died in 1800. He was never married.

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee..... 819
God moves in a mysterious way..... 43
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord..... 385
How happy are the new-born race..... 399
Jesus, where'er thy people meet..... 768

My sole possession is thy love..... 562
O for a closer walk with God..... 364
The Spirit breathes upon the word..... 173
There is a fountain filled with blood..... 107
'Tis my happiness below 535
What various hind'rances we meet..... 766

Cox, Christopher Christian, son of Rev. L. J. Cox, a Methodist minister, was born in Baltimore in 1816; graduated at Yale in 1835 and at the Baltimore Medical College in 1838; in 1861 he became a surgeon in the U. S. Army. He died in 1882.
Silently the shades of evening..... 826

Crewdson, Jane Fox, was the wife of Thomas D. Crewdson, Esq., of Manchester, England. She was born at Perran, Cornwall, in 1808, and died at Summerlands near Manchester in 1863, "leaving behind her the memory of a beautiful Christian life, and many admirable verses." She published, anonymously, several small volumes of poetry, and the year after her death a book of her poems was published under the title *A Little White*, and it has already passed through at least four editions.
O thou, whose bounty fills my cup..... 522
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light..... 780

Crosby, Fanny Jane, is the most prolific and perhaps the most popular writer of Sunday-school hymns that America has ever produced. She was born at South East, Putnam County, New York, in 1823. When only six weeks old she lost her eyesight. Her first poem was written when she was only eight years old. At the age of fifteen she entered the Institution for the Blind in New York City, where she spent seven years as a pupil and eleven years as a teacher. In 1844 she published a volume entitled the *Blind Girl and Other Poems*, and in 1848 *Monterey and Other Poems*. In 1851 she was happily converted, and united with the Old John Street Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1859 she was married to Mr. Alexander Van Alstyne, who was also, like herself, blind, had been a teacher in the "Institution," and was possessed of rare musical talent, and thus eminently fitted to be a congenial and helpful life companion. As a hymn-writer, however, she has continued to bear her maiden name. A third volume of her poems was issued the year of her marriage. She was in the employ of Mr. William B. Bradbury for the last four years before he died. She is now regularly employed by Biglow and Main to write "three hymns a week, the year round." She has written about four thousand Sunday-school hymns. Quite twelve years ago Biglow and Main held in their possession unpublished over a thousand of her hymns.
Blessèd assurance, Jesus is mine..... 860
I am thine, O Lord; I have heard thy voice 873
Jesus, keep me near the cross..... 866
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour..... 852
Saviour, more than life to me..... 878
Say, where is thy refuge, my brother..... 845
Thou my everlasting portion..... 842

Cruden, Alexander. The following hymn in the former Hymn Book was attributed to "Cruden." The writer has not been able to find either the hymn or any writer by the name of Cruden in the literature of hymnology. The only Cruden known to literature or biography is Alexander Cruden, author of the well-known *Concordance of the Holy Scriptures*. He was born in Scotland in 1701; was educated for the ministry, but became partially insane, and abandoned this calling for that of a bookseller in London. He was noted for his sincere and devout piety no less than for his semi-insane oddities and eccentricities. In 1770 he was found dead in his chamber in the attitude of prayer. In view of these circumstances we may remark that it would invest the following hymn with peculiar interest if we could know that Alexander Cruden is the author of it:
Why thus impatient to be gone?..... 565

Cummins, James John, was a clergyman of the Church of England. In 1839 he published a volume titled *Seals of the Covenant Opened in the Sacraments of the Church*, and in 1849 *Hymns, Meditations and Other Poems*. From this latter volume the hymn here given is taken. He died in 1867.
Shall hymns of grateful love..... 150

Cutter, William, was born in 1801 in the State of Maine, graduated at Bowdoin College in 1821; lived in Brooklyn, N. Y.; and died in 1867.
She loved her Saviour, and to him..... 497

Dana, Mary Palmer. Mrs. Dana's maiden name was Mary S. B. Palmer, daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman, born at Beaufort, S. C., 1810; married to Mr. C. E. Dana in 1839, and to Mr. R. D. Shindler in 1848. She is still living. She wrote "Pass under the Rod."
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger..... 898

Davies, Samuel, an eminent Presbyterian divine, was born in 1723. He succeeded Jonathan Edwards as President of Princeton College in 1759, but died in 1761 in his thirty-seventh year. He was a native of Newcastle, Delaware. His published sermons show him to have been a man of great intellectual vigor, piety, and unction. They have been frequently reprinted. In Dr. Thomas Gibson's *Hymns Adapted to Divine Worship* (London, 1769) there are ten or twelve hymns by Mr. Davies, one of which is the following:
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine..... 829

De Fleury, Maria, lived in England in the last half of the last century, was a member of the Baptist Church, and published in 1791 a volume entitled *Divine Poems and Essays on Various Subjects*. Her most familiar hymn begins, "Ye angels who stand round the throne." She was the author of quite a number of works in prose and poetry, some of which were controversial in character, being directed against the Antinomianism of Mr. Huntington, a Calvinistic Methodist. She was never married.
O Garden of Olivet, dear honored spot..... 87

Deems, Charles Force, pastor of the Church of the Strangers in New York City (which was founded by the munificence of the late Commodore Vanderbilt), is one of the foremost preachers and thinkers in the American pulpit to-day. He was born in Baltimore, Md., December 4, 1820; graduated at Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, in his nineteenth year, after which he settled in North Carolina, entering the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was agent of the American Bible Society in that State for 1840–41; professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of North Carolina 1842–45; professor of Chemistry in Randolph-Macon College, Virginia, 1845–46; filled appointments in the North Carolina Conference 1846–50; was president of Greensboro Female College, North Carolina, 1850–55; filled appointments in the Conference again from 1855 until 1866, when he moved to New York City and entered upon his present work as pastor of the Church of the Strangers, an independent congregation. His popularity as a preacher and public speaker is not limited to the metropolis, but extends to all parts of the country, and is especially great in the Southern States, where he has many friends and admirers. He is a tireless literary worker, and is the author of a number of published volumes, the ablest of which is his life of Christ under the title *The Light of the Nations*. The excellent hymn by him found in this volume is taken from *Hymns for all Christians*, 1869, a

collection edited by himself and Phœbe Cary, who was a member of his Church:
I shall not want: in deserts wild..... 541

Demarest, Mary Lee, an American lady, died January 8, 1888. Mrs. Demarest was Miss Lee when she wrote the following much-admired Scotch song:
I am far frae my hame..... 884

Denham, David, a pious and useful Baptist clergyman of England, was born in 1791 and died in 1848. He was a pastor at Margate, London, and Chelsea. His *Saints' Melody*, 1837, contained over eleven hundred hymns, of which seventy were composed by himself. But most of his hymns were first published in religious magazines.
'Mid scenes of confusion and creature..... 745

Denny, Edward, was born at Tralee Castle, County Kerry, Ireland, October 2, 1796, and succeeded to the baronetcy upon the death of his father in 1831. He owns a large landed estate in Ireland, though his principal residence is in London. His Church membership is with the Plymouth Brethren. He published a volume of *Hymns and Poems* in 1839, with a second edition in 1848. He has published a volume with the title *A Prophetic Stream of Time*. His *Millennial Hymns*, 1870, is a republication of his former work. It contains a long preface on prophecy, in which he advocates Millenarianism.
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone..... 130

Dexter, Henry Martyn, an eminent Congregational divine, and editor of the *Congregationalist* of Boston, was born at Plymouth, Mass., in 1821; graduated at Yale College in 1840, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1844; was pastor in Manchester, N. H., and in Boston; resigned his pastoral charge in 1867 to become editor of the *Congregationalist and Recorder*. He is the author of a number of published volumes. His only hymn in this collection is a translation of the primitive hymn of Clement of Alexandria:
Shepherd of tender youth..... 699

Dickson, David, an able and influential clergyman of Scotland, was born in 1583, and died in 1662. He was a professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow, and Moderator of the General Assembly in 1639. He wrote commentaries on several books of the Bible, and a number of short poems of a religious nature, the most celebrated of which is the one beginning "O Mother dear, Jerusalem." This is thought by many to be simply Dickson's alteration of the manuscript poem of "F. B. P." found in the British Museum. But Dr. Hatfield contends that Dickson is the real author. Dr. Horatius Bonar assigns 1616 as the probable date of the manuscript, at which time Dickson was thirty-three years old. Moreover Dickson's poem has thirty-one double stanzas while "F. B. P." has only twenty-six single stanzas. There are strong facts in favor of Dickson's authorship of this much disputed hymn:
O Mother dear, Jerusalem..... 648

Doane, George Washington, a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was born in Trenton, N. J., in 1799; graduated at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., in 1818; entered the ministry in 1821, and filled various important charges. He was rector of Trinity Church, Boston, when he was elected Bishop of the Diocese of New Jersey in 1832. He died at Burlington, N. J., April 27, 1859. His *Songs by the Way* appeared in 1824. "He was energetic and indefatigable in labor, but had bitter enemies and numerous controversies." The introduction and popularity in this country of Keble's *Christian Year* is due to Bishop Doane, who published an American edition of it in 1832.
Softly now the light of day..... 809
Thou art the Way; to thee alone..... 81

Dober, Anna Schindler, the wife of Rev. John Leonard Dober, a Moravian Bishop, was born at Kunewalde, in Moravia, in 1713; married in 1737, and died in 1739. She was a pious, gifted, and useful woman, and the author of several fine hymns.
Holy Lamb, who thee receive..... 442

Doddridge, Philip, one of the most distinguished Dissenting ministers of the eighteenth century, was the youngest of twenty children. He was born in 1702. He entered the ministry when only nineteen years old. In 1729 he moved to Northampton, where he became pastor of the Dissenting Church, and also by the urgent advice of Isaac Watts and others organized and conducted a theological school for young preachers, and as many as a hundred and fifty studied theology with him during the twenty years he was there. His *Family Expositor* and *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul* have been translated into many languages, and are still widely read, while his *Sermons* attest his vigor and piety as a preacher. He died of consumption at Lisbon, in 1751, in the fifty-first year of his age. It was Dr. Doddridge's custom immediately after finishing a sermon, while his heart was yet aglow with the warmth and unction of earnest, prayerful study, and the thought and plan of the sermon were fresh in his mind, to write a hymn embodying the doctrinal and devotional sentiment of the discourse; and have it sung immediately after the conclusion of his sermon. This gives to his hymns a doctrinal unity not found in many hymns. Hence his hymns, as a rule, are suitable for *one* subject, not for *any* subject or occasion. They are the hymns of a pastor and preacher written to meet his own needs. Dr. Doddridge's hymns were circulated only in manuscript during his life-time. It was not until four years after his death that they (364 in all) were collected and published under the title *Hymns Founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures*, 1755.
And will the great, eternal God..... 694
And will the Judge descend..... 298
Arise, my tenderest thoughts, arise..... 301
Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve..... 409
Awake, my soul, to meet the day..... 798
Beset with snares on every hand..... 526
Cheered with thy converse, Lord, I trace..... 467
Do not I love thee, O my Lord..... 496
Eternal Source of every joy..... 716
Father of mercies, send thy grace..... 504
God of my life, through all my days..... 831
Grace! 'tis a charming sound..... 161
Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes..... 58
How gentle God's commands..... 553
How rich thy bounty, King of kings..... 223
Jesus, I love thy charming name..... 156
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace..... 502
Let Zion's watchmen all awake..... 219
My soul, with all thy wakened powers..... 524
Now let our cheerful eyes survey..... 122
O happy day, that fixed my choice..... 827
O righteous God, thou Judge supreme..... 720
O thou great God, whose piercing eye..... 824
Our God ascends his lofty throne..... 15
Remark, my soul, the narrow bound..... 708
Repent, the voice celestial cries..... 296
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand..... 237
Sing, O ye ransomed of the Lord..... 511
Sovereign of all the worlds on high..... 184
The King of heaven his table spreads..... 239
These mortal joys, how soon they fade..... 503
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love..... 264
To-morrow, Lord, is thine..... 299

What though the arm of conquering death.. 625
When at this distance, Lord, we trace..... 86
Ye humble souls, that seek the Lord..... 114
Ye servants of the Lord..... 485

Dryden, John, one of the most noted of English poets and literary men, was born in 1631 at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, and died at London in 1700. He sleeps in Westminster Abbey. He was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he received his Master of Arts degree in 1657. His first poem that attracted attention was written when he was only eighteen years old. In 1668 he became poet laureate. He wrote much for the theaters of his day, and his plays abound in sentiments that offend Christian taste. Dryden joined the Roman Catholic Church several years before he died, having been previously a member of the Church of England. Among his works are two volumes of *Sacred Poetry*, from which the following translation of the famous Latin hymn beginning *Veni, Creator Spiritus*, is taken:

Creator, Spirit, by whose aid..... 167

Duffield, George, was born at Carlisle, Penn., in 1818; graduated at Yale in 1837, and at Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., in 1840; was ordained an elder in the Presbyterian Church and became a pastor successively of many of the leading Presbyterian Churches in the North and Northwest. He retired from the active work of the ministry in 1884, and settled at Detroit, Mich. He died in 1888 at Bloomfield, N. J., while on a visit to his son's widow. He was the son of Rev. George Duffield, D.D., "the patriarch of Michigan," who was born in 1796 and died at Detroit in 1868, and the father of the late Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, D.D., of Bloomfield, N. J., author of *English Hymns, Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns*, etc.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus..... 580

Dwight, John Sullivan, is a son of Dr. Timothy Dwight, and was born in Boston in 1813. He graduated at Harvard in 1832; entered the ministry and preached five or six years, and has since made literature his profession.

God bless our native land..... 729

Dwight, Timothy, was born at Northampton, Mass., May 14, 1752. His mother was a daughter of Jonathan Edwards. He entered Yale College at the age of thirteen, and, graduating four years later, became a tutor, which position he resigned in 1777 to become chaplain in the Revolutionary Army. He next became a pastor at Greenfield, Conn., and in 1795 was elected President of Yale College, and remained in this position until his death January 11, 1817. He is best known by his theological works, which are numerous and strong and show him to be a moderate Calvinist in faith. In 1800 he prepared and published a revised edition of *Watts's Psalms*, which was approved and adopted by the General Association of Connecticut (Congregational). This volume contained several other hymns from various sources, some of which were written by himself.

I love thy kingdom, Lord..... 194
Shall man, O God of light and life..... 634
While life prolongs its precious light..... 300

Ecking, Samuel, a Baptist minister of England, was born in 1757 and died in 1785, being only twenty-eight years old. It could be wished that he had lived long enough to write more such hymns as this:

Peace, troubled soul, thou needst not fear... 48

Edmeston, James. Of the two thousand hymns written by James Edmeston, only two find a place in this book. He was the son of an Independent minister, and was born at Wapping, London, September 10, 1791; spent his youth at Hackney; was apprenticed to an architect, and later entered this profession himself. In 1816 he published a small volume of poems. This was followed by occasional poetic contributions, and in 1847 he collected his best pieces in one volume. He died January 7, 1867, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. He was a member of the Church of England. One of his hymn-books was titled *The Cottage Minstrel*, and another *Hymns for Sunday-Schools*.

O thou whose mercy guides my way..... 523
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing..... 802

Ellerton, John, a minister of the Church of England, was born in 1826; graduated at Cambridge in 1849. In 1883 he was rector of the church at Barnes, Surrey. He has written many excellent hymns, which have appeared from time to time in various English hymnals, and is the author of an *annotated* edition of the *Church Hymns*, which was published in 1881 by the "Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge."

Saviour, again to thy dear name..... 266

Elliott, Charlotte, is one of the sweetest lady singers whose productions find a place in this volume. She was born at Brighton in 1789, and reared amid refined, Christian surroundings. She developed at quite an early age a passion for music and art. She was unusually well educated. From her thirty-second year until her death, which occurred in 1871, in her eighty-third year, she was a confirmed invalid and oftentimes a great sufferer. Her sickness led to her happy conversion. She was a member of the Church of England. Her hymns have in them a tenderness and sweetness born of suffering and resignation. Although an invalid she did a large amount of literary work in her lifetime, publishing several volumes. Her *Invalid's Hymn Book*, 1836, contains 115 of her own hymns.

Just as I am, without one plea..... 318
My God, is any hour so sweet..... 790
My God, my Father, while I stray..... 532
When waves of trouble round me swell..... 536
With tearful eyes I look around..... 347

Enfield, William, a learned and scholarly Dissenting minister of England, was born in 1741. He became pastor of a church in Liverpool in 1763, and in 1770 he became a professor in the college at Warrington, where he was associated with Rev. Dr. John Aiken, the father of Mrs. Barbauld, and with the learned Rev. Gilbert Wakefield. During the fifteen years he was at Warrington he published no less than ten volumes, one of which was the *Warrington Collection of Hymns*, 1772, in the second edition of which (1781) the hymn below appeared. In 1785 he became pastor of a Dissenting Church in Norwich, where he lived and labored until his death in 1797. The University of Edinburgh conferred on him the literary degree of LL.D.

Behold where in a mortal form..... 142

Evans, Jonathan, a Congregational minister of England, was born in 1749 in Warwickshire. His early religious and educational advantages were far from good. He professed religion when nearly thirty years of age, and joined the Congregational Church at Coventry of which Rev. G. Burder was pastor. He became what among Methodists would be called a "local" preacher—he continued in secular work while he began exercising his gifts as a preacher at Foleshill, two miles distant from Coventry, being regularly installed as pastor there in 1797. He labored diligently there for twelve years, when he suddenly died August 31, 1809, in the sixtieth year of his age. It is not certain that he wrote the follow-

ing hymn, but the preponderance of evidence is in favor of his authorship:
Hark! the voice of love and mercy..... 113

Evans, William Edwin, is a member of the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was born in Baltimore, July 11, 1851; was converted in his seventeenth year, and joined the Church; entered Randolph-Macon College in 1869; was licensed to preach August 2, 1870; joined the Baltimore Conference in 1872, but was immediately transferred to the Virginia Conference and stationed at Cambridge, Md.; located two years later on account of his health, but was readmitted to membership in the Conference in 1876. He has been chaplain at Randolph-Macon College, was stationed four years at Park Place Church, Richmond, and is now (1889) pastor of Washington Street Church in Petersburg. He has published occasional poems in the periodicals of the Church.
Come, O thou God of grace..... 697

Everest, Charles William, an Episcopal clergyman, was born at East Windsor, Conn., May 27, 1814; graduated at Trinity College, Hartford, in 1838; was ordained priest in 1842 and became at once rector of the parish of Hampden, near New Haven, Conn., where he remained for thirty-one years. He died at Waterbury, Conn., January 11, 1877, being at the time an officer in the "Society for the Increase of the Ministry."
"Take up thy cross," the Saviour said..... 543

Faber, Frederick William, was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1814; graduated at Oxford in 1836; was ordained deacon in the Church of England in 1837, and presbyter in 1839; traveled on the continent for four years, and returning to England became rector of Elton, where he labored successfully for two years, and then in connection with the famous "Tractarian Movement," headed by John Henry Newman, he left the Church of England and joined the Roman Catholic Church. After a visit to Rome, he founded a "Community" at Birmingham. In 1849 he removed to London to take charge of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, of which he continued in charge until his death in 1863. He was one of the most gifted and spiritual of the hymn-writers of the nineteenth century. He was possessed of a marvelous power of apprehending and describing things spiritual. His insight into the nature and attributes of God seems to be the intuitive perception of an intensely spiritual and poetic nature. His hymns are unlike those of any other poet. Their length and their abounding "Romishism" have necessitated many alterations from the original in almost every instance. They were published in many successive editions from 1848 to 1862, each successive edition containing additions to the preceding. He is also the author of eight or ten other volumes of a devotional character.
Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are..... 633
I worship thee, most gracious God..... 549
My God, how wonderful thou art..... 16
O for the happy days gone by..... 352
O how the love of God attracts..... 419
O it is hard to work for God..... 513
There's a wideness in God's mercy..... 27
Why, dearest Lord, can I not pray..... 739

Fawcett, John, a Baptist divine of England, was born in Yorkshire in 1739; was converted under the preaching of Whitefield in 1755 and fellowshiped with the Methodists until 1758, when he joined the Baptist Church at Bradford; in 1765 became pastor of the Baptist Church at Wainsgate, and although he received many flattering calls to go elsewhere, he remained there, or in the neighborhood at least, until his death in 1814. He was an honored and useful minister of the gospel. He published many volumes on religious subjects. His Hymn Book was published in 1782. Most of his hymns were written in the midnight hours of Saturday nights, and, like those of Dr. Doddridge, were prepared to be sung at the conclusion of his sermons on the Sabbath.
Blest be the tie that binds..... 751
How precious is the book divine..... 684
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing..... 581
Our sins on Christ were laid..... 92
Religion is the chief concern..... 516
Sinners, the voice of God regard..... 297
Thy presence, gracious God, afford..... 453
Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea..... 45

Fletcher, Miss. We have no information concerning her. We believe she is the Miss Fletcher who has published occasional poems in the New York *Independent*.
Think gently of the erring one..... 912

Francis, Benjamin, an English Baptist preacher, was born in Wales in 1734, and died at Shortwood, Gloucestershire, in 1799.
Praise the Saviour, all ye nations..... 677

Gambold, John, a Bishop of the Moravian or United Brethren Church, was born in South Wales in 1711; he was educated at Oxford and entered the ministry of the Church of England, but joined the Moravian Church in 1742, and in 1754 was made a Bishop among them. He wrote several prose works and edited a volume of hymns which was published in 1748. He died in 1771.
O tell me no more Of this world's vain store 741
Thee we adore, eternal Lord..... 11

Gates, Helen Huntington, is the author of a hymn much admired by President Lincoln, and very beautifully sung by Philip Phillips, beginning, "If you cannot on the ocean," and containing the oft-quoted couplet:

"Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song."

She was born in 1835. Her brother, Mr. C. P. Huntington, is a prominent financier of New York City. Mrs. Gates lived at Elizabeth, New Jersey. In Long's "Synopsis of Hymn Writers" the date of her death is given as 1863; but Dr. Duffield (of Bloomfield, N. J.), in his *English Hymns* (1886), does not write of her as if she were then deceased. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church.
I will sing you a song of that beautiful..... 897

Gerhardt, Paul, a distinguished Lutheran minister, and, next to Luther, the most popular hymn-writer of Germany, was born in Saxony in 1606. He did not enter the ministry until late in life. He was ordained in 1651 and became pastor in Mittenwalde. He married in 1655. Several of his hymns were published in 1653 in the "Berlin Hymn Book," and later in other collections in Brandenburg and Saxony; and became at once very popular with the people. In 1657 he was appointed to the large and influential Church of St. Nicholas in Berlin where he preached to large crowds and was happy and useful in his ministry until ejected in 1666 by the edict of the Elector Frederick William, which was designed to make all preaching conform to the Reformed (Calvinistic) faith, and to which edict Gerhardt, believing in an unlimited atonement, refused to conform. As a consequence he was ejected, and suffered many and great hardships. In 1669 he was appointed Archdeacon of Lubben in Saxony. He died in 1676. His hymns number only one hundred and twenty-three.
Commit thou all thy griefs..... 554
Give to the winds thy fears..... 536
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness..... 186
Jesus, thy boundless love to me..... 409
My Saviour, how shall I proclaim..... 100
O sacred Head, now wounded..... 90

Gibbons, Thomas, an eminent Dissenting clergyman of England, was a son of a minister of the same name, and was born in 1720. He entered the ministry in 1742, and in 1743 became pastor of an Independent Church in London, remaining there until his death in 1785. His numerous publications included several volumes of poems, and two or three volumes of hymns. He was an intimate friend of Dr. Watts, whose memoir he wrote.

Great God, the nations of the earth..... 656
In the soft season of thy youth..... 280
Through all the lofty sky... 723
When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay..... 488

Gilbert, Anne Taylor, came of one of the most literary families in England. Isaac Taylor was her brother. She was born in 1782. In connection with her sister Jane she wrote and published several volumes of poetry. In 1813 she married Rev. Joseph Gilbert, a learned Congregational minister, at that time Professor in Rotherham College, Yorkshire. Eighteen of her hymns were published in Dr. Liefchild's *Original Hymns* (1842), and she also published *Hymns for Sunday-School Anniversaries* in 1853. Notwithstanding her multitudinous literary labors she was unusually devoted to the interests of her family, among whom she died in 1866, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

The nations call! from sea to sea..... 669
While we with fear and hope survey..... 703

Gilmore, Joseph Henry, is a professor in Rochester (N. Y.) University. He was born in 1834. He is a Baptist clergyman.

He leadeth me! O blessèd thought..... 861

Goode, William, a useful clergyman of the Church of England, was born in 1762; graduated at Oxford in 1784, and was ordained the same year; was a pastor in London, and took part in various benevolent and public religious movements. He died in 1816. His only hymn here is a doxology.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee..... 928

Grant, Sir Robert, was born in India in 1785. His father, a staunch and pious Scotchman, was a leading officer of the East India Company, and his brother Charles was Lord Glenelg. He graduated at Cambridge in 1804; was admitted to the bar in 1807, and filled various public official positions; was appointed Governor of Bombay in 1834. He died in India in 1838. He is the author of several volumes on the work of the East India Company and also of twelve hymns which his brother, Lord Glenelg, published the year after his death in a volume titled *Sacred Poems.*

By thy birth, and by thy tears.... 348
Lord of earth, thy forming hand..... 475
O worship the King..... 19

Grigg, Joseph, was a Presbyterian minister of England. He was "a laboring mechanic" in early life. He was a pious and useful man. He was born in 1720 and died in 1768.

Behold a Stranger at the door..... 291
Jesus! and shall it ever be..... 495

Guyon, Jeanne Marie Bouvier de la Motte, an eminent mystic writer of the seventeenth century, was born at Montargis, France, in 1648. Her father, Claude Bouvier, was the Lord Proprietor of La Motte Vergonville. She was religiously inclined from her youth and desired to enter a convent, but her parents prevented this by giving her in marriage in her sixteenth year to Jacques Guyon, a man twenty-two years her senior and every way uncongenial. An unhappy married life of twelve years terminated in the death of her husband in 1676, leaving her three children, to whose education and to the care of her estate she now devoted herself. She later devoted herself to religious works and to writing on her peculiar views of spiritual religion. Her published volumes soon brought on her the persecution of the Roman Catholic Church. She was twice imprisoned, the first imprisonment lasting eight months and the second seven years, ending in the Bastile. After her release she lived with her children and continued her writings. Most of her hymns were written during this imprisonment. Those here given were translated by Cowper. She was a strong believer in the witness of the Spirit, perfect faith, and perfect love. She died in 1717 in her seventieth year.

How happy are the newborn race..... 399
My sole possession is thy love..... 562

Hammond, William, was first a Calvinistic Methodist and later a Moravian minister of England. He graduated at Cambridge in 1739. He was converted in 1740, and in 1745 he published at London a volume of *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs.* He was associated with Rev. John Cennick, author of "Children of the heavenly King." The year of his birth is not known. He died in 1783.

Awake, and sing the song..... 573
Lord, we come before thee now..... 736

Hankey, Kate. We have no information concerning Miss Hankey, except that she lives in London.

I love to tell the story..... 875

Harmer, Samuel Young, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born in 1809, and is now deceased.

In the Christian's home in glory..... 902

Hart, Joseph, a Congregational minister of England, was born in 1712, of pious parents. In early life he was pious, but relapsed into sin, and exerted a most pernicious influence upon all with whom he associated. While in this backslidden state he wrote a pamphlet titled, "The Unreasonableness of Religion; being Remarks and Animadversions on the Rev. John Wesley's Sermon on Rom. viii. 32." But he was deeply convicted in his fortieth year, and betook himself to daily prayer and to reading the Scriptures. It was not, however, until he attended a service at the Moravian Church in Fetter Lane, London, on Whitsunday, 1757, that he obtained peace. He now became an earnest and consecrated Christian. He wrote and published many hymns. He began preaching when he was forty-eight years old. He died in 1768.

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy..... 273
O for a glance of heavenly day..... 327
Once more we come before our God..... 452
Prayer is appointed to convey..... 774
That doleful night before his death..... 245
This, this is the God we adore..... 23
Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear..... 284

Hartsough, Lewis, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, living in Kansas. He was born in 1828. His wife was elected a member of the General Conference in 1886, and the question of her admission caused the most noted discussion of that session.

I hear thy welcome voice..... 858

Hascall, Jefferson, a minister of the M. E. Church, wrote the "Land of Benlah" in fifteen minutes in 1861. He was born at Thompson, Conn., November 6, 1807. He was living at Medford, Mass., in 1876.

My latest sun is sinking fast..... 894

Hastings, Thomas, an eminent Doctor of Music, was born in Connecticut in 1784. He composed many of our most popular church tunes, and edited a large number of music books. American Church music and psalmody is perhaps as much

indebted to him as to any other composer of tunes. He composed no less than six hundred original tunes, and altered and improved many old tunes. In 1832 he moved from Utica, N. Y.,(where he edited a religious newspaper called the *Recorder*,) to New York City. Here, in connection with William B. Bradbury, he became practically the leader of Church music in America. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, a devout Christian, well versed in the Scriptures, and is the author of a number of excellent hymns. He died in 1872. His musical publications are too numerous to mention.

Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near... 275
Drooping souls, no longer mourn..... 281
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us..... 463
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad..... 673
Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding..... 623

Haweis, Thomas, a popular preacher of the Church of England and one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, was the author of several prose works and a volume of two hundred and fifty-six hymns. Immediately after his graduation at the University of Oxford he became a pastor in Oxford, and attained great popularity. From 1763 to his death in 1820 he was rector of Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire. Of his hymns he said: "They are such as my heart indited, and they speak of the things I have believed concerning my God and King. They all point to one object—to a crucified Jesus."

Dark was the night, and cold the ground..... 84
Great Spirit, by whose mighty power..... 185

Hawker, Robert, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born in 1793 at Exeter, and died in 1827 in Plymouth, where he had been a pastor for many years. His *Psalms and Hymns* (1794) contain the following doxology:

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing..... 925

Hawks, Annie Sherwood, was born in New York State in 1835, and died in 1872. Mrs. Hawks was a member of the Baptist Church.

I need thee every hour..... 851

Hayward, J. Nothing is known concerning the author of the following beautiful hymn:

Welcome, delightful morn..... 260

Heath, George, a Unitarian minister of England, was in 1770 pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Honiton in Devonshire, but was discharged for unworthy conduct. It would add much interest to the following hymn to know whether it was written before or after this event. Perhaps it was a penitential hymn written after his unhappy removal from his charge. Very little is known concerning his life.

My soul, be on thy guard..... 578

Heber, Reginald, a Bishop of the Church of England, was born in 1783; educated at Oxford, where he early took the prize for both Latin and English poems; ordained in 1807, and became rector at Hodnet. He was appointed Missionary Bishop of Calcutta in 1823. He died in 1826. He was a man of learning and piety. His hymns are among the most popular in the language. They were collected and published the year after his death.

Brightest and best of the sons of the..... 72
By cool Siloam's shady rill..... 702
Death rides on every passing breeze... 586
From Greenland's icy mountains..... 670
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty..... 4
O God, who madest earth and sky..... 799
Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not 620

Hedge, Frederick Henry, a Unitarian minister, born in Cambridge, Mass., 1805, graduated at the University there in 1825 and three years later at the Divinity School in the same town; was pastor in various places. While pastor at Brookline, Mass., he became also professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Cambridge Divinity School, and from 1872 to 1881 he was professor of German Literature in Harvard University. In connection with Dr. Huntington (now Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church) he published in 1853 *Hymns for the Church* (Unitarian), in which the following translation of Luther's great hymn first appeared:

A mighty fortress is our God..... 551

Hemans, Felicia Dorothea, the poetess, was born in 1793 in Liverpool, England. Her maiden name was Browne. She made up for her lack of early educational advantages by habits of reading and diligent study all her life. At the early age of fourteen she published a volume of poems, which was followed by many others during her life-time. She was married to Captain Hemans, a military officer, in 1812. She died in 1835. She ranks high among the lyric poets of the English language.

Calm on the bosom of thy God..... 615

Herbert, George, a devotedly pious clergyman of the Church of England, was born in 1593; graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; was a pastor at Layton Ecclesia in 1626, and at Bemerton from 1630 to his death in 1632. He occupied his moments of leisure in the cultivation of sacred music. The following hymn is in keeping with the spirit of consecration and the heavenly-mindedness that marked his Christian life:

Teach me, my God and King..... 528

Hervey, James, was one of the Oxford band of Methodists, and afterward became a clergyman of the Church of England. He was a fluent writer on religious and devotional themes. His "Meditations," "Reflections," and "Contemplations" have been widely read from their first appearance to the present time. He wrote professedly for the rich and cultivated circles. He sympathized with the Whitefield or Lady Huntingdon (Calvinistic) branch of Methodism. He was born in 1714 and died in 1758.

Since all the varying scenes of time..... 44

Holden, Oliver, author of "Coronation" and other popular tunes, was born at Shirley, Mass., in 1765. He was originally a carpenter by trade, but became a teacher, composer, and publisher of music at Charlestown, Mass. He published between 1792 and 1802 some eight or ten music-books. He also wrote several original hymns. He died at Charlestown, Mass., in 1844.

They who seek the throne of grace..... 784

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, an eminent American poet and literary man, is the son of a Congregational minister, and was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1809. He graduated at Harvard in 1829, then made a thorough study of medicine at home and abroad, was elected professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth in 1838, and in 1847 was elected to the same chair at Harvard, which position he filled until 1882, when he became "Emeritus" professor. He is still living (1889) at the advanced age of eighty, and continues to do literary work. He has published many volumes, and is one of the most widely known of American authors. He is ranked as a Unitarian in faith. He has written but two hymns.

O Love divine, that stooped to share..... 82

Hopkins, Josiah, was first a Congregational and later a Presbyterian clergyman. He was born at Pittsford, Vt., in 1786. After his graduation at Auburn Theological Seminary, he became pastor

of the Congregational Church at New Haven, Vt. In 1830 he was installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, at Auburn, N. Y., from which he retired in 1846 on account of failing health. In 1847 he compiled and published a selection of *Conference Hymns Adapted to Religious Conferences and Meetings for Prayer*. He died at Geneva, N. Y., in 1862, where he was a patient in the "Water Cure," under treatment for asthma.

O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die..... 274

Horne, George, a Bishop of the Church of England, was born in 1730 and died in 1792. He was educated at the University of Oxford, of which he became vice-chancellor in 1776. He was made Dean of Canterbury in 1781, and Bishop of Norwich in 1789. "He was considered the best preacher of his time, a sincere and exemplary Christian, and a thorough scholar."

See the leaves around us falling..... 715

Houlditch, Anne Shepherd, is an English lady, and was Miss Shepherd when she wrote the following hymn:

Around the throne of God in heaven..... 892

How, William Walsham, a Bishop of the Church of England, was born in 1823; graduated at Oxford in 1845 and entered the ministry the following year. He has contributed several volumes to devotional literature. As early as 1854 he compiled and published a volume of *Psalms and Hymns* (later edition 1872). Having filled various positions in the Church of England, he was appointed Bishop of Bedford in 1879.

O Word of God incarnate..... 688

Hunter, William, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born in Ireland in 1811, and came to this country when but a youth. He graduated at Madison College in 1833. He was for a number of years professor of Hebrew and Biblical Literature in Alleghany College. He was the author of a large number of hymns, which he published in his *Select Melodies* (1838-51); *Minstrel of Zion* (1845); and *Songs of Devotion* (1860). He was one of the committee of twelve appointed by the General Conference of 1876 to revise the Church Hymnal. He died in 1877.

Joyfully, joyfully onward we move..... 888
My heavenly home is bright and fair..... 895

Huntingdon, Countess of, was born in 1707. Her maiden name was Selina Shirley. Her father was the second Earl Ferrers. She was married in 1728 to Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, with whom she lived happily until his death in 1746. She was one of the most pious, noble, and benevolent women whose names adorn the annals of the Christian Church. She espoused, and supported by her large income, the cause of the Methodists. George Whitefield was one of her many chaplains, in connection with whom she may be said to have founded the Calvinistic branch of Methodism. She was an earnest and active Christian worker until her death in 1791. The following hymn portrays the unaffected humility of her Christian character.

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come 594

Huntington, D. W. C., is a prominent minister and member of the Genessee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

O think of the home over there..... 905

Jacobi, John Christian, an English Lutheran minister who flourished in the first half of the eighteenth century. The following hymn is a translation from Paul Gerhardt and was made about 1722.

Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness..... 186

Jacopone da Todi, sometimes called BENEDETTO, an Italian monk and poet, was born at Todi. He wrote several poems, which were approved by the Academy della Crusca. He died in 1306. He was eminent enough to have his life written by Modio two and a half centuries after his death. The following is Dr. J. W. Alexander's translation of his famous *Stabat Mater Dolorosa:*

Near the cross was Mary weeping..... 98

Johnson, E. We have no information concerning the author of this very popular hymn:

O sometimes the shadows are deep..... 867

Jones, Edmund, an English Baptist minister, son of Rev. Philip Jones, was born in 1722, in Gloucestershire; educated at the Baptist College at Bristol; was ordained pastor of the Baptist Church at Exeter, Devonshire, in 1743; died in 1765. The Church at Exeter, like many Baptist Churches at that day, was opposed to "the service of song" in public worship; but it is not a matter of surprise that the author of so excellent a hymn as the following should have wrought a complete revolution in their sentiments regarding this feature of divine worship.

Come, humble sinner, in whose breast..... 277

Judson, Adoniram, an Apostolic Baptist Missionary, was born at Malden, Mass., in 1788; graduated at Brown University in 1807; went as a missionary to Burmah in 1812; in 1823 he printed a Burmese translation of the New Testament; was thrown into a horrid prison in 1824 and confined for eighteen months, enduring great privations and sufferings; completed a Burmese translation of the whole Bible in 1834; died at sea in 1850. He was one of the earliest and grandest of American missionaries.

Our Father, God, who art in heaven..... 781

Jukes, Richard, was a Primitive Methodist of England. He is now dead.

By faith I view my Saviour dying..... 877
We're traveling home to heaven above..... ... 883

Keble, John, author of *The Christian Year*, was the son of a clergyman of the same name belonging to the Church of England, and was born in in 1792. He graduated at Oxford in 1810, and was ordained in 1815. In 1827 he published his well-known volume, *The Christian Year*, ninety-six editions of which appeared before his death. In 1831 he was elected professor of Poetry at Oxford. A sermon preached by him on "National Apostasy" has been regarded as the real origin of the "Tractarian Movement of 1833." He wrote eight of the "Tracts for the Times." He was a pronounced High-Churchman. He was a contributor to the *Lyra Apostolica*, and in 1834 he united with Drs. Newman and Pusey in editing the *Library of the Fathers*. He was the author of several volumes. He died in 1866.

Blest are the pure in heart..... 418
New every morning is the love..... 792
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear..... 822

Keith, George, was a London bookseller and publisher. He married a daughter of Dr. Rippon, and officiated as clerk in his place of worship. He is said to have composed hymns occasionally on subjects suggested by Dr. Rippon's sermons. But it is a mere conjecture that he wrote the magnificent hymn here attributed to him. It appeared in Dr. Rippon's *Selection* (1787) with the simple letter "K." attached.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the..... 546

Kelly, Thomas, the son of Right Hon. Baron Kelly, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1769; graduated at the Dublin University; studied law, but abandoned it in 1793 to enter the ministry of the Established Church. His evangelical and heart-

searching preaching proved too strong for the Established Church, and he became an Independent. He was very wealthy, and as liberal as he was wealthy. He was a most pious, consecrated, and useful preacher. He labored in Dublin for more than sixty years, and lived to be eighty-six years old, dying in 1855. His *Scripture Hymns* grew from a volume of 96 hymns as first published in 1804 to a collection of 765 in 1853—all original.

Come, ye saints, look here and wonder..... 117
Hark, ten thousand harps and voices..... 137
Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious..... 136
On the mountain's top appearing..... 674
The head that once was crowned with..... 131
The Lord is risen indeed..... 116
Zion stands with hills surrounded..... 195

Kempthorne, John, the son of Admiral James Kempthorne, was born at Plymouth, England, in 1775. He was a clergyman of the Church of England. He was a rector of St. Michael's, Gloucester, when he died in 1838. His hymns appeared mostly in 1803–10. It is by no means certain that he is the author of the hymn here accredited to him.

Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him. 24

Ken, Thomas, a Bishop of the Church of England, was born in Hertfordshire in 1637; was appointed Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1684; was imprisoned under James II. in the Tower of London for his refusal to sign the Declaration of Indulgence; ministered to Charles II. in his last moments; died in 1711. His *Manual of Prayers* in which his hymns were published has appeared in numerous editions from 1674 to the present.

All praise to thee, my God, this night 800
Awake, my soul, and with the sun..... 791
My God, I now from sleep awake..... 821
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow... 919

Key, Francis Scott, well known as the author of "The Star Spangled Banner," was the son of an officer in the American army of the revolution, and was born in Frederick County, Md., in 1779; was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis; commenced the practice of law in 1801 at Fredericktown, and a few years later he moved to Washington, and became Attorney for the District of Columbia; died in 1843. He was an Episcopalian.

Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee..... 148

Kidder, Mary Anne, was born in 1820. She lives in New York City; is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Her maiden name was Pepper.

Lord, I care not for riches..... 903
We shall sleep, but not forever..... 903

Lange, Ernest, was born in Dantzig, Germany, where he held the office of Burgomaster. In the year 1710 a pestilence devastated the town in which he lived. The following year, on attaining his sixty-first year, he celebrated the mercy of God in sparing his life and that of a friend (also sixty-one years old) by publishing sixty-one hymns and dedicating them to this friend. He died at Dantzig in 1727. The following are John Wesley's translations:

O God, thou bottomless abyss..... 32
Parent of good! thy bounteous hand..... 57

Lange, Joachim, a Lutheran divine of Germany, was born in 1670. He was an associate with Franke and other Pietists of his day. He was a professor at the University of Halle, where he gained a great reputation as a commentator and theologian. He died in 1744.

O God, what offering shall I give 439

Langford, G. W. We have no information concerning the author of the following hymn, which is credited to "Bates" in the *Plymouth Collection*, but to the above author in Long's *History of the Hymns*. The hymn is dated 1847.

Speak gently; it is better far..... 911

Langford, John, a Baptist clergyman of England, who entered the ministry at Black's Fields, Southwark, in 1766, published a volume of *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* in 1776, and died in 1790. The hymn here accredited to him appeared in this volume, but was never claimed by him. It had appeared in 1763 in Madan's *Appendix*. Its authorship is really unknown.

Now begin the heavenly theme..... 149

Leland, John, a Baptist minister, was born in Massachusetts in 1754, labored mostly in Virginia and Massachusetts, and died in 1841. His life and writings were published in 1845 by Miss L. F. Greene.

O when shall I see Jesus..... 881
The day is past and gone..... 803

Luke, Jemima Thompson, the wife of Rev. Samuel Luke, an Independent minister of England, was the daughter of Thomas Thompson, a philanthropist, and was born in 1813 at Colebrook Terrace, Islington. She was for several years editor of the *Missionary Repository*.

I think when I read that sweet story of old. 909

Luther, Martin, the great Reformer, was born at Eisleben, Germany, in 1483; graduated at the University of Erfurth and received from it the degree of Ph.D., and in 1505 entered the Augustinian monastery located there; was ordained priest in 1507; in 1508 became professor of Philosophy in the University of Wittenberg. A visit to Rome revealed to him the corruptions of the Roman Catholic Church, and the sale of indulgences by John Tetzel under commission of Pope Leo X. determined him in open opposition to the Church of Rome. On the 31st of October, 1517, he posted his ninety-five theses against the doctrine of indulgences on the church door at Wittenberg; in 1520 he burned the Pope's Bull of excommunication; in 1522 translated the New Testament into German; married Katharine Von Bora, a nun, in 1524, and during the same year published the first Hymn Book of the Reformation, containing several of his own hymns and translations of the Psalms. From this time forth Luther's hymns became immensely popular, and one of the most powerful moral forces in accomplishing the work of the Reformation. He died in 1546.

A mighty fortress is our God..... 551
To us this day a Child is given..... 67

Lyte, Henry Francis, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born in 1793 at Kelso, Scotland. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took several prizes for poetry. He was ordained to the ministry in 1815, but was not converted until 1818, when he was called to comfort a brother minister, who was dying and was without peace and hope. It was the blind leading the blind; but in their distress they searched the Scriptures, and both found peace in believing. From this time on he was a thoroughly evangelical and earnest minister. He was perpetual curate of Lower Brixham, Devonshire, from 1823 until his death in 1847.

Abide with me: fast falls the eventide..... 828
Jesus, I my cross have taken..... 540

Mace, Frances Laughton, was born at Orono, Maine, in 1836. She was married in 1855 to Benjamin H. Mace, a lawyer of Bangor, Me. A volume of her poems was published in Boston in 1883 under the title *Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets*.

Only waiting till the shadows..... 886

Mackay, Margaret, the daughter of Captain Robert Mackay, of Hedgefield, near Inverness, Scotland, was born in 1801, and was married in 1820 to Lieutenant Colonel William Mackay of the Sixty-eighth Light Infantry. She was the author of two or three volumes, her *Family at Heatherdale* being perhaps the most popular. The year of her death is unknown to this writer.
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep..... 599

Mackay, William Paton, is a clergyman. We have no information concerning him. The following hymn was written in 1866 for the "Gospel Hymns:"
We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy.... 869

MacKellar, Thomas, is an elder in the Presbyterian Church at Germantown, near Philadelphia, Penn. He was born in New York City in 1812. He was in the employ of Harper & Brothers as printer and proof-reader for many years. He is now the head of the great type-founding firm of MacKellar, Smiths & Jordan, Philadelphia.
There is a land immortal..... 653

Maffit, John Newland, a noted clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1794. He joined the Wesleyans in 1813, emigrated to America in 1819, joined the New England Conference, and was a member of the same for many years; moved to Nashville, Tenn., in 1835 and, in connection with Rev. Lewis Garrett, issued *The Western Methodist* (now the *Christian Advocate*, the central organ of the M. E. Church, South); was connected with La Grange College, Ala., in 1836-8; chaplain to Congress in 1841. His later life was somewhat checkered. In his prime he was a preacher of immense popularity, swaying great multitudes. He died at Mobile, Ala., in 1850.
Together let us sweetly live..... 885

Malan, Cæsar Henry Abraham, an eminently spiritual and useful French preacher of Geneva, Switzerland, born in 1787, was consecrated to the ministry in 1810, and preached first in John Calvin's University at Geneva. The Established Church to which he belonged had become thoroughly rationalistic, and Malan becoming evangelical in his faith and experience, was at variance with them, and was dismissed in 1818. He continued, however, to preach a fervent and spiritual gospel until his death in 1864.
It is not death to die..... 627

Mant, Richard, a Bishop of the Episcopal Church of Ireland, was born at Southampton, England, (the birthplace of Isaac Watts) in 1776. He was the son of a clergyman of the English Church; graduated at Oxford in 1801; entered the ministry of the English Church in 1810, and in 1820 was consecrated Bishop of Killala, Ireland. He was the author of numerous works and many hymns. He died in 1848.
Lord, thy glory fills the heaven..... 25

March, Daniel, a Congregational minister, author of *Night Scenes in the Bible* and other popular works, was born in 1816. He has had various pastoral charges.
Hark, the voice of Jesus calling..... 489

Marcy, Elizabeth Eunice, is the wife of Oliver Marcy, LL.D., professor of Natural History in the North-western University, located at Evanston, Ill. She was born in 1822.
Out of the depths to thee I cry..... 83

Marriott, John, a clergyman of the Church of England, was the son of a clergyman, and was born in 1780; was educated at Oxford; took holy orders in 1803, and died in 1825. His *Sermons* were published in 1838. This is the only hymn he wrote:
Thou, whose almighty word..... 676

Marsden, Joshua, a Wesleyan minister, was born in 1777; was a wild and wicked youth, but, being converted, he became a useful missionary, going first to Nova Scotia, and later to the Bermuda Islands. He published several volumes, among them a book of poems entitled, *The Amusements of a Mission*.
Go, ye messengers of God..... 672

Mason, John, an earnest and pious clergyman of the English Church, lived in the seventeenth century; graduated at Cambridge in 1664, and died at the rectory of Water-Stratford, Buckinghamshire, in 1694. His *Spiritual Songs* were published in 1683. He was the best English hymn-writer preceding Watts, and many think they can detect his influence upon Watts and Wesley. Richard Baxter styled him "the glory of the Church of England."
Now from the altar of our hearts..... 807

Masters, Mary, an English poetess of moderate gifts and reputation, was born about 1702. She enjoyed very poor educational advantages, and her early poetic efforts were always discouraged by her parents. Some of her poems are dated 1724. She published a volume of poetry in 1733, and a second in 1755. The year of her death is not known.
'Tis religion that can give..... 893

Matthias, John B. We have no facts concerning his life.
I saw a way-worn traveler..... 900

McDonald, William, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was born in Belmont, Me., in 1820. He joined the Miami (Methodist) Conference in 1843; has been a member of several Conferences, and been stationed as a preacher in various towns and cities in the North and West. In 1870 he entered the evangelistic work in connection with Rev. J. S. Inskip, the famous advocate of "Christian Holiness" (as a "second blessing"), and has ever since been engaged in that work. He is the editor of the *Christian Witness* (formerly the *Advocate of Bible Holiness*). He is the author of seven Church music books and ten other volumes. These facts are gleaned from a letter to the author, dated Monrovia, Cal., January 31, 1889.
I am coming to the cross..... 864

Medley, Samuel, a Baptist minister, was born in Hertfordshire, England, in 1738; was surrounded by pious influences in early life, but became a careless and wicked youth; joined the navy, and was severely wounded. After his recovery he entered the ministry and became pastor of a Baptist Church in Liverpool. He died in 1799. His hymns (230 in number) were collected and published the following year under the title of *Medley's Hymns*.
Awake, my soul, to joyful lays..... 138
I know that my Redeemer lives..... 118
Mortals, awake, with angels join..... 60
O could I speak the matchless worth..... 139

Merrick, James, was an ordained clergyman of the Church of England, but owing to his health he never was able to perform pastoral work. He published several volumes, among them *Poems on Sacred Subjects* and *The Psalms Translated or Paraphrased in English Verse*, 1765. He was born in 1720 and died in 1769.
Author of good, we rest on thee..... 548

Midlane, Albert, is a lay member of the Church of England. He was born in 1825. In addition to his *Gospel Echoes*, from which this hymn is

taken, he published in 1865 a volume titled *Leaves from Olivet*.
"All things are ready," come..... 855

Miller, William Edward, an English clergyman, was born in 1766 and died in 1839. We have no other facts concerning his life.
Our souls, by love together knit..... 754

Mills, Elizabeth, an English lady, was born in 1805 and died in 1829. She was a member of the Church of England. We do not know her maiden name.
We speak of the land of the blest..... 882

Milman, Henry Hart, an eminent Dean of the Church of England, and well known as a Church historian, was born in London in 1791; was educated at Oxford, and in 1816 entered the ministry of the Church of England; was professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1821 to 1831; became Canon of Westminster in 1835, and was made Dean of St. Paul's in 1849. He died in 1868.
Bound upon th' accursèd tree..... 93
The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll..... 907

Milton, John, author of "Paradise Lost," was born in London in 1608; was educated at Cambridge; became a Puritan in religion; was in public service under Cromwell, and narrowly escaped with his life at the restoration. He went totally blind in 1652. He died in 1674. His is one of the most noted names in English literature. The facts of his life are accessible to all.
Let us, with a gladsome mind..... 21
The Lord will come, and not be slow..... 71

Montgomery, James, the well-known English poet, was the son of Rev. John Montgomery, a Moravian missionary, and was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1771. He began writing poetry when only ten years of age. He was a clerk in a London book-store for many years. From 1792 till his death in 1854 he lived in Sheffield, where he edited a paper and engaged in other literary work. He never married. His published volumes were numerous. Among his poetic works were several volumes of hymns. He aided Thomas Cotterill in his *Collection* (1819). His *Songs of Zion* (1822), *Christian Psalmist* (1825) and *Original Hymns* (1833) contain several hundred hymns, among the best of which are the following twenty-three:
According to thy gracious word..... 243
Angels, from the realms of glory..... 73
Come to the morning prayer..... 788
Daughter of Zion, from the dust..... 661
"Forever with the Lord!"..... 631
Friend after friend departs..... 617
Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime..... 626
Hail to the Lord's Anointed..... 660
Hark! the song of jubilee..... 671
Lord God, the Holy Ghost..... 188
Lord of hosts, to thee we raise..... 696
O Spirit of the living God..... 191
O where shall rest be found..... 588
Our Heavenly Father, hear..... 762
People of the living God..... 749
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire..... 769
Servant of God, well done..... 632
Sow in the morn thy seed..... 500
Stand up, and bless the Lord..... 8
There is a calm for those who weep..... 630
We bid thee welcome in the name..... 226
What is the thing of greatest price..... 303
When on Sinai's top I see..... 104

Moore, Thomas, the noted Irish poet, was born in Dublin in 1779; began to write poetry at quite an early age; graduated at Trinity College in his native city in 1798, and the following year moved to London and began the study of law. From 1800 until his death in 1852 he published works in prose and poetry too numerous to mention. "Of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung," says Professor Wilson, "the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore." He was a musician as well as a poet, and often sung his own songs to the delight of the social circles among the great and noble, where he was ever a welcome and favored visitor. His religious life was any thing else but that of a Christian, but his songs are nevertheless among the sweetest, tenderest, and most admired in the Hymn Book.
Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish 294
O thou, who driest the mourner's tear..... 539

More, Henry, an English clergyman, was born in 1614; graduated at Cambridge in 1635, and entered the ministry, though his life was devoted mostly to philosophical studies and to authorship. He died in 1687. His hymns were altered and much improved by John Wesley.
Father, if justly still we claim..... 180
On all the earth thy Spirit shower..... 181

Morrison, John, a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, was born in 1749. He was one of a committee of four, appointed in 1775 by the General Assembly to revise the "Translations and Paraphrases" attached to the old version of the *Psalms of David in Meter*. Of these revised *Paraphrases* (published in 1781) Dr. Morrison is the author of seven. He died in 1798.
To us a Child of hope is born..... 64

Mote, Edward, a Baptist minister of England, was born in 1797 and died in 1836. His *Hymns of Praise*, containing ninety-five of his own hymns, was published the year of his death.
My hope is built on nothing less..... 849

Muhlenberg, William Augustus, an Episcopal clergyman, born in Philadelphia, Penn., in 1796; graduated at the University of his native State in 1814; entered the ministry in 1817. He was a pastor at various places in Pennsylvania and New York. He founded the Flushing (N. Y.) Institute in 1826, and St. Luke's Hospital (New York City) in 1865, of which he was the devoted pastor and superintendent until his death. He also founded St. Johnland, a home for various classes of the needy, in 1865. He was a musician as well as a poet, and published several volumes of hymns and church music. He died in 1877 in his eighty-first year.
I would not live alway; I ask not to stay..... 647
Like Noah's weary dove..... 738
Saviour, who thy flock art feeding..... 700
Zion, the marvelous story be telling..... 135

Nathan, El, is the *nom de plume* of one of the writers of the "Gospel Hymns" who does not wish his real name known.
Our Lord is now rejected..... 904

Neale, John Mason, an eminent English clergyman and author, was born in London in 1818; graduated at Cambridge in 1840, and the following year entered the ministry; was appointed Warden of Sackville College, Sussex (an institution for the aged), in 1846, which office he continued to fill until his death in 1866. He was the author of numerous published volumes, many of them evincing his antiquarian and ritualistic tastes. Among his works are several volumes of hymns. His *Mediæval Hymns* (1852) have furnished several excellent hymns for modern Church collections.
Brief life is here our portion..... 654
Christ is made the sure Foundation..... 689
Jerusalem the golden..... 652

Needham, John, a Baptist minister of England, who was a pastor in Hertfordshire, and later (1746) in Bristol, where he died, probably in the

year 1787. The year of his death is not known. In 1768 he published *Hymns Devotional and Moral*, containing 263 of his own composition.

Rise, O my soul, pursue the path..... 465

Nelson, David, a Presbyterian clergyman, was born in Jonesboro, Tenn., in 1793. He was an infidel in early manhood, but being soundly converted and feeling called to the ministry, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Abingdon, Va., in 1825. He was pastor in Danville, Ky., from 1827 to 1830, when he moved to Greenfield, Mo., where he founded a manual labor college (Marion). In 1836 he moved to Quincy, Ill. He died in 1844. He is the author of a noted work which bears many marks of his own genius and peculiarities —*The Cause and Cure of Infidelity*. (1837).

My days are gliding swiftly by..... 880

Nettleton, Asahel, a Congregational divine and evangelist, was born at North Killingworth, Conn., in 1783; graduated at Yale College in 1809; was licensed to preach in 1811 and became a traveling evangelist in Connecticut, New York, and Massachusetts, where his preaching was accompanied by remarkable awakenings and followed by great results. He was never married. His *Village Hymns* was published in 1824. He died in 1844.

Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire..... 189

Newman, John Henry, a cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church in England, was born in London in 1801; graduated at Oxford in 1820, and remained there several years as a tutor and vicar of St. Mary's, exercising great influence among the young men at the University in favor of High Church principles. From the date of his ordination as priest (1825) in the Church of England until he joined the Roman Catholic Church in 1845 he continued to exercise an almost unparalleled influence over all the young preachers who came in contact with him. He led many with him to the Church of Rome. He was the leader of what is called the "Tractarian Movement." He was made a cardinal in 1879.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling..... 462

Newton, John, the child of many prayers, the profligate youth, the wicked sailor boy, the contrite penitent, the happy Christian, the consecrated minister, the eminent divine, the sweet singer, was born in London in 1725. His mother, a devotedly pious woman, died when he was only seven years of age. His only "schooling" was from his eighth to his tenth year. He was engaged in the African slave-trade for several years, and was even himself held as a slave at one time in Sierra Leone. He became an infidel, but was converted in a storm at sea while returning from Africa. He married a noble and pious woman in 1750. He became a minister in 1758, but was not ordained until in 1764, when he obtained the curacy of Olney (near Cambridge). He remained here for nearly sixteen years, being intimately associated with the poet Cowper, who was joint author with him of the *Olney Hymns* (1779). Soon after the appearance of this volume he moved to London, where he did faithful work as a pastor for many years, and attained an honored old age. He died in 1807. The following twenty-two hymns are among the most valuable in the Hymn Book:

Amazing grace! (how sweet the sound!)..... 570
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat..... 343
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare..... 782
Day of judgment, day of wonders..... 629
Glorious things of thee are spoken..... 206
How lost was my condition..... 856
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds..... 153
How tedious and tasteless the hours..... 505
In evil long I took delight..... 312
Joy is a fruit that will not grow..... 592
Let worldly minds the world pursue..... 593
Lord, I cannot let thee go..... 783
Mary, to the Saviour's tomb..... 870
May the grace of Christ our Saviour..... 926
One there is, above all others..... 75
Safely through another week..... 259
Saviour, visit thy plantation..... 787
See the corn again in ear..... 714
Sweet was the time when first I felt..... 369
Though troubles assail, and dangers..... 561
'Tis a thing I long to know..... 262
While with ceaseless course the sun..... 710

Nicholson, James, an American Methodist, concerning whom we have been unable to secure any information. He wrote a few hymns, but it is not certain that he wrote the first of the two here accredited to him.

Hark! a voice from Eden stealing..... 891
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole..... 857

Noel, Gerard Thomas, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born in 1782; was educated at Edinburgh and Cambridge, filled various pastoral charges in the Established Church, and died in 1851 while Vicar of Romsey. One of his brothers was the Earl of Gainsborough, and another the celebrated Rev. Baptist W. Noel.

If human kindness meets return..... 240
When musing sorrow weeps the past..... 538

Occum, Samson, a converted Indian and a minister of the Presbyterian Church, was born in 1723 at Mohegan, Conn. He was licensed to preach in 1759 by the Suffolk Presbytery of Long Island. In 1766 he visited England and raised money for a school which afterward became Dartmouth College. After his return he settled in Oneida County, N. Y., where he preached successfully among his own people until his death in 1792. His name is also spelt Occom and Ockum.

Awaked by Sinai's awful sound..... 384

Olivers, Thomas, a Wesleyan preacher, was born in Tregoman, Wales, in 1725. He was a wicked and profligate youth when in his wanderings he came to Bristol, where Whitefield was preaching. He went to hear him and was powerfully converted. He joined the Methodists, and from 1753 until his death in 1799 he was one of Mr. Wesley's most valued and useful preachers. Mr. Wesley considered him a match for Toplady in the doctrinal discussions that took place between the Calvinists and the Arminian Methodists.

O thou God of my salvation..... 389
The God of Abrah'm praise..... 17
The God who reigns on high..... 18

Palmer, Phœbe, one of the most noted women of American Methodism, was born in 1807. She was the wife of Dr. Walter Palmer, a successful practicing physician of New York City. She was a strong believer in and professor of the doctrine of entire sanctification. She traveled all over this country and also in England, advocating the doctrine of "Perfect Love." Her husband traveled with her. She made a profound impression wherever she went, and her influence did not cease with her death in 1875. She is the author of numerous prose works on Sanctification. She wrote only two or three hymns that survived her.

Behold thy temple, God of grace..... 693

Palmer, Ray, an eminent Congregational minister, was born at Little Compton, R. I., in 1808; graduated at Yale College in 1830; was licensed to preach in 1832; was a pastor in Bath, Me., from 1835 to 1850, and in Albany, N. Y., from 1850 to 1866, when he became (and continued until 1878) Secretary of the American Congregational Union at New York. For several years before his death (in 1887) he lived in literary retirement

at Newark, N. J. He is the author of a number of works in both prose and poetry.

Come, Holy Ghost, in love..... 182
Jesus, these eyes have never seen..... 145
Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts..... 157
My faith looks up to thee..... 398

Perronet, Edward, the son of Rev. Vincent Perronet, Vicar of Shoreham, Kent, England, was born about 1725 or 1726. He became a Wesleyan preacher about 1746 and continued such until 1756, when the question arose among the Methodists concerning separation from the Church of England, which the Wesleys strenuously opposed and Perronet as strongly favored and urged. He went so far as to administer the Lord's Supper to the "societies," and wrote a scathing satire on the Church of England, titled, *The Mitre, a Satyricall Poem.* The Wesleys were much irritated by this production, and succeeded in suppressing and destroying all but about thirty copies. Perronet then joined the Lady Huntingdon Connection, and later became a Dissenter. His home was at Canterbury for several years previous to his death, which occurred in 1792.

All hail the power of Jesus' name..... 132

Pierpont, John, a Unitarian preacher, was born in Litchfield, Conn., in 1785; graduated at Yale College in 1804; after spending some years as a teacher, lawyer, and merchant, he became a minister when about thirty-three years old and was installed as pastor of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston, where he remained twenty-five years. He was for a while a chaplain in the army during the late civil war, but was in the Government employment at Washington when he died in 1866.

On this stone, now laid with prayer..... 692

Pope, Alexander, the English poet, was born in London in 1688, and died at his villa at Twickenham in 1744. He was deformed and afflicted. As a poet he was *made*, not *born*. His poetry is mechanical and imitative, but nevertheless holds an honored and permanent place in English literature. He was a Roman Catholic in religion.

Vital spark of heavenly flame..... 842

Prentiss, Elizabeth Payson, the author of *Stepping Heavenward*, was the daughter of that saintly man, Rev. Edward Payson, of Portland, Maine, where she was born in 1818. She became a contributor of both prose and poetry to the *Youth's Companion* as early as her sixteenth year. She was a devotedly pious woman. She taught school in Portland, in Ipswich, Mass., and in Richmond, Va. She was married in 1845 to Rev. George L. Prentiss, D.D., an eminent Presbyterian divine and professor in Union Theological Seminary of New York City. She was never in robust health, but did much literary work, publishing several popular volumes. Her *Stepping Heavenward* (1869) is one of the most popular books ever published in the English language. She died in 1878. The following hymn is taken from her *Golden Hours; or, Hymns and Songs of the Christian Life* (1874):

More love to thee, O Christ..... 416

Rabanus Maurus, Bishop of Mayence, was born at Mayence about 776, and died there in 856. He was educated at the cloister-school at Fulda, to the headship of which he was soon afterward appointed. He was made a Bishop in 847. He is the author of several works, among them two volumes of hymns.

Creator, Spirit, by whose aid..... 167

Raffles, Thomas, a popular and influential Independent preacher of England, was born in London in 1788; was converted at ten years of age and joined the Methodists, but later united with the Independents; was educated at Homerton College under Dr. J. Pye Smith; was ordained in 1809. He was for fifty years the most popular preacher in Liverpool, where he died in 1863. As early as 1812 he contributed several hymns to W. B. Collyer's *Collection*, and in 1853 he published a *Supplement to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns*, containing many of his own pieces.

Blest hour, when mortal man retires..... 757
Must I my brother keep..... 499

Rankin, J. E., is a Presbyterian divine and pastor living in Orange, New Jersey. He is well known as an able writer and frequent contributor to the religious journals of the country. He has written only a few hymns.

God be with you till we meet again..... 918

Reed, Andrew, an English Independent minister, was born in London in 1788; graduated at Hackney College, and soon afterward became pastor of a Church in East London, where he remained for fifty years. In 1834 on a visit to America he received from Yale College the degree of D.D. He published a *Supplement to Watts* in 1817, a revised and enlarged edition of which appeared in 1841, containing 27 hymns by himself and 19 by his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Holmes Reed. He died at Hackney, London, in 1862.

Holy Ghost, with light divine..... 187
Spirit Divine, attend our prayer..... 172

Reed, Elizabeth Holmes, the wife of Dr. Andrew Reed, was the daughter of a prosperous London merchant. Her maiden name was Holmes. She was born in 1794, married in 1816, and died in 1867. She contributed nineteen hymns to her husband's *Hymn Book* (1841).

O do not let the word depart..... 272

Richter, Christian Frederic, was born at Sorau, in Silesia, in 1676; graduated at the University of Halle, and became identified with the celebrated orphanage there; was a pious and useful man. He is the author of thirty-three excellent and spiritual hymns.

Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace.... 568

Robins, Gurdon, was born at Hartford, Conn., in 1813. He was a bookseller and publisher. His health was permanently injured during the late civil war. After the war he held a clerkship in the City Hall at Hartford. He was a member of the Baptist Church. He died in 1883.

There is a land mine eye hath seen..... 639

Robinson, George, was an Englishman, and probably a clergyman, who contributed five hymns to Dr. Leifchild's *Original Hymns* (1843). He has not been identified as yet, and hence no facts of his life can be given.

One sole baptismal sign..... 193

Robinson, Robert, was born in Swaffham, Norfolk, England, in 1735. He received a good grammar-school education. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a London hair-dresser, but the Lord was preparing him for a higher calling. He was converted among the Methodists in his twentieth year, and became a lay preacher among them; but soon left them and became an Independent. In less than a year, however, he became pastor of the Baptist Church at Cambridge, where he remained as an "open communion" Baptist until his death in 1790. He was succeeded by Robert Hall. He was a very popular preacher, and author of several works. We cannot find any trustworthy evidence of his ever being a backslider, as has been frequently published.

Come, thou Fount of every blessing..... 525
Mighty God, while angels bless thee..... 146

Rothe, John Andrew, was born in 1688, studied theology at Leipsic, and became a Moravian

preacher. He was pastor at Herrnhut until 1737, when he resigned and became a Lutheran minister. He died in 1758.

Now I have found the ground wherein..... 378

Russell, Arthur Tozer, a clergyman of the Church of England, was born at Northampton in 1806; was educated at Cambridge; entered the ministry in 1830; filled various pastoral charges, and died as rector of Southwick, Sussex, in 1874. He published *Hymns for Public Worship and Private Devotion* (1848), and *Psalms and Hymns, Partly Original and Partly Selected* (1851). Many of his hymns and translations are found in Episcopal collections.

To us this day a Child is given..... 67

Ryland, John, a distinguished Baptist minister of England, was born at Warwick in 1753. His father was a Baptist minister. He received a good education, became a preacher in his eighteenth year, and was associated with his father at Northampton both in teaching and preaching. At the instance of William Carey he took an active part in organizing the "Baptist Missionary Society." He moved to Bristol in 1793, to take charge of the Baptist Church and an Academy located there. He died in 1825.

Lord, I delight in thee.. 510

Scheffler, John Angelus, an eminent mystic of the seventeenth century, better known as "Angelus Silesius," was born of Lutheran parents in 1624 at Breslau, Silesia. He was early enamored of the writings of the mystics, and became a disciple of Jacob Boehme. He entered the medical profession, and in 1649 received the appointment of private physician to the Duke of Wurtemberg-Oels. The Lutheran clergy regarded Scheffler as a heretic, and finding no sympathy in them, he went to the Roman Catholic Church. He now became private physician to the Emperor Ferdinand III., but soon abandoned his profession and entered the priesthood, returning to Breslau, where he died in 1677. Most of his hymns were written before he became a Roman Catholic.

Thee will I love, my strength, my tower..... 474

Schmolke, Benjamin, a German divine and hymn-writer, was born in 1672; graduated at Leipsic in 1697; became pastor of a church in Schweidnitz in 1702, and remained there until his death in 1737. His *Poems* were published at Tubingen in 1740.

My Jesus, as thou wilt.. 509

Scott, Elizabeth, was the daughter of a Dissenting minister of England, and was born at Norwich in 1708. She was married to Rev. Elisha Williams, President of Yale College, in 1751. She had been introduced to him on a previous visit to England by Dr. Doddridge. President Williams died in 1754, and in 1761 the widow married Hon. William Smith, of New York. Upon his death in 1769 his widow returned to Connecticut. She died at Wethersfield, Conn., in 1776. She is represented as a woman of deep piety and of unusual intellectual gifts.

See how the morning sun..... 795

Scott, Sir Walter, the distinguished Scotch-English poet and writer of fiction, is too well known to need any thing here but a brief mention of the leading dates of his life. He was born in Edinburgh in 1771, and received a good education in the High School and University of his native city. His career as a poet and novelist was a brilliant one, and no name holds a more honored and permanent place in English literature than his. He died at his beautiful home, Abbottsford, near the southern border of Scotland, in 1832.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day..... 591

When Israel, of the Lord beloved 559

Scott, Thomas, was an English Presbyterian clergyman, and brother of Elizabeth Scott (just noticed). He was born at Norwich near the beginning of the eighteenth century, and succeeded Mr. Baxter as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Ipswich in 1737. He died about 1776. He was the author of a translation in verse of the book of Job (1771) and of a volume of *Lyric Poems* (1773).

Hasten, sinner, to be wise..... 289

Scriven, Joseph, was born in or near Dublin, Ireland, in 1820. He was there connected with the Plymouth Brethren, but upon his coming to America in 1845 he lost his former ecclesiastical relations. He lived for twenty years in Port Hope, Ont., where he enjoyed the reputation of being a devout and sincere Christian and a successful lay-preacher. His *Hymns and Other Verses* were published at Peterborough in 1869. He died October 10, 1886.

What a Friend we have in Jesus..... 874

Seagrave, Robert, a pious, earnest, and consecrated clergyman of England, was the son of Rev. Robert Seagrave, Vicar of Twyford, Leicestershire, where he was born in 1693. He graduated at Cambridge in 1714 and took orders in the Established Church the following year, but was much troubled over the lax morals of the clergy. He addressed several pamphlets to them on the subject, but soon followed the example of Whitefield and began preaching independently about 1738. He seems to have withdrawn entirely from the Established Church. He lived until 1755, doing much good both by his writings and his preaching. He published a volume of *Hymns for Christian Worship* (1742), which went through three editions. He wrote about fifty hymns himself.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings..... 455

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. See Huntingdon.

Shepherd, Thomas, an English Congregational clergyman, was born in 1665. After his graduation at the University he took orders in the Established Church, but in 1694 he became a Congregationalist. From 1700 till his death in 1739 he was pastor of a church in Braintree, Essex.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone..... 542

Shirley, Walter, a very useful clergyman of the Church of England, came of a noble family, his brother being Earl Ferrers. He was born in 1725. He was a cousin of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, and aided her in many of her good works, revising and editing the hymn book that she had prepared for her Connection. He wrote several hymns, but altered and improved more than he wrote himself. The following is a hymn which he altered and improved.

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing..... 400

Sigourney, Lydia Huntley, a distinguished American poetess, was born at Norwich, Conn., in 1791. She received a good education, and as early as 1810 she opened in Norwich a school for young ladies, but removed to Hartford, Conn., in 1814, continuing her work there as a teacher. In 1815 she issued her first volume of poems. In 1819 she married Mr. Charles Sigourney, of Hartford, who died in 1854. She survived him eleven years, dying in 1865. She was a woman of lovely Christian character as well as of superior intellectual and poetic gifts.

Go to thy rest, fair child..... 607

Simpson, Jane Cross, was the daughter of James Bell, Esq., a lawyer of Glasgow, Scotland. The hymn here accredited to her was contributed to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* (for February 26, 1831), of which her brother, Henry G. Bell,

was the editor. She wrote in this periodical under the *nom de plume* of "Gertrude," under which name she published her poetical productions in a volume titled *April Hours* (1838), where this hymn is also found. She is the author of several other volumes. She was born in the early part of this century, and is probably now deceased, though the year of her death is not known to the author.

Go, when the morning shineth..... 913

Slade, Mariana B., is the daughter of Mrs. Mary B. C. Slade (see next sketch). She was at one time teaching in Brooklyn, N. Y. She has since married, but the name of her husband is unknown to this writer.

Up to the bountiful Giver of life..... 890

Slade, Mary B. C., was the wife of a clergyman of Fall River, Mass. She was born in 1826 and died in 1882. She was a teacher, and at one time assistant editor of the "New England Journal of Education," which position she resigned to start "Wide Awake," a well-known publication, which she continued to edit until her death. She was a warm-hearted Christian woman. Most of her hymns were written for Prof. R. M. McIntosh.

Are you staying, safely staying..... 847
From all the dark places..... 915
Sweetly, Lord, have we heard thee calling.. 868

Smith, Samuel Francis, a distinguished Baptist minister, was born in Boston in 1808; graduated at Harvard in 1829 (in Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's class), and at Andover Seminary in 1832. For eighteen months he was the editor of the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*. In 1834 he became pastor of the First Baptist Church in Waterville, Maine, and also a professor in the college located there. In 1842 he became pastor of the First Baptist Church in Newton, Mass., and also editor of the *Christian Review*. In 1854 he resigned his pastoracy to become editor of the *American Baptist Union* and to devote himself more fully to literary pursuits. In 1843 he edited *The Psalmist*, a valuable collection of hymns which has had wide circulation among the Baptist Churches of America.

My country! 'tis of thee..... 728
Softly fades the twilight ray..... 235
The morning light is breaking..... 665
When shall we meet again..... 887
When thy mortal life is fled..... 290
Yes! my native land, I love thee..... 917

Spangenberg, Augustus Gottlieb, a Moravian Bishop, was born in 1704; graduated at the University of Jena; joined Count Zinzendorf in his work, beginning his ministry at Herrnhut in 1735; visited the Churches of the Brethren in England and America; was ordained Bishop at Herrnhut in 1744; died in 1792.

High on his everlasting throne..... 222

Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn, Dean of Westminster, was born at Alderley, England, in 1815. At the age of fourteen he became a pupil under Dr. Arnold at Rugby, where he displayed a strength of moral character which was a prophecy of the future man that was to be. He graduated at Oxford in 1837, and was appointed professor of Ecclesiastical History there in 1856. In 1864 he became Dean of Westminster. He died in 1881. He was a man of broad and liberal Christian views. His contributions to theological literature are well known.

Day of wrath, O dreadful day..... 595
O Master, it is good to be..... 85

Steele, Anne, was born in 1716. She was the daughter of Rev. William Steele, a Baptist minister of Broughton, Hampshire, England. She joined her father's Church in her fourteenth year. Owing to an injury received in her childhood she was an invalid for life, often suffering severe pain, which perhaps accounts for the sad and melancholy strains in which she sings. She never married—her lover was drowned a few days before the date set for the marriage. Her poems were published under the pseudonym of "Theodosia," and appeared in two volumes in 1760. She was a woman of deep piety. She has written some beautiful hymns. She died in 1778.

Father of mercies, in thy word..... 686
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss..... 545
Life is a span, a fleeting hour..... 610
O Thou whose mercy hears..... 367
The Saviour calls; let every ear..... 283
Thou Refuge of my soul..... 533
When blooming youth is snatched away..... 609
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor..... 278

Stennett, Joseph, an English Baptist minister, was the son of Rev. Edward Stennett, and was born in 1663; received a good education, and spent five years teaching in London; entered the ministry, and in 1690 became pastor of a Seventh-Day Baptist Church in Devonshire Square, London, and continued to labor here until his death in 1713.

Another six days' work is done..... 257

Stennett, Samuel, an English Baptist minister, and grandson of the preceding, was also son of a minister, Rev. Joseph Stennett. He was born in 1727 at Exeter. Entering the ministry he became his father's assistant and subsequently his successor in the pastoracy of the Baptist Church in Little Wild Street, London. He was a favored friend of George III., but he declined all offers looking to his advancement. He died in 1795. He composed about thirty-nine hymns. The four generations of Stennetts were noted for their ability and piety in the Baptist ministry.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned..... 154
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand..... 651
Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet..... 349
The counsels of redeeming grace..... 685
Thy life I read, my gracious Lord..... 608

Stowell, Hugh, an esteemed minister of the Church of England, was the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and was born on the Isle of Man in 1799. He graduated at Oxford in 1822, and the following year took orders in the Established Church, in which, after filling various stations, he was made an honorary Canon of Chester Cathedral, and afterward rural Dean of Salford. He was an earnest and broad-hearted Low-churchman, with thoroughly evangelical sympathies. Just after his death in 1865 forty-six of his hymns were published.

From every stormy wind that blows..... 767

Straphan, Joseph, was born in 1757. He was a member of the Church of England. No other facts concerning his life are known.

Mercy, descending from above..... 704

Strong, Nathan, an eminent Congregational divine, was born in Coventry, Conn., in 1748. He took the valedictory at Yale in 1769, over a future president of the college, Timothy Dwight. He was a tutor in the college in 1772, and in 1773 he accepted a call to the First Congregational Church of Hartford, Conn., where he continued to labor until his death on Christmas-day 1816. He was a man of unusual moral and intellectual strength.

Swell the anthem, raise the song..... 725

Swain, Joseph, was a useful Baptist minister of England. He was born in 1761. In 1792 he was ordained pastor of a Church in Walworth, where he remained until his death in 1796. His *Walworth Hymns* appeared in 1792.

How sweet, how heavenly the sight..... 735
O Thou in whose presence my soul takes.... 370

Tappan, William Brigham, was born at Beverly, Mass., in 1794. In early manhood he taught school in Philadelphia. From 1826 until his death he was in the employ of the American Sunday-School Union as manager and superintendent—at Philadelphia (1826–'29), at Cincinnati (1829–'34), at Philadelphia (1834–'38), and at Boston (1838–'49). In 1841 he obtained license to preach as a Congregational minister, but not having any pastoral charge he was never ordained. From 1849 to 1849 he continued to write and publish poetry, amounting in all to eight or ten volumes. He died at West Needham, Mass., in 1849.

There is an hour of peaceful rest..... 635
'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow..... 110

Tate, Nahum, was the son of an Irish clergyman, and was born at Dublin in 1652. After his graduation at the University of Dublin he settled in London, and entered upon a literary career. He soon won reputation as a poet, publishing successive volumes from time to time. In 1692 he became poet-laureate. In 1696 he published, in connection with Rev. N. Brady (1655–1726), Chaplain in Ordinary, a *New Version of the Psalms of David Fitted to the Tunes Used in the Church.* This version supplanted, by royal and episcopal authority, the "Old Version" by Sternhold, Hopkins and others, and is to this day the authorized version of the Church of England found in the Prayer Book. It is not known which of the Psalms were translated by Brady and which by Tate; but as Tate was poet-laureate, he is supposed to have done the greater part of the work. In addition to this joint work, he published several volumes of poetry before his death in 1715.

As pants the hart for cooling streams..... 253
Through all the changing scenes of life..... 570
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost..... 922
While shepherds watched their flocks..... 61

Tennyson, Alfred, the poet-laureate of England, is so well known as to render any but a brief mention unnecessary. He was born in Lincolnshire in 1810, the son of an English clergyman. While he was yet an undergraduate at Cambridge his first volume of poetry appeared, and he has ever since been writing and publishing poetry. Upon the death of Wordsworth in 1850 he was made poet-laureate. In 1884 he was elevated to the peerage with the title of Baron Tennyson d'Eyncourt.

Late, late, so late! and dark the night and... 320

Tersteegen, Gerhard, a pious and useful mystic of the eighteenth century, was born at Mörs, Germany, in 1697. He was carefully educated in his childhood, and then apprenticed (1715) to his older brother, a shop-keeper. He was religiously inclined from his youth, and upon coming of age he secured an humble cottage near Mühlheim, where he led a life of seclusion and self-denial for many years. At about thirty years of age he began to exhort and preach in private and public gatherings. His influence became very great, such was his reputation for piety and his success in talking, preaching, and writing concerning spiritual religion. He wrote one hundred and eleven hymns, most of which appeared in his *Spiritual Flower-Garden* (1731). He died in 1769.

God calling yet! shall I not hear..... 292
Thou hidden love of God, whose height..... 520

Thomas of Celano is so called from Celano, a town on the borders of Lake Fucino, Italy. He was born the latter part of the twelfth century. He joined the order of Friars founded by St. Francis of Assisi, soon after its organization in 1208. He had charge successively of the Franciscan convents of Worms, Metz, and Cologne. At the death of St. Francis in 1226 he returned to Assisi, and by appointment of Pope Gregory IX., wrote the life of St. Francis. The year of his death is not known. His *Dies Iræ*, the greatest of all the Latin hymns, has been attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux, Gregory the Great, and others. The preponderance of evidence, however, seems to be in favor of the authorship of Thomas of Celano. His celebrated hymn has had various renderings into English, among the best of which are the following:

Day of judgment, day of wonders...*Newton*.. 629
Day of wrath, O dreadful day.....*Stanley*.. 595
The day of wrath, that dreadful.... *W. Scott* 591

Thrupp, Dorothy Anne, was born in London in 1779. She prepared for the London Religious Tract Society in 1850 a volume titled *Hymns for the Young*, to which she made several original contributions, as she did also to Mrs. Herbert Mayo's *Selection of Hymns and Poetry for the Use of Infants and Juvenile Schools* (1838). She died in 1847. She was never married.

Saviour, like a shepherd lead us..... 701

Toplady, Augustus Montague, was the son of an officer in the British army. His mother was a woman of remarkable piety. He was born at Farnham, Surrey, in 1740. He was converted in 1756 through the preaching of an unlettered layman whom young Toplady found discoursing in a "barn" in which he took refuge in a rainstorm. This was at Codymain in Ireland, whither the mother (now a widow) and her son had gone to look after her claims to an estate there. He soon after entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a student for the ministry. In 1758, through the influence of Dr. Manton's sermons on the seventeenth chapter of John, he became a confirmed and extreme Calvinist in theology, which brought him later into conflict with Mr. Wesley and the Methodists. He received orders in the Church of England in 1762, and filled various pastoral charges. While at Broad Hembury, he composed most of his hymns. His Calvinism, evangelical spirit, and sincere piety attracted the attention of Lady Huntingdon, in whose chapels he often preached. In 1776 he moved to London, where he preached in delicate and declining health until his death in 1778, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. His *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Worship* appeared in 1776. It contained 419 hymns, some of which were his own productions.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me..... 106
Your harps, ye trembling saints..... 547

Unknown Authorship. The authors of the following hymns are unknown:

Cast thy burden on the Lord..... 468
Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness. 212
Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining 811
Gentle stranger, fearless come..... 814
Go, spirit of the sainted dead..... 624
In trouble and in grief, O God..... 537
It may be far, it may be near..... 905
My home is in heaven, my rest is not here... 870
My hope, my all, my Saviour thou..... 569
O for a heart of calm repose..... 420
O what ship is this that will take us all..... 914
Say, brothers, will you meet us..... 899
What wondrous love is this..... 871
Who but thou, almighty Spirit..... 657

The translators, but not the authors, of the following are known:

Christ is made the sure foundation...(Latin) 689
Come, Holy Ghost, in love.....(Latin) 182
God bless our native land.....(German) 729
O God, my God, my all thou art....(Spanish) 823
O thou who all things canst.....(German) 471
While in the agonies of death.....(Latin) 95

Walford, William W., an English blind preacher. He is supposed to have written the hymn

here given about 1846. We have been able to obtain no other facts concerning his life.
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer 789

Walker, Annie L., is a resident of Canada. The hymn here given appeared in a volume which she published in 1868 We have no facts concerning her life.
Work, for the night is coming 910

Wallace, John Aikman, a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, was the son of an Edinburgh gun-maker, and was born in 1802. He was a pastor at Hawick at the time (1839) he wrote the hymn here given. He died at Trinity, near Edinburgh, in 1870.
There is an eye that never sleeps 758

Waring, Anna Laetitia, is a native of South Wales. In her *Hymns and Meditations*, published at London in 1850, and reprinted at Boston in 1863, the following is the first hymn:
Father, I know that all my life 544

Watts, Alaric Alexander, an English poet, editor, and literary man, was born in London in 1797 and died in 1864.
When shall we meet again 887

Watts, Isaac, who shares with Charles Wesley alone the honor of being the first hymn-writer of the English language, and indeed of the Christian Church, was born at Southampton in 1674. He received a fair education, and in 1696 became a tutor to Sir John Hartopp's children at Newington, for whom he wrote many of the children's songs contained in his *Divine and Moral Songs* (published in 1720). (See note under hymn No. 147.) He began preaching in 1698 at Mark Lane, near the Tower of London, but he had no sooner begun his ministry than a physical infirmity seized him which made him virtually an invalid the rest of his life. Though he continued to hold the pastoral relation for many years, his work was done largely by an assistant, while the invalid pastor and poet spent much of his time in writing hymns. In 1705 he was induced to publish his *Horæ Lyricæ*, the favorable reception of which gave the timid poet such encouragement that he followed it in 1707 by his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*. Dr. Watts never married. (See note under hymn No. 519). In 1713 he was invited to the elegant and hospitable country home of Sir Thomas Abney. Years later he wrote to Lady Huntingdon: "This day thirty years I came hither to the house of my good friend, Sir Thomas Abney, intending to spend but one single week under his friendly roof, and I have extended my visit to exactly the length of thirty years." In 1719 his *Psalms of David* appeared. He issued many works in prose as well as in poetry, amounting altogether to fifty-two publications. He lived to be seventy-five years of age, and was for many years before his death recognized as a patriarch among the Dissenting clergy. He died in 1748. This collection contains 115 of his choicest hymns.
A broken heart, my God, my King 324
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed 344
Am I a soldier of the cross 566
And must this body die 619
Awake, our souls! away our fears 472
Before Jehovah's awful throne 55
Behold the blind their sight receive 77
Behold the glories of the Lamb 147
Behold, the morning sun 461
Behold the sure Foundation-stone 691
Behold! what wond'rous grace 382
Blest are the sons of peace 817
Blest are the souls who hear and know 198
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove 178
Come, let us join our cheerful songs 143
Come, sound his praise abroad 7
Come, ye that love the Lord 521
Dread Sovereign, let my evening song 810
Early, my God, without delay 34
Eternal Power, whose high abode 31
Far as thy name is known 205
Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone 263
Father, how wide thy glory shines 42
Father, I wait before thy throne 314
From all that dwell below the skies 659
Give me the wings of faith, to rise 637
Give to the Father praise 923
"Go preach my gospel," saith the Lord 215
God in his earthly temple lays 202
God is the refuge of his saints 199
Good is the Lord, the heavenly King 713
Great God, attend, while Zion sings 201
Great God, indulge my humble claim 772
Great is the Lord our God 690
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound 587
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies 88
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims 614
High in the heavens, eternal God 49
How beauteous are their feet 218
How did my heart rejoice to hear 197
How large the promise, how divine 236
How pleasant, how divinely fair 203
How sad our state by nature is 343
How shall the young secure their hearts 681
How vain are all things here below 519
I hear thy word with love 30
I'll praise my Maker while I've breath 14
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun 658
Jesus, thou everlasting King 375
Jesus, thy blessings are not few 307
Joy to the world—the Lord is come 59
Let everlasting glories crown 682
Let every mortal ear attend 279
Let every tongue thy goodness speak 35
Lo! what an entertaining sight 748
Long have I sat beneath the sound 311
Lord, all I am is known to thee 33
Lord, how secure and blest are they 397
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear 793
Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin 325
Lord, when thou didst ascend on high 120
My dear Redeemer and my Lord 79
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so 470
My God, how endless is thy love 806
My God, my life, my love 517
My God, my portion, and my love 518
My God, the spring of all my joys 401
My Saviour and my King 160
My Saviour, my almighty Friend 144
My soul, repeat his praise 9
Nature with open volume stands 164
Not all the blood of beasts 109
Not with our mortal eyes 381
Now let the Father and the Son 921
Now to the Lord a noble song 78
Now to the Lord, who makes us know 166
O bless the Lord, my soul 6
O blessèd souls are they 379
O God, our help in ages past 583
O 'tis delight without alloy 388
Once more, my soul, the rising day 796
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair 155
Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise 13
Pure are the joys above the sky 640
Salvation! O the joyful sound 65
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive 310
So let our lips and lives express 490
Sweet is the work, my God, my King 258
Teach me the measure of my days 584
That awful day will surely come 597
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord 680
The Lord declares his will 282
The Lord my Shepherd is 527
The Lord of glory is my light 196
The pity of the Lord 28
The praise of Zion waits for thee 200
The promise of my Father's love 241
Thee we adore, eternal Name 595

There is a land of pure delight..... 650
This is the day the Lord hath made 241
Thus far the Lord hath led me on..... 804
Thus Lydia sanctified her house 243
To God the Father, God the Son..... 920
To God, the only wise..... 162
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb..... 612
Welcome, sweet day of rest 253
What equal honors shall we bring.. 76
What sinners value, I resign..... 638
When I can read my title clear..... 571
When I survey the wondrous cross..... 102
Who can describe the joys that rise..... 387
Why do we mourn departing friends..... 618
Why should the children of a King..... 183
Why should we start and fear to die..... 691
With joy we meditate the grace..... 123

Wells, Marcus Morris, is a lawyer living in the State of New York. He was born in 1815. He has written several hymns with the music.

Holy Spirit, faithful Guide..... 190

Wesley, Charles, whom many consider the finest hymn-writer the Christian Church has ever produced, was born in 1707 at the Epworth rectory, of which his father, Rev. Samuel Wesley, was incumbent. His mother, Susanna Wesley, was one of the noblest and saintliest of Christian women. In 1728 he took his degree at Oxford, where he and a few others belonging to the "holy club" were first contemptuously called "Methodists." In 1735 he received orders in the Established Church, and the same year sailed with his brother John as a missionary to Georgia, but soon returned. It was not, however, until May, 1738, that he experienced a real change of heart, and a conscious knowledge of sins forgiven. This event was the real beginning of his mission as the singer of Methodism. (See note under No. 374.) No hymn-writer of the Christian Church has ever equaled Charles Wesley in portraying the various phases of experimental religion—conviction of sin, penitence, saving faith, pardon, assurance, entire sanctification. His songs have been one of the most potent forces in Methodism since its organization. Nor was he a singer alone, but as an itinerant preacher he was a busy and earnest co-laborer with his brother John. After his marriage, in 1749, his itinerant labors were largely restricted to London and Bristol. He died in 1788. (See page 396, for a list of the poetical works of John and Charles Wesley.) Of the six thousand and five hundred hymns by Charles Wesley (all of which were written after his conversion) this collection contains two hundred and ninety-four:

A charge to keep I have..... 486
A thousand oracles divine..... 2
Ah! Lord, with trembling I confess..... 491
Ah! whither should I go..... 331
All praise to our redeeming Lord..... 733
All praise to the Lamb! Accepted I am 401
Almighty God of love..... 652
And am I born to die..... 589
And am I only born to die..... 593
And are we yet alive..... 223
And can I yet delay 339
And let our bodies part..... 232
And let this feeble body fail 615
And must I be to judgment brought..... 596
And wilt thou yet be found..... 372
Angel of covenanted grace..... 830
Angels your march oppose 210
Arise, my soul, arise..... 386
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake..... 213
Author of faith, eternal Word..... 377
Author of faith, to thee I cry..... 303
Author of our salvation, thee 241
Awake, Jerusalem, awake..... 214
Away! my needless fears..... 555
Away, my unbelieving fear..... 572
Away with our sorrow and fear..... 642
Baptized into thy name 235
Be it my only wisdom here..... 479
Before the throne my Saviour..... 125
Being of beings, God of love..... 771
Bid me of men beware..... 494
Blest be our everlasting Lord..... 36
Blest be the dear uniting love..... 231
Blow ye the trumpet, blow..... 247
By faith I to the fountain fly..... 111
Called from above, I rise..... . 18
Christ, from whom all blessings flow..... 743
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day..... 127
Come, and let us sweetly join 737
Come away to the skies..... 813
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Honor 231
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God 786
Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, To whom 698
Come, Holy Ghost, all quick'ning fire 175
Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire..... 171
Come, let us anew our journey pursue, Roll 796
Come, let us anew our journey pursue, With 457
Come, let us join our friends above..... 582
Come, let us join with one accord..... 256
Come, let us use the grace divine..... 747
Come, let us who in Christ believe..... 295
Come, Lord, and claim me for thine own.... 421
Come, O my God, the promise seal..... 449
Come, O thou all-victorious Lord..... 204
Come, O thou greater than our heart..... ... 425
Come, O thou Traveler unknown..... 360
Come, O ye sinners, to your Lord..... 229
Come on, my partners in distress..... 576
Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take..... 775
Come, sinners, to the gospel feast..... 270
Come, thou almighty King..... ... 1
Come, thou everlasting Spirit..... 248
Come, thou long-expected Jesus..... 778
Come, ye weary sinners, come 287
Comfort, ye ministers of grace..... 216
Depth of mercy, can there be..... 338
Draw near, O Son of God, draw near..... 241
Earth, rejoice, our Lord is King..... . 128
Equip me for the war..... .. 837
Except the Lord conduct the plan..... 247
Father, at thy footstool see 744
Father, behold with gracious eyes..... . 315
Father, I dare believe..... 438
Father, I stretch my hands to thee 845
Father, if I may call thee so..... 333
Father, in whom we live..... .. 29
Father, into thy hands alone..... 833
Father of all, in whom alone 683
Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord..... . 434
Father, our hearts we lift..... 66
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One in Three, 424
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Thy God-head 929
Father, to thee my soul I lift..... 529
Forever here my rest shall be..... 408
Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go..... 825
Fountain of life, to all below..... 770
Give me a new, a perfect heart..... 432
Giver and guardian of my sleep..... 797
Giver of concord, Prince of peace..... 747
Glory be to God on high 252
God is in this and every place..... 322
God of all consolation, take..... 752
God of all grace and majesty 538
God of all power and truth and grace..... 429
God of almighty love..... 487
God of eternal truth and grace..... .. 448
God of eternal truth and love..... 234
God of love, that hear'st the prayer. 746
God of my life, whose gracious power..... 47
Gracious Redeemer, shake..... 481
Great God, to me the sight afford..... 52
Great is our redeeming Lord..... 204
Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord..... 3
Hail the day that sees him rise..... 126
Happy soul, thy days are ended..... 840

Happy the man that finds the grace 396
Happy the souls to Jesus joined..... 740
Hark! a voice divides the sky..... 613
Hark! how the watchmen cry..... 209
Hark! the herald angels sing 63
He comes! he comes! the Judge severe..... 590
Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh..... 241
Holy and true and righteous Lord..... 433
Holy as thou, O Lord, is none..... 54
Holy, holy, holy Lord..... 5
Holy Lamb, who thee confess 80
How can a sinner know 380
How do thy mercies close me round..... 805
How happy are they Who their Saviour..... 402
How happy every child of grace..... 644
How shall a lost sinner in pain..... 371
I ask the gift of righteousness..... 342
I know that my Redeemer lives..... 413
I long to behold him arrayed..... 643
I the good fight have fought..... 579
I want a principle within 478
I would be thine, thou know'st I would 412
If, Lord, I have acceptance found..... 424
In age and feebleness extreme..... 825
In every time and place..... 456
Infinite God, to thee we raise 89
Jehovah, God the Father, bless..... 403
Jesus, accept the praise..... 220
Jesus, all-atoning Lamb..... 451
Jesus, all-redeeming Lord..... 229
Jesus, answer from above..... 39
Jesus, at whose supreme command..... 242
Jesus comes with all his grace..... 428
Jesus drinks the bitter cup..... 91
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep..... 739
Jesus hath died that I might live..... 450
Jesus, if still thou art to-day..... 339
Jesus is our common Lord..... 406
Jesus, let all thy lovers shine..... 498
Jesus, let thy pitying eye..... 366
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee..... 816
Jesus, Lover of my soul..... 354
Jesus, my advocate above..... 309
Jesus, my life, thyself apply..... 441
Jesus, my Lord, attend..... 351
Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend..... 480
Jesus, my strength, my hope..... 777
Jesus, my Truth, my Way..... 476
Jesus, Redeemer of mankind..... 305
Jesus, shall I never be..... 492
Jesus, the all-restoring word..... 335
Jesus, the Conqu'ror reigns..... 203
Jesus, the Life, the Truth, the Way..... 423
Jesus, the name high over all..... 220
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee..... 334
Jesus, the Truth and Power divine..... 220
Jesus, the weary wand'rer's rest..... 838
Jesus, the word bestow..... 687
Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord..... 393
Jesus, thy far-extended fame 335
Jesus, to thee I now can fly..... 507
Jesus, united by thy grace..... 742
Jesus, we look to thee..... 732
Jesus, we on the words depend..... 168
Jesus, we thus obey..... 247
Lamb of God, whose dying love..... 250
Let all who truly bear..... 246
Let earth and heaven agree..... 141
Let Him to whom we now belong..... 407
Let me alone another year..... 707
Let not the wise their wisdom boast..... 514
Let the world their virtue boast..... 355
Lift up your hearts to things above..... 755
Light of life, seraphic fire..... 785
Lo! He comes, with clouds descending 163
Lo, I come, with joy to do..... 834
Lo! on a narrow neck of land..... 592
Lo! the pris'ner is released..... 621
Long have I seemed to serve thee, Lord..... 323
Lord, I believe a rest remains..... 411
Lord, I despair myself to heal..... 328
Lord, if at thy command..... 663
Lord, if thou thy grace impart..... 512
Lord, in the strength of grace 457
Lord of the harvest, hear..... 217
Lord over all, if thou hast made..... 664
Lord, we believe to us and ours..... 169
Lord, whom winds and seas obey..... 730
Love Divine, all loves excelling..... 444
Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb..... 415
May I, throughout this day of thine..... 262
My God, I know, I feel thee mine 446
My God, my God, to thee I cry 765
O come and dwell in me 177
O for a heart to praise my God..... 440
O for a thousand tongues to sing 374
O for that tenderness of heart..... 313
O glorious hope of perfect love..... 451
O God, most merciful and true..... 430
O Jesus, full of grace..... 373
O joyful sound of gospel grace 427
O love Divine, how sweet thou art 356
O love Divine, what hast thou done 96
O may thy powerful word..... 779
O might my lot be cast with these..... 207
O my offended God..... 332
O that I could my Lord receive..... 338
O that I could repent! O that I could believe 317
O that I could repent; With all my idols part 316
O that in me the sacred fire 447
O that my load of sin were gone 445
O thou eternal Victim slain..... 124
O thou that would'st not have 604
O thou who camest from above..... 515
O thou who hast our sorrows borne..... 358
O thou whom all thy saints adore 10
O thou whom once they flocked to hear..... 336
O thou whose offering on the tree 112
O what a blessed hope is ours..... 645
O what a taste is this..... 251
Omnipresent God, whose aid..... 801
Our Lord is risen from the dead 121
Ready for my earthen bed..... 836
Redeemer of mankind..... 159
Rejoice for a brother deceased..... 622
Rejoice! the Lord is king..... 134
Saviour, I now with shame confess. 303
Saviour of all, to thee we bow..... 736
See how great a flame aspires..... 679
See, Jesus, thy disciples see..... 760
Servant of God, well done! Thy..... 632
Shall foolish, weak, short-sighted man 37
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve 764
Shrinking from the cold hand of death..... 600
Sing all in heaven at Jesus' birth..... 62
Sing to the great Jehovah's praise..... 711
Sing we to our God above 927
Sinners, obey the gospel word..... 268
Sinners, turn, why will ye die 288
Soldiers of Christ, arise 572
Son of God, thy blessing grant 459
Sons of God, exulting rise..... 405
Sons of God, triumphant rise..... 105
Spirit of faith, come down..... 174
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay..... 192
Still stir me up to strive..... 477
Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal..... 466
The praying spirit breathe..... 761
The saints who die of Christ possessed..... 598
The thing my God doth hate..... 417
Thou great mysterious God unknown..... 357
Thou hidden source of calm repose..... 158
Thou Judge of quick and dead 719
Thou, Lord, hast blessed my going out..... 808
Thou seest my feebleness..... 483
Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine..... 506
Thou Son of God, whose flaming eyes..... 302
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love..... 46
'Tis finished! The Messiah dies 103
To God your every want..... 763
To us a Child of royal birth 70
Try us, O God, and search the ground 750

Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall..... 481
Urge on your rapid course 211
Vain, delusive world, adieu 391
We by his Spirit prove 383
We know, by faith we know 636
Weary souls that wander wide..... 285
What are these arrayed in white 641
What could your Redeemer do 286
What is our calling's glorious hope..... 422
What shall I do my God to love..... 390
When Christ doth in my heart appear..... 414
When, gracious Lord, when shall it be 337
When, my Saviour, shall I be..... 443
When shall thy love constrain 329
Wherefore should I make my moan..... 815
Wherewith, O Lord, shall I draw near 321
Which of the petty kings of earth..... 577
While dead in trespasses I lie 341
Who in the Lord confide..... 493
With glorious clouds encompassed round... 340
Would Jesus have the sinner die..... 97
Ye faithful souls who Jesus know..... 119
Ye ransomed sinners, hear.. 426
Ye servants of God, your Master..... 20
Ye that pass by, behold the man..... 89
Yield to me now, for I am weak..... 361
Young men and maidens, raise 22

Wesley, John, is so well known as the founder of Methodism, that we need give here only the leading dates in his life. He was born at the Epworth rectory in 1703; went to Oxford University in 1720; was ordained deacon in 1725; was made Fellow of Lincoln College in 1726; was his father's curate 1727-9; returned to Oxford in 1729, and became leader of the holy club, sneeringly called "Methodists," which had been organized during his absence by his brother Charles; went to Georgia as a missionary in 1735, but returned at the end of two years, saying: "I went to America to convert the Indians; but, O! who shall convert me? Who is he that will deliver me from this evil heart of unbelief?" He had been impressed by the piety and faith of the Moravians in a storm while crossing the ocean, and they now became his spiritual guides. While attending one of their prayer-meetings on May 24, 1738, he obtained the conscious knowledge of sins forgiven and of his acceptance with God. From this time until his death in 1791 he was unremitting in his labors as a preacher of that religion which he had experienced, and as an organizer of converted men for the work of evangelization. As a revivalist and Christian reformer his work is known and read of all men. His hymns are nearly all translations, the result in part of a visit to the Moravian settlement at Herrnhut in Germany. They are among the most spiritual and valuable songs found in the Hymn Book. (For a list of the poetical publications of John and Charles Wesley see page 396.) Twenty-three of the following twenty-six hymns are translations:

Come, Saviour Jesus, from a..*Bourignon*.... 435
Commit thou all thy griefs.....*Gerhardt*..... 554
Eternal depth of love divine..*Zinzendorf*.... 56
Give to the winds thy fears....*Gerhardt*..... 556
High on his everlasting thro..*Spangenberg*. 222
Holy Lamb, who thee receive..*Dober*..... 442
How can it be, thou heavenly..*Zinzendorf*.... 395
How happy is the pilgrim's lo..*Original*..... 839
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb..*Zinzendorf*.... 394
Jesus, thy blood and righteo...*Zinzendorf*.... 376
Jesus, thy boundless love to...*Gerhardt*..... 409
My Saviour, how shall I pro...*Gerhardt*. 100
Now I have found the groun..*Rothe*. 378
O God, my God, my all thou...*Spanish*..... 823
O God, thou bottomless abyss..*E. Lange*..... 32
O God, what offering shall I....*J. Lange*..... 439
O thou, to whose all searching..*Zinzendorf*.... 534
O thou who all things canst...*German*..... 471
Parent of good, thy bounteou..*E. Lange*..... 57
Saviour of men, thy searchin..*Winkler*..... 225
Shall I, for fear of feeble man..*Winkler*..... 224
Thee will I love, my strength..*Scheffler*..... 474
Thou hidden love of God, wh..*Tersteegen*..... 520
Thou Lamb of God, thou Pri..*Richter*..... 568
To God, the Father, God the...*Original*..... 924
We lift our hearts to thee .....*Original*..... 794

Wesley, Samuel, Jr., an elder brother of John and Charles Wesley, was born in 1690. In 1704 he was sent to Westminster School, and in 1711 he went to Oxford, where in due course of time he took his M.A. degree. He then accepted a position in Westminster School, and while here he was ordained, though he continued to teach. In 1732 he became Head Master of the Tiverton Free Grammar School, remaining here until his death in 1739. In 1736 he published his *Poems*. He was an extreme High-churchman, not at all in sympathy with the Methodism of John and Charles. He wrote a few excellent hymns.

The Lord of Sabbath let us praise..... 255
The morning flowers display their sweets.... 611
The Sun of righteousness appears..... 115

Wesley, Samuel, Sr., the father of John and Charles Wesley, was born in 1662. He graduated at Oxford in 1688, having worked his way through as a "servitor." While here he published a volume of poetry titled *Maggots*. He was at first a Dissenter in faith and sympathies, but, being converted in his ecclesiastical views, he was ordained soon afterward in the Established Church (1688); and, after serving as curate in several places, he received from Queen Mary, in 1694, the rectory at Epworth, in recognition perhaps of his having dedicated to her his *Life of Christ, an Heroic Poem*, published the year before. In 1689 he had married Susanna Annesley, whose fame is known wherever Christian motherhood is honored. They had nineteen children, nine of whom died in infancy. He held the living at Epworth until his death in 1735. He published *The Old and New Testaments attempted in Verse* in 1716, and had just finished, at the time of his death, a most learned volume of *Dissertations on the Book of Job*.

Behold the Saviour of mankind..... 94

White, Henry Kirke, was born of poor but intelligent parents at Nottingham, England, in 1785. In his boyhood he was apprenticed to a stocking-weaver, from which uncongenial servitude he escaped as soon as he could, and began the study of law. These studies were suspended that he might enter Cambridge University, which he did as a servitor in 1805. He was at one time a skeptic, but being thoroughly converted (see note under hymn No. 69) he became a devout Christian, and designed entering the ministry; but this purpose, as well as his literary work, was cut short by his untimely death in 1806, while he was yet at the university. The few poems which he left were of the highest order of merit and gave promise of a brilliant career, had he lived to fulfill the expectations his literary work created. His hymns (ten in number) appeared in Collyer's *Collection* in 1812.

The Lord our God is clothed with might..... 51
Through sorrow's night and danger's path.. 606
When marshaled on the nightly plain 69

Whittier, John Greenleaf, the "Quaker poet," was born near Haverhill, Mass., in 1807. Starting life as a farmer boy and village shoe-maker, and with only a limited education, he entered the profession of journalism at a disadvantage in 1829. But in Boston, Hartford, Haverhill, Philadelphia, and Washington he pursued his profession successfully for ten years, after which he became the corresponding editor of the *National Era* in Washington, D. C. He was a strong advocate for the freedom of the slaves. He has for

many years been one of the leading poets of America. His *Poems* have been published from time to time singly and collectively. He has never married. He lives alternately at Amesbury and Boston. He is venerated and beloved by all who know him.

It may not be our lot to wield..... 482

Williams, Helen Maria, was born in England in 1762. She published a volume of poems when only twenty-one years old, and in 1786 her *Poems* appeared in two small volumes. She visited Paris in 1788, and in the troublous times that followed that year she was arrested on suspicion as a foreigner and as an advocate of the Girondist cause, and imprisoned, from which imprisonment she was not released until the death of Robespierre in 1794. From this time until her death she lived partly in England, but mostly in France. She died in Paris in 1827.

While thee I seek, protecting Power..... 818

Williams, William, who is said to have done for Welsh hymnology what Luther did for Germany, and Watts and Wesley for England, was born at Cefncoed, Wales, in 1717. Intending at first to be a physician, his conversion under the preaching of Howell Harris led him to prepare for the ministry. He first entered the ministry of the Established Church (1740), but soon afterward joined the Calvinistic Methodists. He was both an orator and a poet. He wrote many hymns, which were popular among his own people. He died in 1791 at his home in Pantycelyn, near Landovery.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah..... 460
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness..... 667

Willis, Nathaniel Parker, the well-known American poet and man of letters, was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807; graduated at Yale in 1827; followed a literary life with great success, publishing many volumes, one of poems; died at his beautiful home, "Idlewild," near Newburg on the Hudson, in 1867.

The perfect world, by Adam trod..... 695

Winkler, John Joseph, a German Pietist, was born at Luckau, in Saxony in 1670. He was at first a pastor at Magdeburg, then a chaplain in the Protestant army, accompanying the troops to Holland and Italy, and at length returned to Magdeburg and became chief minister of the cathedral. He was no less eminent for his mental culture than for his piety. He died in 1722. The following hymns were translated by John Wesley:

Saviour of men, thy searching eye..... 225
Shall I, for fear of feeble man..... 224

Wolcott, Samuel, a Congregational clergyman, was born at South Windsor, Conn., in 1813; graduated at Yale in 1833, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1837; was missionary in Syria in 1840–'42, after which time he served as pastor in various towns and cities, including Providence, R. I., Chicago, Ill., and Cleveland, Ohio. He then retired from active work, and died in 1886.

Christ for the world we sing..... 916

Woodhull, Alfred Alexander, was a practicing physician at Princeton, N. J., at the time of his death in 1836. He was the son of a Presbyterian minister, and was born in Cranbury, N. J., in 1810. He graduated at Princeton College in 1828, studied medicine, and had barely entered upon the practice of his profession when he died in his twenty-sixth year. He wrote occasional religious poems for the *New York Observer*.

Great God of nations, now to thee..... 727

Wreford, John Rendell, an English Presbyterian divine, was born at Barnstable, Devonshire, in 1800; was educated at Manchester College; entered the ministry in 1825, but his voice failed him in 1831, and he retired from the active work of the ministry, and became a teacher at Bristol. Among Dr. Wreford's published works are several volumes of poetry. He died in London in 1881. On account of his liberal views, he is sometimes ranked as a Unitarian.

Lord, while for all mankind we pray..... 721

Xavier, Francis, a noted Jesuitic missionary of the Roman Catholic Church, was born of a noble family at the castle of Xavier, near Pampelona, in Spain, in 1506. While at the University of Paris he came under the influence of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order of Jesuits. He was of an ardent and earnest religious temperament, full of zeal and courage. He was one of the greatest missionary spirits that ever lived, visiting India, Travancore, Ceylon, Malacca, Japan, and dying on his way to China in 1552. He was in due time canonized by the Roman Catholic Church.

My God! I love thee, not because..... 151

Young, William, a clergyman who lived in the first half of the eighteenth century, and died in 1757. We have been unable to find any other facts concerning his life.

While thou, O my God, art my help..... 557

Zinzendorf, Count Nicholas Lewis, the great apostle of the Moravian Church, was born of noble and wealthy parents at Dresden in 1700, his father being prime minister of Saxony. Under the influence of the noted Pietist, Spener, who was his godfather, and of Franke, founder of the famous Orphan House at Halle, the type of his faith and piety seems to have been determined. He devoted himself in early manhood exclusively to religious and missionary work. He traveled extensively on the Continent, in England, and in America. He founded the celebrated community at Herrnhut in Germany. He was a friend of the Wesleys, and is thought by some to have given John Wesley some important ideas on the use of song, the organization and government of converts, etc. He died in 1760. He wrote altogether about two thousand hymns, a few of which are of a high order. The following are among John Wesley's best translations:

Eternal depth of love divine..... 56
How can it be, thou heavenly King..... 395
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God..... 394
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness..... 376
O Thou, to whose all-searching sight..... 534

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.

(Now Published in Thirteen Volumes, by the Wesleyan Conference.)

Title.	Date of First Publication.	Number of Hymns.
Collection of Psalms and Hymns, by John Wesley (Charleston, S. C.)	1737	70
Collection of Psalms and Hymns, by John Wesley	1738	70
Hymns and Sacred Poems, by John and Charles Wesley—three editions same year.	1739	139
Hymns and Sacred Poems, by John and Charles Wesley	1740	96
Collection of Psalms and Hymns, by John and Charles Wesley	1741	165
Hymns on God's Everlasting Love (two parts), by Charles Wesley	1741	38
Hymns and Sacred Poems, by John and Charles Wesley	1742	155
Collection of German Hymns, by John Wesley	1742	24
A Collection of Thirty-six Tunes, set to music, as they are sung at the Foundry	1742	.....
Elegy on R. Jones, Esq., by Charles Wesley	1742	1
Collection of Psalms and Hymns (enlarged), by John and Charles Wesley	1743	138
(Poems on several occasions—second edition —by Samuel Wesley, Jun.)	1743	104
Hymns for Times of Trouble and Perseeution, by John and Charles Wesley	1744	33
A Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems (three volumes), by John Wesley	1744	213
Hymns for the Nativity of our Lord, by Charles Wesley	1744	18
Hymns for the Watch-night, by Charles Wesley	1744	11
Funeral Hymns, by Charles Wesley	1744	16
Hymns for Times of Trouble, for the year 1745, by Charles Wesley	1745	15
A Short View of the Differences between the Moravian Brethren and John and Charles Wesley	1745	6
Hymns on the Lord's Supper, by Charles Wesley	1745	166
A Word in Season, Etc., by John Wesley	1745	2
Hymns for Times of Trouble, Etc.—second edition, additional—by Charles Wesley	1745	15
Hymns for Times of Trouble, by Charles Wesley	1746	6
Hymns (9) and Prayers (4) for Children, by John and Charles Wesley	1746	9
Gloria Patri, Etc.—Hymns to the Trinity—by Charles Wesley	1746	24
Hymns on the Great Festivals and Other Occasions, by Charles Wesley, with music by Lampe	1746	24
Hymns of Petition and Thanksgiving for the Promise of the Father (Whitsunday), by John and Charles Wesley	1746	32
Hymns for Ascension Day, by Charles Wesley	1746	7
Hymns for Our Lord's Resurrection, by Charles Wesley	1746	16
Graces Before and After Meat, by Charles Wesley	1746	26
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* This work was published by subscription, in order to raise money for the author's marriage, and to enable him to commence housekeeping. He had the names of 1 145 subscribers, at twelve shillings each. The preachers acted as agents to collect the money and distribute the books.

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Deem not that they are blest	531
Delay not, delay not	275
Depth of mercy! can there be	368
Did Christ o'er sinners weep	319
Do not I love thee, O my Lord	496
Draw near, O Son of God, draw near	221
Dread Jehovah, God of	722
Dread Sovereign, let my evening song	810
Drooping souls, no longer	281
Early, my God, without delay	34
Earth, rejoice, our Lord is King	128
Equip me for the war	837
Ere mountains reared their	53
Eternal depth of love divine	56
Eternal Power, whose high abode	31
Eternal Source of every joy	716
Except the Lord conduct the plan	227
Fade, fade, each earthly joy	863
Fading, still fading, the last	811
Far as thy name is known	205
Far from my thoughts, vain world, be	263
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee	819
Father, at thy footstool see	744
Father, behold with gracious eyes	315
Father, how wide thy glory shines	42
Father, I dare believe	438
Father, I know that all my life	544
Father, I stretch my hands to thee	345
Father, I wait before thy throne	314
Father, if I may call thee so	333
Father, if justly still we claim	180
Father, in whom we live	29
Father, into thy hands alone	833
Father of all, in whom alone	683
Father of heaven, whose love	50
Father of Jesus Christ, my Lord	434
Father of mercies, in thy word	686
Father of mercies, send thy grace	504
Father, our hearts we lift	66
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One	436
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Thy	929
Father, to thee my soul I lift	529
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss	545
Forever here my rest shall be	408
Forever with the Lord	631
Forth in thy name, O Lord, I go	825
Forward be our watch-word	574
Fountain of life, to all below	770
Friend after friend departs	617
From all that dwell below the skies	659
From all the dark places	915
From every stormy wind that	767
From Greenland's icy mountains	670
From the cross the blood is falling	99
Gentle stranger, fearless come	814
Gently, Lord, O gently lead us	463
Give me a new, a perfect heart	432
Give me the wings of faith to rise	637

	HYMN
Give to the Father praise	923
Give to the winds thy fears	556
Giver and guardian of my sleep	797
Giver of concord, Prince of peace	747
Glorious things of thee are spoken	206
Glory be to God on high	252
Go labor on; spend and be spent	501
Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord	215
Go, spirit of the sainted	624
Go to the grave in all thy glorious	626
Go to thy rest, fair child	607
Go when the morning shineth	913
Go, ye messengers of God	672
God be with you till we meet again	918
God bless our native land	729
God calling yet! shall I not hear?	292
God in his earthly temple lays	202
God is in this and every place	322
God is love; his mercy	26
God is the refuge of his saints	199
God moves in a mysterious way	43
God of all consolation	752
God of all grace and majesty	508
God of all power, and truth, and grace	429
God of almighty love	487
God of eternal truth and grace	448
God of eternal truth and love	234
God of love, that hear'st the prayer	746
God of my life, through all my days	831
God of my life, whose gracious power	47
Good is the Lord, the heavenly King	713
Grace! 'tis a charming sound	161
Gracious Redeemer, shake	484
Great God, attend, while Zion sings	201
Great God, indulge my humble claim	772
Great God of nations, now	727
Great God, the nations of the earth	656
Great God, to me the sight afford	52
Great is our redeeming Lord	204
Great is the Lord our God	690
Great Jehovah! we adore thee	928
Great Spirit, by whose	185
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	460
Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord	3
Hail the day that sees him rise	126
Hail! thou once despised Jesus	129
Hail to the brightness of Zion's	673
Hail to the Lord's anointed	660
Happy soul, thy days are ended	840
Happy the man that finds the grace	396
Happy the souls to Jesus joined	740
Hark! a voice divides the sky	613
Hark! a voice from Eden	891
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound	587
Hark! hark, my soul, angelic songs	633
Hark! how the watchmen cry	209
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord	385
Hark! ten thousand harps and	137
Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour	58
Hark! the herald angels sing	63
Hark! the song of jubilee	671
Hark! the voice of Jesus calling	489
Hark! the voice of love and mercy	113
Hark! what mean those holy	68
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time	666
Hasten, sinner, to be wise	289
He comes! he comes! the Judge	590
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies	88
He leadeth me, O blessèd thought	861
Hear what the voice from heaven	614
High in the heavens, eternal God	49
High on his everlasting throne	222
Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh	271
Holy and true, and righteous Lord	433
Holy as thou, O Lord, is none	54
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness	186
Holy Ghost, with light divine	187
Holy, holy, holy Lord	5
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty	4
Holy Lamb, who thee confess	80
Holy Lamb, who thee receive	442
Holy Spirit, faithful Guide	190
How are thy servants blest	731
How beauteous are their feet	218
How blest the righteous when he dies	602
How can a sinner know	380
How can it be, thou heavenly King	395
How did my heart rejoice to hear	197
How do thy mercies close me round	805
How firm a foundation, ye saints of	546
How gentle God's commands	553
How great the wisdom, power, and	133
How happy are the newborn race	399
How happy are they Who their	402
How happy every child of grace	644
How happy is the pilgrim's lot	839
How large the promise, how divine	236
How lost was my condition	856
How pleasant, how divinely fair	203
How precious is the book divine	684
How rich thy bounty, King of kings	223
How sad our state by nature is	343
How shall a lost sinner in pain	371
How shall the young secure their	681
How sweet, how heavenly is the	735
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	153
How sweetly flowed the gospel sound	74
How tedious and tasteless the hours	505
How vain are all things here below	519
I am coming to the cross	864
I am far frae my hame	884
I am thine, O Lord	873
I ask the gift of righteousness	342
I have read of a beautiful city	901
I hear thy welcome voice	858
I hear thy word with love	30
I heard the voice of Jesus say	843
I know that my Redeemer lives and	413

	HYMN
I know that my Redeemer lives what..	118
I long to behold him arrayed.....	643
I love thy kingdom, Lord.....	194
I love to steal awhile away.....	820
I love to tell the story.....	875
I need thee every hour.....	851
I saw a wayworn traveler.....	900
I shall not want.....	541
I the good fight have fought.....	579
I think when I read.....	909
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God..	394
I want a principle within.....	478
I was a wandering sheep.....	854
I was once far away from the Saviour..	859
I will sing you a song.....	897
I worship thee, most gracious.....	549
I would be thine, thou know'st I.....	412
I would not live alway.....	647
If human kindness meets return.....	240
If, Lord, I have acceptance found.....	424
I'll praise my Maker while I've breath..	14
I'm a pilgrim and.....	898
In age and feebleness extreme.....	835
In every time and place.....	456
In evil long I took delight.....	312
In some way or other.....	865
In the Christian's home in.....	902
In the cross of Christ I glory.....	101
In the soft season of thy youth.....	280
In trouble and in grief, O God.....	537
Infinite God, to thee we raise.....	39
It is not death to die.....	627
It may be far, it may be near.....	906
It may not be our lot to wield.....	482
Jehovah, God the Father, bless.....	403
Jerusalem, my happy home.....	649
Jerusalem, the golden, with.....	652
Jesus, accept the praise.....	230
Jesus, all-atoning Lamb.....	451
Jesus, all-redeeming Lord.....	249
Jesus, and shall it ever be.....	495
Jesus, answer from above.....	359
Jesus, at whose supreme command....	242
Jesus comes with all his grace.....	428
Jesus drinks the bitter cup.....	91
Jesus, gracious One, calleth.....	846
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep....	739
Jesus hath died that I might live.....	450
Jesus, I love thy charming name.....	156
Jesus, I my cross have taken.....	540
Jesus, if still thou art to-day.....	339
Jesus is our common Lord.....	406
Jesus, keep me near the cross.....	866
Jesus, let all thy lovers shine.....	498
Jesus, let thy pitying eye.....	366
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee.....	816
Jesus, Lover of my soul.....	354
Jesus, my advocate above.....	309
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.....	350
Jesus, my life, thyself apply.....	441
Jesus, my Lord, attend.....	351
Jesus, my Lord, how rich thy grace....	502
Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend....	480
Jesus, my strength, my hope.....	777
Jesus, my truth, my way.....	476
Jesus, Redeemer of mankind.....	305
Jesus, shall I never be.....	492
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....	658
Jesus, the all-restoring word.....	365
Jesus, the conqu'ror, reigns.....	208
Jesus, the life, the truth, the way.....	423
Jesus, the name high over all.....	220
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee.....	334
Jesus, the truth and power divine.....	229
Jesus, the very thought of thee.....	152
Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest.....	838
Jesus, the word bestow.....	687
Jesus, these eyes have never.....	145
Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord.....	306
Jesus, thou everlasting King.....	375
Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts.....	157
Jesus, thy blessings are not few.....	307
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness....	376
Jesus, thy boundless love to me.....	409
Jesus, thy far extended fame.....	335
Jesus, to thee I now can fly.....	507
Jesus, united by thy grace.....	742
Jesus, we look to thee.....	732
Jesus, we on the words depend.....	168
Jesus, we thus obey.....	247
Jesus, where'er thy people meet.....	768
Jesus, while our hearts are.....	623
Joy is a fruit that will not grow.....	392
Joy to the world—the Lord is come....	59
Joyfully, joyfully, onward.....	888
Just as I am, without one plea.....	318
Lamb of God, whose dying love.....	250
Late, late, so late, and dark the night..	320
Lead, kindly light.....	462
Let all who truly bear.....	246
Let earth and heaven agree.....	141
Let everlasting glories crown.....	682
Let every mortal ear attend.....	279
Let every tongue thy goodness speak..	35
Let Him to whom we now belong.....	407
Let me alone another year.....	707
Let not the wise their wisdom boast...	514
Let songs of praises fill the sky.....	170
Let the world their virtue boast.....	355
Let us, with a gladsome mind.....	21
Let worldly minds the world.....	393
Let Zion's watchmen all awake.....	219
Life is a span, a fleeting hour.....	610
Lift up your hearts to things above....	755
Light of life, seraphic fire.....	785
Like Noah's weary dove.....	738
Lo! He comes, with clouds descending..	163
Lo! I come with joy to do.....	834

	HYMN
Lo! on a narrow neck of land	592
Lo! the pris'ner is released	621
Lo! what an entertaining sight	748
Long have I sat beneath the sound	311
Long have I seemed to serve thee	323
Look, ye saints, the sight is	136
Lord, all I am is known to thee	33
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid	925
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill	581
Lord God, the Holy Ghost	188
Lord, how secure and blessed are they	397
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine	829
Lord, I believe a rest remains	411
Lord, I cannot let thee go	783
Lord, I care not for riches	908
Lord, I delight in thee	510
Lord, I despair myself to heal	328
Lord, I hear of showers of blessings	850
Lord, if at thy command	663
Lord, if thou thy grace impart	512
Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear	793
Lord, in the strength of grace	437
Lord, it belongs not to my care	464
Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly	857
Lord of earth, thy forming hand	475
Lord of hosts! to thee we raise	696
Lord of the harvest, hear	217
Lord over all, if thou hast made	664
Lord, thy glory fills the heavens	25
Lord, we are vile, conceived in sin	325
Lord, we believe to us and ours	169
Lord, we come before thee now	756
Lord, when thou didst ascend on high	120
Lord, while for all mankind we pray	721
Lord, whom winds and seas obey	730
Lord, with glowing heart I'd	148
Love Divine, all loves excelling	444
Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb	415
Majestic sweetness sits enthroned	154
Mary, to the Saviour's tomb	870
Master, the tempest is raging	862
May I, throughout this day of thine	262
May the grace of Christ	926
Mercy descending from above	704
Mid scenes of confusion	745
Mighty God, while angels bless	140
More love to thee, O Christ	416
Mortals, awake, with angels join	60
Must I my brother keep	499
Must Jesus bear the cross alone	542
My country, 'tis of thee	728
My days are gliding swiftly by	880
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	79
My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so	470
My faith looks up to thee	398
My God, accept my heart	410
My God, how endless is thy love	806
My God, how wonderful thou art	16
My God, I know, I feel thee mine	446
My God, I love thee not because	151
My God, I now from sleep awake	821
My God, is any hour so sweet	790
My God, my Father, while I	532
My God, my God, to thee I cry	765
My God, my life, my love	517
My God, my portion, and my love	518
My God, the spring of all my joys	401
My heavenly home is bright	895
My home is in heaven	879
My hope is built on nothing less	849
My hope, my all, my Saviour thou	569
My Jesus, as thou wilt	509
My latest sun is sinking	894
My Saviour and my King	160
My Saviour, how shall I proclaim	100
My Saviour, my Almighty Friend	144
My sole possession is thy love	562
My soul, be on thy guard	578
My soul, repeat his praise	9
My soul, with all thy wakened powers	524
My span of life will soon be done	564
Nature with open volume stands	164
Near the cross was Mary weeping	98
Nearer, my God, to thee	473
New every morning	792
Not all the blood of beasts	109
Not with our mortal eyes	381
Now begin the heavenly theme	149
Now from the altar of our hearts	807
Now I have found the ground wherein	378
Now let our cheerful eyes survey	122
Now let the Father and the Son	921
Now to the Lord, a noble song	78
Now to the Lord, who makes us know	166
O bless the Lord, my soul	6
O blessèd, blessèd sounds of grace	776
O blessèd souls are they	379
O come and dwell in me	177
O could I speak the matchless	139
O do not let the word depart	272
O for a closer walk with God	364
O for a faith that will not shrink	454
O for a glance of heavenly day	327
O for a heart of calm repose	420
O for a heart to praise my God	440
O for a thousand tongues, to sing	374
O for that tenderness of heart	313
O for the happy days gone by	352
O garden of Olivet	87
O glorious hope of perfect love	431
O God, most merciful and true	430
O God, my God, my all	823
O God, our help in ages past	583
O God, our strength, to thee our	41
O God, thou bottomless abyss	32
O God, what offering shall I give	439
O God, who madest earth and sky	799
O happy day, that fixed my choice	827
O how can they look up to heaven	705
O how the love of God attracts	419

	HYMN
O it is hard to work for God	513
O Jesus, full of grace	373
O Jesus, Light of all below	146
O joyful sound of gospel grace	427
O Lord, how happy should we be	563
O Lord, in mercy spare	712
O Love Divine, how sweet thou art	356
O Love Divine, that stooped to share	82
O Love Divine, what hast thou done	96
O Master, it is good to be	85
O may thy powerful word	779
O might my lot be cast with these	207
O Mother dear, Jerusalem	648
O my offended God	332
O righteous God, thou Judge supreme	720
O sacred Head now wounded	90
O sometimes the shadows are deep	867
O Spirit of the living God	191
O tell me no more of	741
O that I could my Lord receive	338
O that I could repent; O that	317
O that I could repent, with all	316
O that in me the sacred fire	447
O that my load of sin were gone	445
O the hour when this material	841
O think of the home over there	905
O thou eternal Victim slain	124
O thou God of my salvation	389
O thou great God, whose piercing eye	824
O thou in whose presence	370
O thou that wouldst not have	604
O thou to whose all-searching sight	534
O thou who all things canst control	471
O thou who camest from above	515
O thou who driest the mourner's tear	539
O thou who hast our sorrows borne	358
O thou whom all thy saints adore	10
O thou whom once they flocked to	336
O thou whose bounty fills my	522
O thou whose mercy guides my way	523
O thou whose mercy hears	367
O thou whose offering on the tree	112
O 'tis delight, without alloy	388
O turn ye, O turn ye	274
O what a blessed hope is ours	645
O what a taste is this	251
O what ship is this	914
O when shall I see Jesus	881
O where shall rest be found	588
O word of God incarnate	688
O worship the King all glorious	19
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness	667
Of Him who did salvation bring	165
Omnipresent God, whose aid	801
On all the earth thy Spirit shower	181
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand	651
On the mountain's top appearing	674
On this stone now laid with	692
Once more, my soul, the rising day	796
Once more we come before our God	452
One sole baptismal sign	193
One sweetly solemn thought	605
One there is above all others	75
Only waiting till the shadows	886
Onward, Christian soldiers	575
Our Father, God, who art in	781
Our few revolving years	709
Our God ascends his lofty throne	15
Our God is love; and all	734
Our heavenly Father, hear	762
Our Lord is now rejected	904
Our Lord is risen from the dead	121
Our sins on Christ were laid	92
Our souls by love together knit	754
Out of the depths to thee I cry	83
Parent of good! thy bounteous hand	57
Pass me not, O gentle Saviour	852
Peace, troubled soul, thou needest	48
People of the living God	749
Plunged in a gulf of dark despair	155
Praise God, from whom all blessings	919
Praise the Lord! ye heavens	24
Praise the Saviour, all ye nations	677
Praise to God, immortal praise	724
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise	13
Prayer is appointed to convey	774
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	769
Prince of peace, control my	567
Pure are the joys above the sky	640
Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy	349
Ready for my earthen bed	836
Redeemer of mankind	159
Rejoice for a brother deceased	622
Rejoice, the Lord is King	134
Religion is the chief concern	516
Remark, my soul, the narrow bound	708
Repent, the voice celestial cries	296
Rest for the toiling hand	628
Return, O wanderer, return	293
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	455
Rise, O my soul, pursue the	465
Rock of ages, cleft for me	106
Safely through another week	259
Salvation! O the joyful sound	65
Saviour again, to thy dear name	266
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing	802
Saviour, I now with shame confess	363
Saviour, like a shepherd, lead us	701
Saviour, more than life to me	878
Saviour of all, to thee we bow	736
Saviour of men, thy searching eye	225
Saviour, visit thy plantation	787
Saviour, who thy flock art	700
Say, brothers, will you meet us	899
Say where is thy refuge, my brother	845
See how great a flame aspires	679
See how the morning sun	795
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand	237
See, Jesus, thy disciples see	760
See the corn again in ear	714
See the leaves around us falling	715

	HYMN
Servant of God, well done, Rest	655
Servant of God, well done, Thy	632
Shall foolish, weak, short-sighted	37
Shall hymns of grateful love	150
Shall I, for fear of feeble man	224
Shall man, O God of light	634
She loved her Saviour and	497
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve	764
Shepherd of tender youth	699
Shout the glad tidings	135
Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive	310
Shrinking from the cold hand of	600
Silently the shades of evening	826
Since all the varying scenes of time	44
Since Jesus freely did appear	812
Sing all in heaven at Jesus' birth	62
Sing, O ye ransomed of the Lord	511
Sing to the great Jehovah's praise	711
Sing we to our God above	927
Sinners, obey the gospel word	268
Sinners, the voice of God regard	297
Sinners, turn, why will ye die	288
So let our lips and lives express	490
Softly fades the twilight	265
Softly now the light of day	809
Soldiers of Christ, arise	572
Son of God, thy blessing grant	459
Sons of God, exulting rise	405
Sons of God, triumphant rise	105
Sovereign of all the worlds on high	184
Sow in the morn thy seed	500
Speak gently, it is better far	911
Spirit divine, attend our prayer	172
Spirit of faith, come down	174
Stand up and bless the Lord	8
Stand up, stand up for Jesus	580
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay	192
Still stir me up to strive	477
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour	822
Sweet hour of prayer	789
Sweet is the work, my God, my King	258
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing	400
Sweet was the time when first	369
Sweetly, Lord, have we heard	868
Swell the anthem, raise the song	725
Take the name of Jesus with	876
Take up thy cross, the Saviour	543
Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal	466
Teach me, my God and King	528
Teach me the measure of my days	584
That awful day will surely come	597
That doleful night before his death	245
The chariot, the chariot	907
The counsels of redeeming grace	685
The day is past and gone	803
The day of wrath, that dreadful day	591
The God of Abrah'm praise	17
The God who reigns on high	18
The head that once was crowned	131
The heavens declare thy glory, Lord	680
The King of heaven his table spreads	239
The Lord declares his will	282
The Lord is risen indeed	116
The Lord my pasture shall	40
The Lord my Shepherd is	527
The Lord of glory is my light	196
The Lord of Sabbath let us praise	255
The Lord, our God, is clothed with	51
The Lord will come, and not be	71
The mistakes of my life have	848
The morning flowers display their	611
The morning light is breaking	665
The nations call! from sea to sea	669
The perfect world by Adam trod	695
The pity of the Lord	28
The praise of Zion waits for thee	200
The praying spirit breathe	761
The promise of my Father's love	241
The saints who die of Christ possest	598
The Saviour calls, let every ear	283
The spacious firmament on high	38
The Spirit breathes upon the word	173
The Sun of righteousness appears	115
The thing my God doth hate	417
The voice of free grace cries	276
Thee we adore, eternal Lord	11
Thee we adore, eternal Name	585
Thee will I love, my strength, my	474
There is a calm for those who	630
There is a fountain filled with blood	107
There is a gate that stands ajar	853
There is a land immortal	653
There is a land mine eye hath	639
There is a land of pure delight	650
There is an eye that never sleeps	758
There is an hour of peaceful rest	635
There is no sorrow, Lord, too light	780
There were ninety and nine that	844
There's a land that is fairer	896
There's a wideness in God's mercy	27
These mortal joys, how soon they fade	503
They who seek the throne of	784
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love	264
Think gently of the erring one	912
This is the day the Lord hath made	261
This, this is the God we adore	23
Thou art gone to the grave	620
Thou art the way; to thee alone	81
Thou great mysterious God unknown	357
Thou hidden love of God, whose	520
Thou hidden Source of calm repose	158
Thou Judge of quick and dead	719
Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of	568
Thou Lord hast blessed my going out	808
Thou my everlasting portion	872
Thou Refuge of my soul	533
Thou seest my feebleness	483
Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine	506
Thou Son of God, whose flaming eye	302
Thou whose almighty word	676
Though troubles assail, And dangers	561

	HYMN
Through all the changing scenes of....	550
Through all the lofty sky.....	723
Through sorrow's night and.....	606
Thus far the Lord hath led me on.....	804
Thus Lydia sanctified her house.....	238
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love.....	46
Thy life I read, my gracious Lord.....	608
Thy presence, gracious Lord.....	453
Thy way, not mine, O Lord.....	530
Thy way, O Lord, is in the sea.....	45
'Tis a thing I long to know.....	362
'Tis finished, the Messiah dies.....	103
'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow....	110
'Tis my happiness below.....	535
'Tis religion that can give.....	893
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost.....	922
To God the Father, God the Son.....	920
To God, the Father, Son.....	924
To God, the only wise.....	162
To God your every want.....	763
To us a Child of hope is born.....	64
To us a Child of royal birth.....	70
To us this day a Child is given.....	67
Together let us sweetly live.....	885
To-morrow, Lord, is thine.....	299
Try us, O God, and search the ground..	750
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.....	612
Up to the bountiful giver of life.....	890
Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall.....	481
Urge on your rapid course.....	211
Vain, delusive world, adieu.....	391
Vain man, thy fond pursuits.....	284
Vital spark of heavenly flame.....	842
Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will.....	560
Watchman, tell us of the night.....	678
We bid thee welcome in the name.....	226
We by his Spirit prove.....	383
We know, by faith we know.....	636
We lift our hearts to thee.....	794
We praise thee, O God.....	869
We shall sleep, but not forever.....	903
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